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THE SPIRIT OF PROTEST IN OLD FRENCH LITERATURE

BY

MARY MORTON WOOD

SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY, IN THE FACULTY OF PHILOSOPHY, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

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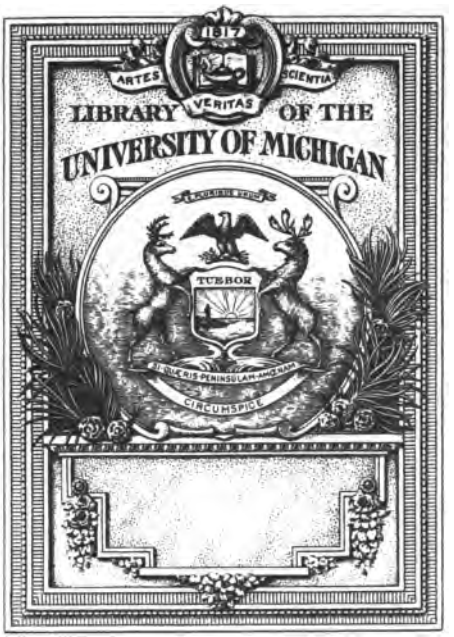

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HENRY ALFRED TODD

NEW YORK,
Jan. 31, 1917

TOUT HOMME A DEUX PAYS, LE SIEN ET PUIS LA FRANCE

PREFACE

THE present study is an effort to discover the problems of social justice and personal liberty that interested the more thoughtful writers of medieval France.

The intent has been to submit each author's views in his own words, with as little as may be of twentieth century interpretation. As the passages quoted, however, comprise less than a fiftieth part of the material originally selected for presentation, it will be seen that much abridgment has been necessary; but since the excluded portions are mere reiterations of the thought, their omission in no degree changes the purport of any passage. Except in the case of a few obvious errors, the textual reading of the editions cited has been followed. In the matter of the English rendering, the controlling principle has been regard for the convenience of the English reader. On the one hand, literal exactness has been sacrificed whenever the meaning of the original has thereby become clearer; on the other hand, no attempt has been made to smooth away the roughness of the original when a literal version could convey the sense.

Like all other students of Romance Philology at Columbia University, the writer of this study has found inspiration in the accurate scholarship and generous assistance of Prof. H. A. Todd. The effort to win the high prize of his approval has at least made the present work less unworthy than it would otherwise have been.

MARY MORTON WOOD

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
December, 1916

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THE SPIRIT OF PROTEST IN OLD FRENCH LITERATURE

INTRODUCTION

WERE I competent to design a monument to the emancipated human spirit, I should represent that spirit as standing triumphant upon five chains, which no longer shackled its energy. These chains should symbolize

Absolutism in government,
Privilege in economics,
Superstition in religion,
Authority in thought,
Sex discrimination in opportunities.

How far this perfect emancipation may be attainable now or in the remote future, whether the casting-off of restraints upon individual action may have disastrous consequences to society and to the individual himself, are questions upon which the wisest differ. Nor can the present study attempt to answer speculations so subtle and far-reaching. It is offered rather as a humble contribution to the history of the efforts of humanity in every century to win a larger measure of freedom than fell to the lot of its generation. In the following pages I have brought together from the works of French authors writing between 1150 and 1350 extracts that show the spirit of protest already astir in those centuries which are frequently regarded as the ages of ignorance and blind submission to authority. These aspirations for freedom often came to nought, sometimes because the desires were vain in themselves, sometimes because

the times were not ripe for their fulfilment; but whether successful or futile, wise or unwise, these movements have their interest for the student of human thought.

If the medieval reformer sought to strike out new paths for himself, he soon found his progress impeded by three obstacles: a despotic governing class, a sacerdotal order claiming supremacy over minds and souls alike, a society hostile to innovation. No one of the three institutions rested its title to obedience, primarily at least, on reason; the first two alleged divine sanction, the third rooted itself in the deep conservatism of human nature, which looks upon the untried as akin to the unholy. In reality all three derived their strength from the exigencies of the military society that grew up in consequence of the Germanic invasions of the Roman Empire. A state fighting for its very existence cannot risk divergence among its members. The welfare of such a society requires uniformity of belief and submission to superiors, and free criticism impairs its solidarity.

Yet perceptibly, though slowly, the European mind has been working itself free from hampering conditions: the history of China and Egypt has not repeated itself in the West. The two great waves of progress in modern history are the Renaissance and the Reformation. But these mighty advances are only the culmination of the attacks of isolated thinkers, hurled, in vain as it might have seemed, against the rocks of prejudice. The historians of medieval literature speak of its homogeneousness, its dull uniformity. Such is, indeed, its general character, but closer examination reveals many a ripple of diverse opinion, troubling the stagnant waters. Often these breaks with tradition either were in themselves trivial, or perhaps led away from what we now regard as correct teaching, but they are significant as indicating the set of the current.

In the slow struggle for perfect emancipation, it is the movement for political independence that has most nearly achieved success. Even among those races which have not yet attained representative government, their leaders see clearly the coveted

goal. In the realms of religion and thought also, the right of the individual to decide such matters for himself has all but gained the day. The problems of securing economic justice and the recognition of sex equality, although still far from any definite solution, are in their turn attracting serious public attention. In the twelfth century no great advance in any of these directions had been made, yet it is surprising to note how widespread was the dissatisfaction with existing conditions.

The most direct criticism of social institutions which is found in Old French literature occurs in the didactic and satiric writings. The romances afford little help in the present study since the knights and fair ladies of these compositions move about in a world conveniently free from human obligations and the conflict of human rights. The lyric poetry is, for the most part, a reflection from the romances and presents life in the same idealized fashion, but, now and then, is heard the cry of a wayward human spirit, chafing against the bonds of convention.*

As many of the citations in the following chapters are from the works of authors now obscure, a few facts are given in the following pages concerning the standing and position of the writers quoted, in order that the value of their testimony may be readily estimated. For detailed information the student will consult the works mentioned in the bibliography at the close of this volume.

Wace (?1100–1175), canon of Bayeux, composed two long poems, the *Roman de Brut* and the *Roman de Rou* between the years 1150 and 1174. The latter work narrates the history of the Norman dukes from Rou, or Rollo, to Henry I (912–1106).

Etienne de Fougères (?–1178) was a churchman of high standing, an administrator, it would seem, of the type of Lanfranc and other foreign ecclesiastics who did so much under the Norman kings to reform the English church. He was chaplain to Henry II; his name appears on state charters of that king; in 1168 he was consecrated bishop of Rennes. He composed certain Latin works of edification and, towards the end of his life, the *Livre des manières*. An intimate of Henry II,

he had observed the vicissitudes of fortune of that brilliant prince, and was inclined to set small store by earthly glory. He writes in the sober tone of one who "has kept watch o'er man's mortality." Unfortunately the text of his poem is corrupt although the meaning is clear.

Hélinant, the author of the *Vers de la Mort*, was born of a good family. His father and uncle for political reasons had fled from Flanders to seek their fortunes in France. So well did the uncle succeed that in 1162 he obtained the archbishopric of Rheims. Hélinant, converted from a life of pleasure, became a monk of Froidmont, and delivered many sermons against the luxury of the age. His celebrated poem is written after the sombre, not to say repulsive style of medieval moralists, but it attains a certain elevation by its insistent contempt for worldly distinctions. It made a profound impression upon his own time. According to Vincent de Beauvais, it was read publicly. It was imitated by succeeding writers, and so frequently copied that twenty-four manuscripts are extant.

La Bible Guiot is the work of one who had spent his earlier days in the capacity of jongleur at the courts of princes. Circumstances that he does not reveal led him to embrace the monastic life, but never was a man more unfitted for its stern discipline. In his seclusion Guiot de Provins composed before 1209 his harsh satires against both lay and ecclesiastical manners. His attitude is that of a disappointed man of the world, and the habit of speaking his mind freely, acquired in jongleur days, had not deserted his old age.

> Des viers dou Renclus que diroie?
> Que moult volentiers, se pooie,
> Les liroie trestous les jours.
> En chou seroit biaus li sejours. [1]

So wrote Gilles li Muisis, abbé of Saint-Martin de Tournai, of the two moral poems, the *Romans de Carité* and *Miserere*. So great was the popularity of these works that in 1360 the city of Amiens offered to Charles V a copy of them as its best gift. Not fewer than thirty manuscripts, moreover, still exist. One copy contains the name of Bertremiels, or Bartholomew, a monk

[1] What shall I say concerning the poetry of the Hermit? For I should gladly read it, if I could, every day. The time spent in this way would be delightful.

of Saint Fuscien near Amiens. The author preferred to speak of himself as the "Renclus de Moiliens." The date of the poem has been placed about the year 1226. The poet was a man of culture, and prided himself upon his independent utterance.

Gautier de Coincy (? 1177–1236) entered the Benedictine monastery of Saint Médard-lez-Soissons in 1193. In 1214 he was raised to the dignity of prior of Vic-sur-Aisne, and in 1233 further honored by the appointment as grand prior of Médard. Like Saint Bernard, he was specially devoted to the service of the Virgin. In her praise he adapted a Latin collection of miracles by Hugues Farsit. The touching beauty of the legends, however, is marred by the intemperance of his diatribes against unbelievers. His *Miracles de la Sainte Vierge* is placed by the editor, Poquet, between the years 1219 and 1222.

Of a very different temper was Guillaume le Clerc (fl. 1226). He said of himself that he was a Norman by birth, and that he was a married cleric with a wife and children to support by his pen. He composed several moral poems besides the *Bestiaire* and the *Besant de Dieu* of which so much use has been made in this study. His work is at once pious and sane. It shows, further, considerable acquaintance with medieval latinity, and intense interest in the questions of the day.

The author of the *Quatre tenz d'aage d'ome*, Philippe de Novare, was a skilful man of affairs. The young Philippe left his native Lombardy to employ his legal talents in the Latin kingdoms of the Orient. He won for himself the repute of being the best lawyer in the East. He also figured in the siege of Damietta, and, both as soldier and diplomat, in the Cyprian wars. In his youth he wrote gay love-songs; in middle age, accounts of the customs and jurisprudence of the East; and when he was past seventy, the moral treatise mentioned above. The *Quatre tenz d'aage d'ome* contains very good advice, somewhat formally expressed. Unlike most medieval books of the kind, its material is drawn not from the distichs of Cato, but from the author's wide experience of men and manners. As Langlois says: "C'est un des rares ouvrages du moyen âge dont il n'y ait pas lieu de rechercher les sources: il est presque entièrement original, soit que l'auteur exprime ses opinions personelles, soit qu'il se fasse l'écho des idées courantes dans la haute société, . . . Le seul écrivain du quatorzième siècle dont il soit légitime et indiqué de rapprocher Philippe de Novare, c'est Joinville; tout autre éloge est superflu." (*La vie en France au moyen âge*, p. 188.)

To Rutebeuf (?1230–?1285) belongs the double praise of independent thinker and true poet, unsurpassed in pathos till we come to Villon. He was the author of fifty-six pieces, including saints' lives, elegies, fabliaux, a miracle-play, satires and lyrics. Unfortunately external evidence is utterly wanting for the facts of his life, the earliest mention (1581) of Rutebeuf occurring in Fauchet's *Origine de la langue et poésie françoise*, and this notice being vague and inexact. It may even be conjectured that *Rutebeuf* is merely a nom de guerre. His dialect and the scope of his work prove him a Parisian. He had powerful friends in the great lords to whom his poems are addressed: — Anceau de l'Isle, Geoffroi de Sargines, the Comte de Poitiers, the king's brother, Louis IX himself, but these friends died or fell away, and the poet, improvident by nature, found himself unable to furnish bread for his family. The most glorious epoch in Rutebeuf's career was his defence of Guillaume de Saint-Amour against the Dominican Order. May one see in Rutebeuf's plain speaking the cause of his ruin? He had at any rate counted the cost, and with due consideration adopted Juvenal's maxim: Vitam impendere vero. Three hundred years after Rutebeuf's death, Fauchet, without giving his authority, described Rutebeuf as a "menestrel." The importance of his work, however, and his close connection with the University of Paris fit in better with the assumption that he was a cleric, such a one as William Langland, he too a needy scholar, unhappy in his marriage and fiercely opposed to the Mendicant Orders. This supposition accords better with the estimate of his work formed by every reader and thus expressed by Clédat: — "Rutebeuf aborde toutes les grandes questions qui ont agité la société de son temps. . . . Ses satires nous font vivre avec lui en plein treizième siècle; elles jettent sur l'histoire une lumière nouvelle en nous donnant l'impression très vibrante d'un contemporain." (*Rutebeuf*, p. 55.)

Like Rutebeuf, Jean de Meung (?1250–? 1365) upheld the rights of the University against the Dominican Order, and denounced the friars unsparingly. His quarrel was, however, of more radical nature than Rutebeuf's, calling in question the alleged superiority of the celibate state. He would not see any good in the whole theory of renunciation, which had been supposed to lie at the base of Christian life, asserting the right of the individual to liberty and enjoyment. Little is known of his life. Although he devoted ll. 11291–11439 to an account of himself, he really told almost nothing. We learn only that

he was born at Meung on the Loire, and completed the *Romance of the Rose* forty years after the death of Guillaume de Lorris. Whether he was educated at Orléans or at Paris is not known, — but all his later life is associated with Paris, and he died possessed of an imposing house in the suburbs. He made several translations from the Latin, among them the *Consolations of Philosophy* of Boethius. The bearing of his most important work, the *Romance of the Rose*, on the present study is discussed in Chapter V. His poem was the most influential French work of the Middle Ages, as the many imitations, translations, refutations, and the numerous extant copies attest.

Matheolus, or in his own dialect Mahieu, was a native of Boulogne. He had high connections among the clergy of Thérouanne, and was himself a cleric. He received a legal education at Orléans, and later enjoyed all too well the gay life of Paris. For his sins, perchance, he married a widow, a vixen, whose shrewish temper gave him no peace. To add to this domestic discomfort, the Council of Lyons having pronounced "bigamous" the marriage of a cleric with a widow, Matheolus was deprived of all his privileges as cleric, and forbidden to practise his profession of lawyer. He turned to the consolation of literature, writing in Latin the *Lamenta*, a poem that he had the wisdom to reserve for private circulation among sympathetic ecclesiastical friends, safe from his wife's jealous eye. Matheolus was a lesser Rabelais, and among the improprieties and blasphemies of the *Lamenta* is many an argument that shows a mind quite emancipated from the superstition of the age. The poem belongs to the decade preceding the year 1300, and reveals the influence of the *Romance of the Rose*. In 1370 it found an admirer in another unhappy husband, Jehan le Fèvre, and was by him put into French. The new version attained almost as great popularity as the poem of Jean de Meung.

Fauvel represents the views of an ultra-clerical, who deplored the humiliation of the Church under Philip the Fair. The poet's name appears in a cipher, made out by Gaston Paris as Gervais du Bus. This Gervais has been further identified by Langlois as a notary of the court of the King. The first part of the book was dated by the author 1310; the second was written four years later. Fauvel is the fawn-colored (fauve) horse which emperors and popes are proud to curry. The symbolism is apparent from the author's etymology:

Fauvel est de *faus* et *vel*
Compost, car il a son revel
Assis sus fausseté velée. (fol. 3)[2]

The action of the first part consists in bringing up one group of persons after another to stroke Fauvel, thereby disclosing their own guileful hearts. In the second part a marriage is effected between Fauvel and Vaine Gloire, to ensure the perpetuation of the race of time-servers. Yet even as the author was penning this pessimistic conclusion, word was brought him of the death of Philip the Fair, and he added a word of hope.

Ferrant fina, aussi fera
Fauvel; ja si grant ne sera
Car il ne puet pas tous jours vivre.
(*Fauvel*, fol. 6.)[3]

The life of Gilles li Muisis (1271–1352) was uneventful. Attracted to the service of the Church from his earliest years, he entered at the age of eighteen the Benedictine monastery of Saint Martin de Tournai, and there as monk and abbot spent the remainder of his long life. In his eightieth year he became blind, but, unwilling to intermit his pious labors, he dictated his *Registre*, or versified record of his opinions concerning the manners of his age.

In 1279 Friar Lorens (Laurentius Gallus), the confessor of Philip III, composed at the royal order the moral treatise variously known as *Le mireour du monde*, *La somme des vices et des vertus*, *Le livre roial*. The work is didactic and formal, a guide to the acquisition of virtue and the avoidance of vice. It enjoyed a wide popularity, and is the original of the English *Ayenbite of Inwyt* by Dan Michel. Caxton printed it as *The Book Ryal*.

The Thibaut who wrote the *Romanz de la poire* was not the famous Thibaut, king of Navarre, but a Burgundian poet, inspired by the success of Guillaume de Lorris to attempt a similar love allegory. The poet eats a pear and is immediately smitten with love. He suffers the befitting woes, but, less happy than Guillaume's hero, is so thwarted by a jealous hus-

[2] The word *Fauvel* is derived from *false* and *veil*. This signifies that the beast Fauvel takes his pleasure seated upon veiled falsehood.

[3] Ferrant died; so shall Fauvel; he will not be so great, for he cannot live always.

band that he must content himself with sending his fair lady a nightingale (his poem).

The author of *Renart le Contrefait* was a cleric expelled from his order for some illicit relation that the Church termed "bigamy." He belonged to the trading class, for after his disgrace he took up his father's business of selling spices. By 1319, however, he was at leisure, and could think of no better way of employing his spare time than writing a poem to pay off his old grievances against the clergy and the nobility. The composition of *Renart le Contrefait* occupied the years 1319–1342.

Aucassin et Nicolete is a twelfth century romance in the Picard dialect by an unknown author. It is perhaps the most charming of medieval tales.

The Provençal Poets

Of Guiraut de Bornelh (1175–1220) nothing is known. It has been conjectured that he spent some time in Spain. The Provençal biographer calls him the Master of Poets, adding that he passed his winters in study and his summers in wandering from court to court.

The Monk of Montaudon was a prime favorite with princes. He was generously treated by Philip Augustus, Richard and Alfonso II. His merry verses savor of irreverence. The scene, for example, of three poems is laid in Heaven. The subject of two of these poems is the accusation of painting the face brought by the monks against the ladies. The third is the defence of epicurean living quoted in Chapter V. The story went that the monk requested permission of his abbot to adopt the rules of Alfonso of Spain. The monarch, himself no anchorite, imposed three obligations upon his disciple: to eat meat, to write songs and to make love to the ladies. "Et el si fes" — "and so he did" — the anecdote ends.

Peire Vidal (1175–1215) was ever devoted to some fair dame. His homage more often brought him ridicule than the lady's favor, but he never learned discretion by misfortune. In spite of his extravagant behavior, however, he could write effective satire.

Peire Cardenal (fl. 1210–1230) was reputed to have almost attained the age of one hundred. He came of an honorable family. When young he had been one of the gayest, but in

the years of his poetic composition, he had become pessimistic, writing solely of the evils of his time.

Guilhem Figueira flourished in the first half of the thirteenth century. He was an admirer of Frederic II. He was born in Toulouse, but was forced from that city in the time of the Albigensian Crusade. He took up his abode in Lombardy, where though he might have had the company of the great, he preferred that of the humble and even that of the disreputable tavern folk.

The authorship of the *Chanson de la Croisade* has been much disputed. The poem purports to be by Guilhem de Tudela, an eye-witness of the war and a sympathizer with the Crusaders. As, however, after line 2769 these same Crusaders are held up to execration, it has been plausibly conjectured that the latter part is by a different author.

Concerning Daspol, no more is known than that he composed a *Complaint* on the death of Saint Louis (d. 1270), and the tenson of the text, addressed to a king of Aragon, either James I or his son, Peter III.

It is fortunate that we may view the spiritual life of the age from so many angles of temperament. We have the testimony of staid churchmen, of gay troubadours, of religious zealots, of men of affairs and of scholars. Naturally most of our authors were clerics, yet the medieval clergy was a less homogeneous body than the clergy of today, ranging, as it did, from madcap singers like the Monk of Montaudan to wise counselors like Etienne de Fougères. Various as were the natures of these witnesses, their reports of prevalent conditions are remarkably similar. The reactions of these conditions upon each observer will be examined in the following chapters.

CHAPTER I

PROTEST AGAINST THE SOCIAL ORDER

In a society that has reached the industrial and commercial stage of our own nation, it may be quite possible to possess either political or economic rights solely. Since, however, in feudal society both privileges had been usurped by the sovereign and his great lords, political and economic discontent were inextricably mingled in the opposition of the people to the ruling class. The present chapter, accordingly, will consider the twofold claim of the king and the nobility to command obedience and to appropriate to themselves the good things of earth.

We need to remember that the rulers of France during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were, for the most part, strong men. With Philip Augustus (1180–1223) began the tradition of a powerful centralized government. That king's seizure of the Anglo-French provinces in 1204 and his victory at Bouvines in 1214 rid the monarchy of its most unruly vassal, the English king. The Albigensian War (1209–1229) strengthened the royal power in southern France. The noble character of Louis IX (1226–1270) sanctified the monarchy in the eyes of his subjects, and the length of his reign must have further developed veneration for royalty. The strength of the French crown was manifest at the close of the thirteenth century in the victory of Philip the Fair over the Pope. Boniface VIII had tried to assert the authority of Gregory VII and Innocent III, but his French successors tamely acquiesced in the "Babylonian Captivity" (1309–1376). Boniface failed where Gregory had succeeded, because behind Philip was a centralized government, but behind Henry IV only a loose confederacy.

The French literature of the period reveals naturally enough reverence for the kingly office. The *chansons de geste*, those at least of the earlier and finer type, had been the poetic expression of that loyalty to the leader which was the glory and strength of the old Comitatus. The composition of an occasional epic, like the *Pèlerinage de Charlemagne*, inspired by the lively spirit of the feudal barons, had not seriously undermined the ancient traditions. Even the dream of a society without gradation of rank was quite impossible for the men of those early times. Apparently they could no more have conceived of a state without a king than they could have imaged a beast without a head.

But within the limits of their political conceptions there is often a surprising independence in their views of royal privilege. Etienne de Fougères, writing about 1174, has much more to say concerning the duties of a king to his people than of the people's duties to their sovereign.

Reis n'est pas son, ainz est a toz;
S'il por sei vit, si ne est proz.
Obeïr deit le common(s) voz,
Se il sunt bon tot a lor moz.

Si de bien vout aveir reison,
A toz sera; si n'iert pas son.
Oblier deit tot le son bon
Por le comun, s'il est prodom.
(*Livre des manières*, st. 41, 42) [1]

With the same intention of emphasizing the responsibilities rather than the pleasure of the royal station, the writer who called himself "li Renclus de Moiliens," in his *Romans de*

[1] A king is not his own; rather he belongs to all; if he lives for himself, he is unworthy of his rank. He ought to obey the wishes of his people, if they are just in their requests. If he truly desires to act justly, he will put himself at the service of all and will not seek his own advantage. He ought to forget his particular profit for the general welfare, if he is a true knight.

Carité addresses to the king nine successive stanzas of admonition. The repetition of "king" thirty-seven times in these stanzas produces an effect of severity which is strangely at variance with the subservience one might have expected in a subject. The tone of the passage may be seen in these excerpts.

Rois, entierement dois traitier
Chiaus sor cui tu as maiestiere;
Por chou sont il a toi rentier,
Rois, tu ies mis haut pour gaitier
Le basse gent a toi rentiere.

Rois, doute le roi dou haut throne;
Soies entiers et veritaus.
Rois, a toi soit espoentaus
Li rois des rois, ki sor tous tone.
(*Romans de Carité*, st. 32, 33) [2]

In the phrase, "Rois, tu es mis haut," one may perhaps hear an echo of the apostle's teaching, "The powers that be, are ordained of God," that teaching which later was developed into the mischievous theory of the divine right of kings. But truly democratic is the stress laid upon the divine purpose in raising an individual to the regal dignity,

"pour gaitier
Le basse gent a toi rentiere."

If the political ideal of these medieval thinkers was not a government of and by the people, it was surely a government for the people.

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[2] King, thou oughtest to govern uprightly those over whom thou hast dominion. For this reason they are subject to thee; King, thou art set high to watch over the lowly people subject to thee.

King, fear the King of heaven; be upright and truthful; King, hold in awe the King of kings, who thunders on high.

In the last half of the thirteenth century, Rutebeuf and Jean de Meung, men closely in sympathy with the University of Paris, were bolder in their attitude towards royalty. Rutebeuf even accused Louis IX of deadly sin in permitting or ordering the exile of a teacher of truth. In defence of Guillaume de Saint-Amour banished at the instigation of the Dominican Order (1256), he writes:

Qui escille homme sanz reson,
Je di que Diex qui vit et règne
Le doit escillier de son règne. . . .
Mestre Guillaume ont escillié
Ou li rois ou li apostoles:
Or, vous dirai à briez paroles
Que se l'apostoiles de Romme
Puet escillier d'autrui terre homme,
Li sires n'a nient en sa terre
Qui la vérité veut enquerre.
Se li Rois dit en tel manière,
Qu'escillié l'ait par la prière (ed. Jubinal, *prièze*)
Qu'il ot de la pape Alixandre,
Ci poez novel droit aprendre; . . .
Si li Rois dist qu'escillié l'ait,
Ci a tort et pechié et lait,
Qu'il n'afiert à roi ne à conte,
S'il entent que droiture monte,
Qu'il escille homme, c'on ne voie
Que par droit escillier le doie;
Et se il autrement le fet,
Sachiez, de voir, qu'il se mesfet.
Se cil devant Dieu li demande,
Je ne respont pas de l'amande;
Li sans Abel requist justise
Quant la persone fu ocise.

And he concludes:

Endroit de moi vous puis je dire
Je ne redout pas le martire

De la mort, d'où qu'ele me viegne,
S'ele me vient por tel besoingne.
(*Diz du Maître Guillaume de Saint-Amour*) [3]

The poet's determination to speak the truth at whatever cost, like Socrates' defiance of the Athenian tribunal, rests upon the assumption that the individual conscience, not the state injunction, is the supreme rule of action. This most radical of all principles is thus distinctly expressed in an early French poem.

The Romance of the Rose, the most widely read book of the period, expounds not the divine right of kings, but the theory of the social contract. In his account of the origin of society, Jean de Meung, in part following Ovid, places a Golden Age of liberty at the beginning of history. Freedom the scholar-poet esteems man's greatest blessing.

Por ce, compains, li ancien,
Sans servitute et sans lien,
Pésiblement, sans vilenie,
S'entreportoient compaignie,
N'il ne donassent pas franchise
Por l'or d'Arabbe ne de Frise. . . .

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[3] If a ruler banishes a man wrongfully, I say that God who lives and reigns ought to banish him from his kingdom. . . . Guillaume has been banished either by the king or by the pope. Now I will say to you in so many words that if the pope can banish a man from another's domain, the truth of the matter is that the ruler has no rights over his own land. If the king says after this fashion, that he banished Guillaume because of the request made by Pope Alexander, from this case you can learn a new papal prerogative. . . . If the king says that he banished Guillaume of his own will, in that case he has done a wrong and a sin and an outrage, for it is not within the power either of king or count, if he cares that justice prevail, to banish a man when no one can see how he may lawfully be banished; and if the king acts without just cause, know of a truth that he acts wrongly. If Guillaume before God accuses the king, I do not answer for the retribution. When Abel was slain, his blood cried aloud for vengeance. . . . As for myself I declare to you that I do not fear the martyrdom of death, from whatever source it may come, if it comes to me in such a cause.

Riche estoient tuit égaument,
Et s'entramoient loiaument
Les simples gens de bone vie:
Lors iert amors sans seignorie.
(*Roman de la rose*, 10243–10271) [4]

But evil passions entered men's hearts, and a state of war ensued. It is significant, one may note in passing, of the preference of Jean de Meung for Classic tradition above Scriptural, that he made not the desire of knowledge, but the love of gold, the beginning of evil.

[Il] se tolurent ce qu'il porent,
Li plus fort les greignors pars orent;
Et quant en lor porchas coroient,
Li pereceus qui demoroient,
S'en entroient en lor cavernes,
Et lor embloient lor espernes.
Lors convint que l'en esgardast
Aucun qui les loges gardast,
Et qui les fautéors préist,
Et droit as plaintifs en féist,
Ne nus ne l'osast contredire.
(*Roman de la rose*, 10345) [5]

Upon the medieval poet had not dawned the vision of the Superman: the law of combat, which awards possession to the strongest and most unscrupulous, turned out so badly that a primitive government was formed.

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[4] Therefore, friend, the ancients, without servitude or bondage, peacefully, without baseness, associated with one another, and they would not have bartered their freedom for the gold of Arabia or Phrygia. Equally rich were all men, and the simple, honest people loved one another loyally. Then love knew no distinction of rank.

[5] Men bore off what they could; the strongest had the largest share; and when they were off upon their raids, the laggards who remained behind entered into their caves and stole from them their hoardings. Then it became necessary that one man should be chosen to guard their dwelling-places and to catch the plunderers, and that he should inflict justice upon them for the plaintiffs and that no one should dare gainsay him.

Un grant vilain entr' eus eslurent,
Le plus ossu de quanqu'il furent,
Le plus corsu et le greignor,
Si le firent prince et seignor.
Cil jura qu'à droit les tendroit, . . .
Se chascuns endroit soi li livre
Des biens dont il se puisse vivre.
Ainsinc l'ont entr'eus acordé,
Cum cil l'ot dit et recordé.
Cil tint grant pièce cest office.
Li robéor plain de malice
S'assemblèrent quant seul le virent,
Et par maintes fois le batirent
Quant les biens venoient embler.
Lors r'estut le pueple assembler
Et chascun endroit soi taillier
Por serjans au prince baillier.
Communément lors se taillièrent
Et tous et toutes li baillièrent,
Et donèrent grans tenemens.
De là vint li commencemens
As rois, as princes terriens,
Selonc l'escrit as anciens.

(*Roman de la rose*, 10357) [6]

It is creditable to the tolerance of the thirteenth century that the author of the *Romance of the Rose* dared ascribe so

[6] They chose a stout peasant from their number, the sturdiest of them all, the most stalwart and the tallest, and they made him prince and lord. He swore that he would govern them justly if each from his own share would give to him possessions on which he might live. Accordingly an agreement was made between him and them just as he had promised and stipulated. He held this office a long time. The robbers, full of malice, flocked together when they saw him alone and many times beat him when they came committing depredations. Then it was again necessary for the people to assemble and for each to lay his property under contribution to provide men-at-arms for the prince. Then all alike assessed themselves and all gave of their substance to him, and provided him with great holdings. From this time dates the beginning of kings and temporal princes, according to the ancients.

humble an origin to royalty. The far milder sentiment of Voltaire,

Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux,

was considered a bold saying in the eighteenth century. So late as 1827 when Victor Hugo wished a quotation of decidedly revolutionary character for the preface to his *Cromwell*, he could find no better challenge to despotism than these lines of the thirteenth century poet.

Even less deference is accorded to the royal dignity in the discourse assigned by Jean de Meung to Nature. The old belief that comets foretell the death of princes is, according to the author, erroneous.

Car lor cors ne vault une pome
Oultre le cors d'un charruier,
Ou d'un clerc ou d'un escuier:
Car g'es fais tous semblables estre,
Si cum il apert à lor nestre.
Par moi nessent semblable et nu,
Fort et fiéble, gros et menu:
Tous les met en équalité
Quant à l'estat d'umanité.

(*Roman de la rose*, 19525) [7]

Several poems of the time express their author's belief that the best service which the king can do his subjects is to preserve peace with other kings and with his own vassals, inasmuch as, whichever side wins, it is the people who pay the cost. When we consider how unpopular and even dangerous is the position of the pacifist in the present conflict (1916), we shall find high praise for the fearlessness of Etienne de Fougères and Guillaume le Clerc.

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[7] For the body of a prince is not worth an apple more than the body of a ploughman or of a cleric or of a squire, for I [Nature] make them all alike, just as appears at their birth. By me they are born alike and naked, the strong and the weak, the great and the small; I put them all on an equality as to their common humanity.

Reis deit amer peiz et concorde
Jugement o misericorde;
Celui deit pendre o une corde
Qui porchace guerre o discorde.

N'eit pas envie de autrui terre
Esgaugrinier n'a tort conquerre;
Quar por itant mout sovent guerre
Qui gent essille et gent enterre.
(*Livre des manières*, st. 23, 24) [8]

Si vus dirrai des plus puissanz
Des plus riches e des plus granz,
Des reis, des contes, e des dus
Qui des regnes ont le desus,
Qui s'entretolent e guerreient
E lor povre gent desconreient,
Qui tutes lor guerres compirent;
Sovent en plorent e sospirent.
Ore iert un reis de grant puissance,
Ou en Alemaigne ou en France; . . .
Se l'un a l'autre a mesfait,
Li vilains qui est al garait,
Le compire a un jor si cher
Que il n'a la nuit ou cochier;
Ainz est arse sa mesonette
Qu'il aveit basse e petitette,
E pris ses boes e ses berbiz,
Liez ses filles e ses fiz
E il mene prison chaitifs
Qu'il li peise que il est vis. . . .
Reis crestiens, deus! que fera
Qui de son regne getera
Trente mil homes combatanz
Qui larront femmes e enfanz

[8] A king ought to love peace and concord, justice with mercy; he who causes war and dissension ought to be hanged with a rope.

Let no king desire to seize the land of another or to conquer it unjustly; for in this way he often starts a war which brings men to exile and death.

Com orphenins a lor ostels,
Quant il vunt es esturs mortels.
Dont tost en serront mil oscis,
Ja puis ne verront lor pais,
E autretant del autre part.
Ja li rei ne prendront regart
Com bien en chiet en la bataille:
Ja ne feront conte ne taille:
Ne chaut a l'un qu'il ait perdu,
Mes que il ait l'autre vencu.

(*Besant de Dieu*, 765) [9]

Yet a man may rightfully defend his country.

Mes cil qui d'autre part vendront
Qui en la bataille morront
En demandant l'autri a tort,
Di jeo que sont malement mort. . . .
Coment serreit l'alme garrie,
Qui tantes en a fait perir
E sanz confession morir
Por home a tort desheriter.

(*Besant de Dieu*, 823) [10]

[9] I will speak also to you of the most powerful, of the richest, and of the greatest, of kings, of counts and of dukes, who have the control of kingdoms. These plunder one another's territory and wage war, and distress the poor people who pay for all the wars of their lords, and often weep thereat and sigh. At some time there may be a king of great power in Germany or in France; . . . if one king injures the other, the peasant, who is on the soil, pays for the wrong some day so dearly that he has not where to sleep at night; nay, even the cottage that he had low and small is burned and his oxen and sheep are seized, his sons and daughters bound, and he himself led away a wretched prisoner so that he is sorry to be alive. . . . God! how shall a Christian king send forth from his kingdom thirty thousand fighting men, who must leave their bereaved wives and children at home, when they go into mortal combats in which a thousand shall soon be slain and never again see their country, and as many men on the other side. Never will the kings take heed how many fall in the battle. Never will they make count or reckoning; nor does either care what he has lost, provided that he has conquered the other.

[10] But as for those who shall come from a foreign country and die in battle in support of unjust demands upon another people, I maintain that

The death of Louis VIII (November 8, 1226), while engaged in the successful prosecution of an indefensible war, conveys to Guillaume a pertinent and awful warning. Nemesis is neither blind nor slow in exacting retribution.

El contemple qu'il fist ces vers
Aveit la mort gete envers
Le rei de France Loeis,
Qui ert eissu de son pais
Por autrui terre purchacier:
Les Provenciaus cuida chacer,
Les Tolosanz prendre e honir:
E quant il cuida tut tenir,
Tut guaagnier e tut aveir,
Si li failli tut son espeir.
De France ne de Normendie
Ne de tute sa seignurie
Ne des granz terres qu'il teneit,
Ou fust a tort ou fust a dreit,
N'ot que siet piez tant solement.
A tant revint son tenement.

(*Besant de Dieu*, 159) [11]

Guillaume had the democratic suspicion of secret diplomacy. He wrote the *Bestiaire* while England lay under the papal interdict. So keenly did he feel for the innocent people, deprived of religious consolation because of the machinations of rival

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they are guilty of mortal sin. . . . How should his soul be saved who has made so many men perish and die without confession, in order to take away wrongfully some one's possessions?

[11] At the very time that the author made these verses, death had struck down Louis, the king of France, who had gone out from his own country to gain possession of the land of another; he planned to drive out the people of Provence, to capture and put to shame the men of Toulouse; and when he thought that he held everything and had gained everything and had everything, then all his hope failed him. Of France and of Normandy, of all his dominion, of the vast territory that he held, whether justly or unjustly, he had merely seven feet. To so little was his empire reduced.

princes, that, although the wrong was aloof from his immediate subject, he made one indignant protest.

Ceste ovraigne [*Le Bestiaire*] fut fete noeve
El tens que Phelipe tint France,
El tens de la grant mesestance,
Qu'Engleterre fu entredite,
Si qu'il n'i aveit messe dite
Ne cors mis en terre sacree. . . .
De l'entredit ne lui agree,
Que a ceste feiz plus en die,
Por ceo que dreiture mendie
E lealte est povre e basse.
Tote ceste chose trespasse
Guillaume qui forment s'en doelt,
Qui n'ose dire ceo qu'il voelt
De la tricherie qui cort
E en l'une e en l'altre cort.

(*Bestiaire*, l. 10) [12]

The most direct attack upon the king is met with in *Fauvel*, an ultra-clerical poem, the first part of which (that from which I quote) was dated by the author, 1310. The beast Fauvel symbolizes any unworthy means of advancement. The author was bitterly opposed both to Philip the Fair, because of his encroachments on the privileges of the Church, and to the French bishops, because of their acquiescence in the royal policy.

Un en i a qui est seignor
Entre les autres le greignour
Et en noblece et en puissance;
De bien torchier Fauvel s'avance;

[12] This work was composed in the time when Philip ruled France, in the time of the great distress, when England was laid under interdict so that there was no mass said or body buried in consecrated ground. . . . As for the interdict, it is not pleasing to this author to say more about it at this time, because honesty is now a beggar and loyalty is poor and abased. Guillaume passes over all this subject, although he grieves heavily at it, because he dares not say what he wishes concerning the treachery which prevails both in the court of France and that of England.

De l'une main touse la crigne.
Et o l'autre main tient le pigne.
(*Fauvel*, fol. 2) [13]

From the foregoing passages it may be concluded that, if much was given to a king of medieval France, much too was expected of him. But as, under the feudal system, it was with the nobles rather than with the king that the people came directly in contact, so it was against the nobles chiefly that the voices of the social reformers uttered denunciations. Encomia of this or that nobleman are, it is true, plentiful enough, but such laudations are inspired by the purely personal gratitude of poet to patron.

The verse of the period abundantly testifies to the hard lot of the people. Rutebeuf, deprived in middle life of his powerful protectors, and further impoverished by an imprudent marriage, knew well the distress of poverty. His half-dozen autobiographical poems reveal to us the wretchedness of the very poor, as do no other writings till we come to Villon. His was an "embarras de pauvreté."

Je ne sai par où je coumance
Tant ai de matyere abondance
Por parleir de ma povretei. . . .
Vivres me faut et est failliz. . . .
Je touz de froit, de fain baaille
Dont je suis mors et maubailliz.

With rueful pleasantry he raises a sorry laugh at his own sad plight:

Il m'i souvient plus de Saint Pou
Qu'il ne fait de nul autre apôtre.
(*Povretei Rutebeuf*) [14]

[13] There is one who is the greatest lord among lords, both in station and in power. He steps forward to curry Favor; with one hand he cuts the mane, and with the other hand he holds the comb.

[14] I do not know where to begin, such abundance of matter I have when I speak of my poverty. I need food and have none. I cough with cold, I yawn with hunger which weakens me and brings me to death's door. . . . I think more often of Saint Paul (Little) than I do of any other apostle.

Speaking of the scanty fare that he can provide for his wife he adds:

Grant loisir a de sauver s'ame:
Or géunt por la douce Dame
Qu'ele a loisir.

Landlord and tradesman press for settlement. Hardest to bear of all sorrows, friends fall away.

Jà n'i sera ma porte ouverte,
Quar ma meson est trop déserte,
Et povre et gaste,
Sovent n'i a ne pain ne paste.
Ne me blasmez se ne me haste (ed. Jub., je me haste)
D'aler arrière
Que jà n'i aura bele chière, . . .
Se je n'aporte.
C'est ce qui plus me desconforte,
Que je n'ose huchier à ma porte
A vuide main.

(*Mariage Rutebeuf*) [15]

Que sont mi ami devenu
Que j'avoie si près tenu
Et tant amé? . . .
N'en vi un seul en mon osté:
Je cuit li vens les a osté.
L'amor est morte:
Ce sont ami que vens emporte,
Et il ventoit devant ma porte.

(*Complainte Rutebeuf*) [16]

[15] My wife has plenty of leisure to save her soul; now she can fast for our sweet Lady, for she has time enough. . . . Never will a caller open my door, for my house is quite deserted and poor and ruined. Often there is neither bread nor pastry in it. Do not blame me if I do not hasten to return home, for I have no kindly welcome if I bring nothing. That is what distresses me the most, that I dare not knock at my own door empty-handed.

[16] What has become of my friends whom I held so dear and loved so much? . . . I do not see a single one in my home. I believe that the wind has blown them away. Love is dead. They are friends whom the wind blows away and the wind blew hard in front of my door. . . .

In his jar of troubles only hope remains:

L'espérance de lendemain,
Ce sont mes festes.

(*Mariage Rutebeuf*) [17]

That Rutebeuf's misery did not lack company appears from the *Diz des Ribaux de Greive*, a poem of only twelve lines, but steeped in squalor and despair.

Ribaut, or estes vos a point
Li arbre despoillent lor branches
Et vos n'aveiz de robe point;
Si en aureiz froit a vos hanches,
Que il vos fussent or li porpoint
Et li seurquot forrei a manches.
Vos aleiz en estai si joint,
Et en yver aleis si cranche,
Vostre soleir n'ent mesteir d'oint,
Vos faites de vos talons planghes. [18]

It is true that such passages are merely cries of personal distress, that these poets sought no remedy for the destitution about them in a re-adjustment of society; yet it is a significant moment in the history of social revolution when an oppressed class becomes conscious of its misery. It is but a short step to judging that misery a wrong.

Etienne de Fougères draws a touching picture of the wretchedness of his day, which is also an arraignment of the injustice and selfishness of the nobility. (The text of this poem is corrupt, but the meaning is clear.)

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[17] The hope of the morrow, that alone makes my banquets.

[18] Wretches, now you are in hard condition. The trees are losing their branches, and you have no cloak; and you will have cold in your body. Would that you had now doublets and furred surcoats with sleeves! You trip about in summer lightly and in winter you step painfully. Your shoes have no need of grease; you use your heels for sole-leather.

[Li noble] . . .
Lor dreites rentes en receivent,
Peis les menjuent et les beivent:
Et les engeunent et deceivent,
Ne se gardent que fei lor deivent (st. 138).

Si ques en oi tote jor pleindre
Qu'il ne lor pout chose remeindre
Que il peisent aveir n'ateindre.

Quant li dolent de fein baillent,
Il les robent et il les taillent,
Il les peinent, il les travaillent,
Moult corvees ne lor faillent (st. 136, 137).

Por un sol poi de mesprison
Le fiert do poin ou del tison,
Peis le trebuche en sa prison;
Tote li tot sa garison.

De lui mal feire ne coarde,
Tot le son gaste et debarde,
Morir le leit qu'il nel regarde;
Mau seit garder qui issi garde (st. 140, 141).

Molt devon chiers avoir nos ohmes,
Quar li vilen portent les somes
Dont nos vivon quant que nos summes
Et chevaliers et clers et domes (st. 145).

Terres arer, norir aumaille,
Sor le vilain est la bataille;
Quar chevalier et clerc sanz faille
Vivent de ce que il travaille.

Moult a travail et moult a peine,
Au meilor jor de la semaine
Il seinme seigle, il here avoine,
Il fauche prez, il tose leine,

Il fet paliz, il fet meiseires,
Il fet estanz par ces rivieres,
Primes corvees, peis preieres
Et peis cent choses costumieres.

Ne mengera ja de bon pain;
Nos en avon le meillor grein;
Et le plus lies et le plus sein;
La droe remeint au vilain.

S'il a grasse oie ou geline
Ne gastel de blanche farine,
A son seignor tot la destine (st. 170–174) . . . .

De bon morsel onques ne taste,
Ne il d'oisel, ne il de haste.
(*Livre des manières*, st. 176) [19]

[19] The lords receive from the peasants their due rents, which they squander in eating and drinking; and they keep their laborers fasting, and deceive them and do not preserve the faith they owe them. I hear them complain every day that for them nothing remains that they can get or own. When the wretched ones yawn with hunger, their lords rob them and tax them; they lay burdens upon them, they overwork them; the forced labor is never remitted. For a slight act of disrespect the lord strikes the peasant with his fist or with a stake; then he thrusts him into prison; he takes from him his entire living. He does not shrink from doing the peasant harm, he lays waste and plunders all his property, he lets him die without concern; he who protects thus knows ill how to protect. We ought to hold our working-men very dear, for the peasants bear the burdens whereby we all live, knights, clerics, and ladies. Ploughing the fields, feeding the cattle, these tasks fall upon the peasant; for knights and priests surely live upon his toil. He has hard work and heavy toil; on the best day of the week he sows barley, he ploughs the wheat, he mows the meadows, he shears wool. He makes fences, he makes enclosures, he constructs fish-pools by the rivers; first the forced labor, then benevolences, then a hundred other imposts. He will never eat good bread; we have the best grain and the finest and the most wholesome; the bran remains for the peasant. If he has a fat goose or a chicken or a cake of white flour, he intends it all for his lord. He never tastes a good morsel, bird or roast.

It must be confessed that Etienne's pity for the hardships of the poor man's lot is by no means a counsel of revolt. The pious bishop could not suffer his flock to murmur against what was to him the will of God. Why should not the Ruler of the Universe give or take away as seems best to him? The belief in the divine order of society thus appears as great a hindrance to social progress as the theory of the divine right of kings to political advance. The thinkers of the Middle Ages could not recognize in the distribution of wealth a strictly human economic process. Etienne, moreover, failed to appreciate the injustice of the social system because he held a belief which in practice works out ill, — the belief that, as the wrongs of the present world will find full recompense after this short life is over, such wrongs do not greatly matter.

The same inadequacy of view impairs the value of the *Besant de Dieu*. Guillaume's heart is wrung by the suffering of the poor, but the touching cry of the downtrodden against God is blamed by the cleric, and no way of escape by human means is pointed out. It is much, however, that the tyranny of the great should be so clearly and boldly rebuked, and that the reproof should be administered in the name of religion.

Mult font nos princes terriens,
Nomeement ces crestiens,
Choses que faire ne deussent,
Se pite e merci eussent.
Mes li plusor sont sanz merci. . . .
E sont ausi come tiranz,
Vers cels sor qui il sont puissanz,
Sur lur cols mettent tels baillis
Qui les escorcent trestut vis
E desheritent e deraiment. . . .
Li riche volent aveir tot.
(*Besant de Dieu*, 847–863) [20]

[20] Our feudal lords, Christians in name, do things they should not do if they had pity and mercy, but most of them are without mercy, and are just like tyrants towards those over whom they have power; on their

The author records, condemning, it is true, as impiety, the cry of the poor.

Povres i a fols e dolenz
Qui sovent dient, "Sire deus,
Por quei nus feistes vus tels
Q'oncques biens temporals n'eumes?
A male hore conceu fumes."
(*Besant de Dieu*, 1146) [21]

When the young man uses his gifts of mind or body to injure the poor, Guillaume warns him that he is warring against God, the protector of the poor.

Donques s'orgoillist e estent . . .
E si guerreie damnede
De ceo que il li a done.
Se il est fort, si velt combatre
Por son povre veisin abatre:
S'il est sages, si velt plaidier
Por autrui terre guaaigner.
(*Besant de Dieu*, 281) [22]

The contemporary poems of the Hermit, *Carité* and *Miserere*, show the same spirit of discontent among the peasants, the same murmur against a God who could allow injustice. The author, fully alive to the wrongs of the poor, puts their case well in a question which they are supposed to address to him:

Maistre, ki tant nous espoëntes, . . .
. . . je vuel savoir ke tu sentes
De chiaus ki vont les dures sentes,

necks they put such overseers as flay them all living and strip them of possessions and raiment. . . . The rich wish to have all.

[21] There are poor men who in their folly and misery often say: "Lord God, why didst thou create men like us who never had worldly goods? Ill was the hour in which we were born."

[22] Then the young man swells with pride and so makes war upon the Lord with what the Lord has given him. If he is strong, he wishes to fight in order to crush his poor neighbor; if he is clever, he wishes to use the court to gain another's land.

Se chil cui Dius bat cascun di
Seront rebatu: chou me di!
Che sont chil enferm, chil mendi.
Il sanle de ches gens dolentes
Ke Deus onkes n'i entendi.
Ki n'acata ne ne vendi
De quel markié paiera ventes? . . .

Et ki ricoise a encarkié
Et si grans pars a emparkié
De terre, bien sera venus
S'il a dou chiel autel markié;
Donkes a il tout enarkié;
Dont est Dius cousins devenus
As gros, et si het les menus!
Dius a les rikes retenus;
Se il s'en vont dous fois carkié;
S'il sont dous fois les dos lanus,
Et li povres est dous fois nus,
Dont sont li povre sousmarkié.
(*Romans de Carité*, st. 199, 200) [22]

The poet answers, restating the peasant's case and giving judgment as if for God:

Dius, je fui enfers et mendis,
Et por chou joie avoir voldrai.

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[22] Master, you who terrify us so much, . . . I wish to know what you think concerning those who travel the hard paths, whether those whom God scourges every day will be scourged anew [after death]: tell me that! I mean the infirm and the needy. It seems that God cares nothing for these wretched folk. How shall those who have nothing to buy with and nothing to sell pay for goods in any market? And the man who has amassed riches and has enclosed a great extent of land, he will be very fortunate if he makes the like bargain with Heaven. In that case he has every good locked up in his own chest: then has God become the cousin of the great and hates the humble! God has preserved the rich, and they go about laden with a double blessing. If they have their backs twice covered with wool, and the poor man is twice naked, then are the poor of little value.

— Amis, jou rien ne te toldrai
Se tu a moi ton cuer tendis. —
— Sire, non! moi pesa tous dis
De chou ke si près me tondis. —
— Ke dont? Ma berbis ne tondrai?
Par toi tes jugemens est dis;
Se ton viaurre envis me rendis,
Ore plus près te retondrai.

(*Romans de Carité*, st. 202) [24]

Even this answer, however, of the orthodox churchman and the cold comfort of the advice that follows, to imitate Job and Lazarus, cannot efface the genuine pity that makes the peasant's complaint the most affecting passage in *Carité*.

The theme is developed with a slight variation in the author's second poem *Miserere*. It is now the rich man who is taken to task for his hardness of heart. The poet writes in the spirit of Tolstoy; he would fain restore the spirit of the early Church, in which all Christians were united in brotherly love. He depicts with great vividness the torments of Dives in Hell.

Ch' est drois ke on le bate et bout,
L'enfrun vilain, ki manja tout,
Onques au ladre n'en fist part.
Entendés cha, li fol, li glout!
Ki tant engorge et tant englout
Boive a mesure et si se gart.

(*Miserere*, st. 42) [25]

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[24] "Lord, I was infirm and needy and therefore I expect to have eternal bliss." — "Friend, I will not take from thee anything if thou submittest thy heart to me." — "Lord, no! I murmur every day because thou shearest me so closely." — "What then? Shall I not shear my sheep? Thy condemnation is spoken by thy own mouth. If thou yieldest me unwillingly thy fleece, I will shear thee yet more closely."

[25] It is right that Dives should be beaten and shoved, the greedy knave, who feasted alone without giving any share to the beggar. Hear this, you fools and gluttons! Let him who eats and drinks to excess, drink moderately, and save his soul.

Many a rich man's end is that of Dives:

O rikes home, si povre fin!
Mar veïs l'argent et l'or fin
Et l'avoir, dont tant agrapas. . . .
Dieus se venge ore dou bon vin
Ke tant beüs et tant lapas.
Por chou as ore le lampas,
Ke tes orilles estoupas
Au mesel povre pelerin,
Lazaron, sans cui tu soupas. . . .

As rikes est espoventaus
Et as povres est confortaus
Chil essemples ke j'ai escrit.
Trop prent kier les biens temporaus
Chil ki sans fin perist por aus.
Et li povres, cui on despit,
S'il set despire chest despit,
Rois est dou chiel, car Dieus le dit.
O rikes hom, peu caritaus,
Infers toi atent sans respit.
Et toi, povres, (sueffre un petit!)
Atent paradis delitaus. . . .

Conseille toi, fous mal estruis!
Cuides ke Dieus te doinst les fruis
De le tere por toi soul paistre?
Tu as en ton grenier tans muis,
Et li greniers ton proisme est vuis,
Ki n'a ses enfants dont repaistre,
Dont il a sis ou set en l'aistre.
Por chiaus fist Dieus tant de biens naistre
Ki fameillent devant ten huis. . . .
Tu rendras raison au grant maistre
Ki le part as povres destruis. . . .

Nuit et jour doit cascuns penser
Des biens k'il a bien despenser,
Ke il en sache rendre conte.

Par mi le conte estuet passer;
Et ki porra vers Dieu tenser
Chelui cui prendra a mesconte?
N'espargnera ne roi ne conte;
Mais li plus haus avra plus honte,
S'il ne set sen conte assenser. . . .

Chou est raisons aperte et nue:
Il n'est pas drois ke je desnue
Un home por autrui vestir.
Quant de le rien ke j'ai tolue
Au laborier, ki le dessue,
Dont je li fais le fain sentir,
Vuel au povre le ventre emplir,
Chou est a dire, sans mentir,
(Oiés com est parole crue!)
"Dieus, vous devés bien assentir
A me ravine et consentir,
Car vostres povres le manjue." . . .

Orguellous, tien un peu ten frain,
Se tu daignes, et si refrain
Ten vair keval, ki se desroie.
Garde cui tu as en desdain!
Frans hom, ki m'apeles vilain,
Ja de chest mot ne me plaindroie
Se plus franc de moi te savoie.
Ki fu te mere, et ki le moie?
Andoi furent filles Evain.
Or ne di mais ke vilains soie.
Plus que toi, car jou te diroie,
Tel mot ou trop a de levain.

Onkes ne me soit reprovés
Mes pere; car voirs est provés,
Mieus me vient estre bon pastour
Ke estre en haut panier covés
Et de bones mours escovés,
Se je fui nés en un destour
Et de me mere getés pour

En un molin ou en un four,
Mieus vuel ensi trovés,
Se jou a bien faire m'atour,
Ke je fusse fius d'un contour
Et de mauvaistié endovés.

Orguellous, tu as mout bon Mai.
Tu me despis, mais peu m'esmai,
Et mout m'est peu de ten dangier.
Se tu ses plus ke jou ne sai
Et tu as plus jou nen ai
De quanke li mondes a kier,
Ne te savras tant avanchier
Ne reviegnes a men sentier.
Ausi morras com jou morrai;
Mors, ki tout tout sans recovrier,
Te cangera Mai en Fevrier;
Mors muera te joie en wai.
(*Miserere*, st. 45, 51, 54, 55, 66, 80, 81, 90) [26]

[26] O rich man, how poor your end! in evil hour you beheld the silver and the fine gold and the riches of which you clutched so much. . . . God exacts vengeance now for the good wine which you drank and sipped wantonly. For this indulgence you endure now the fire of Hell, you who stopped your ears against the poor leprous beggar, Lazarus, and without thought of him feasted. To the rich man this parable that I have written is terrifying, but to the poor man comforting. At too dear a price he gains temporal wealth, who for it suffers eternal death. And the poor man who is despised, if he can despise this despite, is king of Heaven, for God so promises. O rich man, uncharitable! Hell without respite awaits you. And you, poor man, endure for a little while! a paradise of delight awaits you. Take counsel, ill-advised fool! do you think that God gives you the fruits of the earth to feed yourself alone? You have in your granary many bushels, and the granary of your neighbor is empty, and he has nothing with which to feed the six or seven children about his hearth. For those who hunger before your door, God produced this goodly fruit. You must render an account to the great master for wasting on yourself the share of the poor. Night and day each man should think of spending well the wealth he has so that he may be able to render an account of it. He must give a strict account, and who will be able to protect from God's wrath the man whose account

Gautier de Coincy also in his *Miracles de la Sainte Vierge* describes in pathetic terms the miseries of the hard-worked laborer, although he alone among the writers I am quoting saw the cause not in the oppression of the higher classes, but in the irreligion of the peasants. Without regard to this primitive theory, his lines are of value as showing the spread of a movement for social justice, which could not leave untouched even so bigoted and credulous a churchman as Gautier.

Touz tens rastèlent, touz tens gratent;
Touz tens houent et touz tens fuent;
N'assez du pain n'avoir ne puent. . . .
Por ce en yver et en vuaym,
Et en printens et en esté
Seront chétif et ont été . . . .

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shall be found wanting? God will spare neither king nor count, but the highest will have most shame, if he cannot present a true account. This is a plain and simple truth: it is not just that I should strip one man to clothe another. When I wish to fill the stomach of the poor man with the substance I have taken from the laborer who earned it by the sweat of his brow and who suffers hunger because of my exactions, I say virtually (Hear how harsh the word sounds!): "Lord, thou shouldst approve my rapine and consent to the act, for thy poor are fed thereby." Proud man, check yourself a little, if you will condescend, and also rein in your dappled steed that prances disdainfully. Be careful whom you despise. Noble, you who call me low-born, I should never complain of that term, if I recognized that you are nobler than I. Who was your mother and who was mine? Both were daughters of Eve. Then do not say again that I am lower-born than you, else I will answer you in unduly sharp words. Never should the rank of my father be cast up to me as a reproach; for it is a proved truth that it is better for me to be a good shepherd than to be of high birth and not endowed with good character. If I were born in a corner, and by my mother cast away in a mill or a furnace, and yet should strive to do well, this condition I should prefer to being the son of a count and possessed of an ill nature. Proud man, you enjoy the May-time of prosperity. You despise me, but I care little, and have slight regard for your arrogance. If you know more than I do, and if you possess more than I of whatever the world holds dear, you can not advance so far that you will not travel again my road. You will die just as I shall die; Death, that takes away everything without return, will change your May into February; Death will change your joy to woe.

Por ce leur pain rungent et broustent
En grant sueur, en grant travail;
Et por ce au vent et au solau
Sont tout ades et à la bize.
Por c'e [n] leur terre croist et vient
Tant d'orties, tant de racines,
Tant de chardons, et tant d'espines.

(*Miracle du vilain qui savait a poine la moitié de son Ave Maria*, 468–493) [27]

Writing at the end of the century, that universal cynic, Matheolus, describes from still another standpoint the hard lot of the common man, ground between two millstones, the nobility and the Church. It is, according to Matheolus, the Church that is the more rapacious. Yet the poet had no liking for the people either; they were to him a loutish set, as irreligious as the beasts of the field. The testimony, then, of this unsympathetic observer confirms the impression that the thirteenth century was waking to the recognition of poverty as less often a misfortune than a wrong.

Des chevaliers n'est rien notable;
Presque tout y est detestable.
Chascun doit valoir un millier;
Il le valent bien au pillier
Ou a vivre d'autruy vitaille;
Mais il n'ont cure de bataille,
Mesmement pour garder l'Eglise,
Ne pour deffendre la franchise
Et le peuple a droit maintenir. . . .

[27] They are always raking and digging the ground; always hoeing and dressing the ground; yet they can not get enough bread . . . [Because of their unbelief] in winter and in harvest-time, in spring and in summer they have been and they will be wretched. . . . [Because of their unbelief] they gnaw and nibble their hard bread in dripping sweat and in heavy toil; and they are ever in the wind and the sun, and the winter storm. [Because of their unbelief] in their land spring forth so many nettles, so many roots, so many thistles, so many thorns.

Tout ravissent, lance sur fautre,
Et tout gastent, et tout deveurent. . . .
(*Lamenta*, iv, 447–477)

Dieux! pourquoy le clergié fortunes
De tes biens, que pour eulx aünes,
Qu'il despendent si folement?
De nous ne curent nullement;
Il mainent vie deshonneste,
Le pié nous tiennent sur la teste.
Par eulx nous laisses lapider,
Et estrangler et embrider.
En labour usons nostre vie. . . .
Tu ne prises pas un tabour
Les paines de nostre labour.
Tu obeïs a leurs demandes;
De bons vins, de bonnes viandes
Usent, et vestent les bons dras,
Et chevauchent les chevaulx gras. . . .
Il [le clergié] boit du peuple la sueur;
Griefment se mesfait et mesprent. . . .
Quant leur labeur mangue et prent. . . .
Il sont trop pires que les vers; . . .
Les vers manguent la charongne, . . .
Le clergié nous mangust tous vis,
Char et sanc, tant est allouvis. . . .
Chault ne froit ne puet soustenir,
N'il ne se pourroit travaillier
A labourer ne a veillier.
Le peuple tout fait et tout livre,
Et si ne puet durer ne vivre
Qu'il ne soit tousjours tempestés
Et par le clergié molestés. . . .
De nul besoing ne nous sequeurent,
Mais nous et le nostre deveurent. . . .
Les prelas sont loups ravissables,
Que tu as pastours esleüs
Sur nous; si sommes deceüs
Car il gastent tout et destruisent,

Et les plus mittrés plus nous nuisent
Et font plus de maulx et de troubles. . . .
Tes prelas monstrent par leurs euvres
Nature de beste sauvage.
Puis qu'il font a ton fouc dommage.
(*Lamenta*, iii, 599–806)

Je loueroye volentiers
Les laboureurs bons et entiers,
Vivans de leur loial labour; . . .
Mais. . . .
Les commandemens Dieu ne prisent,
Et les drois de l'Eglise brisent. . . .
Le plus se vivent comme beste,
Et en jour ouvrier et en feste.
(*Lamenta*, iv, 661–688) [28]

[28] There is nothing worth saying about the nobles; almost everything about them is contemptible. Each knight boasts himself worth a thousand common men. They are of that worth in pillaging or consuming the living of others; but they don't care much for war even to defend the Church, nor for defending freedom and maintaining the people's rights. . . . They plunder everything, lance in rest, and lay waste and consume everything. Why dost thou, O Lord, enrich the clergy with thy good things which thou lavishest upon them and which they spend so foolishly? For us they care nothing; they lead a dishonest life; they put their feet upon our heads. Thou allowest us to be stoned by them and strangled and driven hard. In toil we wear out our life. . . . Thou dost not care a rattle for the pains of our labor. Thou yieldest to all their requests; they consume choice wines and delicate viands, and wear fine cloth, and ride sleek horses. . . . The clergy drink the sweat of the people; they sin and misdo grievously when they seize and consume the toil of the people. . . . They are much worse than worms: worms eat the dead body; the clergy would eat us alive, flesh and blood, so insatiable is their hunger. . . . They can endure neither cold nor heat, nor can they work either at manual labor or at guard duty. The people do everything and give everything, and yet they can not live without being always annoyed and molested by the clergy. . . . The clergy aid us in no need, but they consume us and our property. The prelates whom thou didst choose for pastors over us are ravening wolves; and we are deceived, for they lay waste and destroy everything, and the highest in authority injure us the most and do us the most harm and cause us the most trouble. . . . Thy prelates show in their actions the nature of wild beasts, since they do

Upon the verse of Jean de Meung also fell the grim shadow of poverty. His hunger is no mere allegorical figure, but drawn with sternly realistic strokes. Richesse speaks:

Et se savoir volés son estre, . . .
Fain demore en un champ perreus
Où ne croist blé, buisson ne broce. . . .
Fain, qui ne voit ne blé ne arbres,
Les erbes en errache pures
As trenchans ongles, as dens dures;
Mes moult les trueve clères nées
Por les pierres espès semées;
Et se la voloie descrivre,
Tost en porroie estre délivre.
Longe est et megre et lasse et vaine,
Grant soffrete a de pain d'avaine;
Les cheveus a tous hériciés,
Les iex crués, en parfont gliciés,
Vis pale et balievres séchiés
Joes de rooille entechiés.
Par sa pel dure qui vorroit,
Ses entrailles véoir porroit,
Les os par les illiers li saillent,
Où trestoutes humours défaillent;
N'el n'a, ce semble, point de ventre
Fors le leu qui si parfont entre,
Que tout le pis à la meschine
Pent à la cloie de l'eschine.
Ses dois li a créus maigresce,
Des genous li pert la rondesce;
Talons a haus, agus, parens,
Ne pert qu'el ait point de char ens.

(*Roman de la rose*, 10898) [29]

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harm to thy flock. . . . I would praise gladly the good and upright laborers, living by their honest toil; . . . but . . . they do not prize the commands of God, and they transgress the rights of the Church. . . . Most of them live like beasts both on working days and holidays.

[29] And if you wish to know her dwelling-place, Hunger abides in a stony field where grows no grain, no bush, no brushwood. Hunger, who sees

The higher classes, like rapacious wolves, devour the scanty holdings of the poor:

> Baillif, prévoz, bediaus, maiour,
> Tuit vivent presque de rapine,
> Li menus pueples les encline,
> Et cil comme leus les déveurent.
> Trestuit sor les povres gens queurent,
> N'est nus qui despoillier n'es vueille.
> Tuit s'afublent de lor despueille,
> Trestuit de lor sustances hument,
> Sans eschauder tous viz les plument.
> Li plus fors le plus fiéble robe.
>
> (*Roman de la rose*, 12465) [30]

In his analysis of the causes of poverty, Jean de Meung is not in advance of his age. Extravagant living is one cause. Other causes are summed up in that vague word, "Fortune," which saved the medieval thinker so much hard reasoning. But keen observation had taught Jean de Meung the conclusion of modern criminologists, that poverty is more often the

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no grain or trees, snatches up the weeds raw with her sharp nails and hard teeth; she finds them growing sparsely because of the thick-sown rocks. And if I should try to describe her, I could do it very easily. She is tall and thin and feeble and wasted; she has great need of barley-bread; her hair is unkempt, her eyes deeply sunken, her face pale, her lips dry, her cheeks spotted as with mildew. Through her dry skin one who wished could see her entrails; her bones project through her sides, dry from lack of the natural humors of the body. Nor has she apparently any stomach except a hole which enters so deeply that the wretched creature's breast clings to the back of her spine. Leanness has worn away her fingers; the knee-cap of her knees appears; her heel-bones are high, sharp, prominent. It does not seem as if she had an ounce of flesh on her body.

[30] Bailiffs, provosts, beadles, mayors, all live chiefly by plunder. The humble folk bow before them, and the officials devour them like wolves. All rush upon the poor; there is no one who does not try to rob them. Those in power wrap themselves up in what they strip from the poor; they drink up their substance; without scalding them, they pluck them alive. The stronger robs the weaker.

cause than the result of crime. These are the passages bearing on the subject:

> Neporquant autresinc grant perte
> Reçoit l'ame en trop grant poverte
> Cum el fait en trop grant richesce;
> L'une et l'autre igaument la blesce. . . .
> Cil que mendicité guerroie,
> De péchié comment le guerroie?
> (*Roman de la rose*, 12192–12211)

> Et Povreté fait pis que Mort:
> Car ame et cors tormente et mort, . . .
> Et lor ajoute à dampnement
> Larrecin et parjurement,
> Avec toutes autres durtés
> Dont chascuns est griément hurtés.
> (*Roman de la rose*, 8905) [21]

Richesse says:

> Puis [Fain] prent Larrecin par l'oreille.
> Quant le voit dormir, es l'esveille, . . .
> Si le conseille et endoctrine
> Comment il les doit procurer
> Combien qu'il lor doie durer.
> Et Cuers-Faillis à li s'accorde,
> Qui songe toute jor la corde
> Qui li fait héricier et tendre
> Tout le poil, qu'el ne voie pendre
> Larrecin, son filz, le tremblant,
> Si l'en le puet trover emblant.
> (*Roman de la rose*, 10969)

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[21] Nevertheless the soul receives just as much harm from too great poverty as it does from too great riches; each injures the soul equally. . . . How can one who must fight with poverty guard himself from sin? Poverty does worse than Death; for it torments and kills soul and body, . . . and it adds to their perdition theft and perjury, with all other hardships by which the victim is grievously injured.

Povretés, qui point de sens n'a,
Larrecin, son filz, amena,
Qui s'en vet au gibet le cors
Por faire à sa mère secors.

(*Roman de la rose*, 10289) [22]

Jean de Meung was the more inclined to regard the thief with leniency from his communistic doctrine of property tenure. In a passage already cited (p. 17), it will be remembered that the office of king originated, according to the *Romance of the Rose*, as a makeshift, and that the first recipient of the honor was far from being a vicar of God on earth. Jean de Meung accords the economic theory of private property as little respect. In the good days of old, he maintains, personal possessions were unknown; as soon, however, as men adopted a social organization, the strength of the newly-formed government was perverted to the protection of private property. The old feeling of brotherhood vanished. Covetousness and fraud pervaded men's relations with one another. Officers of justice, although appointed to defend the humble, soon found that their profit lay in an alliance with the great. In desperation men assented to the tyranny of one as a relief from the rapacity of all. (We cannot, I think, object that this theory of Jean de Meung is a mere reflection of classic mythology with its Age of Gold, for, Latinist as Jean de Meung was, he was also a shrewd observer of his own times. He was much more likely to cover a teaching of his own with the mantle of classic tradition than to repeat an old fancy at variance with his own belief.)

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[22] Then [Hunger] takes Theft by the ear, when she sees him sleeping and wakes him, . . . and counsels him and teaches him how he is to procure food for them [?] however long it may take. And Faint-Heart [the father] gives consent though he dreams all day of the halter so that every hair stands on end with fear lest he see Theft hanged, Theft, his timid son, if he is caught stealing.

Poverty, who has no sense, brought Theft, her son, who speeds to the gibbet to obtain aid for his mother.

De fer dur forgièrent lor armes,
Coutiaus, espées et guisarmes,
Et glaives et cotes maillées,
Por faire à lor voisins meslées.
Lors firent tors et roilléis.
Et murs à créniaus tailléis;
Chastiaus fermèrent et cités,
Et firent grans palais listés
Cil qui les tresors assemblèrent,
Car tuit de grant paor tremblèrent
Por les riches ces assemblées,
Qu'eles ne lor fussent emblées,
Ou par quelque forfait tolues.
Bien furent lor dolor créues
As chetis de mauvais éur,
C'onc puis ne furent asséur,
Que ce qui commun ert devant,
Comme le soleil et le vent,
Par convoitise approprièrent,
Quant as richesces se lièrent.
Or en a bien un plus que vingt:
Onc ce de bon cuer ne lor vint.
(*Roman de la rose*, 10392) [33]

Governmental institutions are throughout the book treated as the product of the evil side of man's nature, of his "malice,"

[33] They made their arms of hard iron, knives, swords, axes, broadswords and coats of mail, to fight with their neighbors. They constructed towers and barricades and walls of crenelated stone; they strengthened their castles and cities, and they built great and splendid palaces. Those who had collected their treasures [took these precautions], because they all trembled with great fear for the riches they had accumulated lest they should be stolen from them or carried off through some outrage. The cares of those wretched men were greatly increased so that they were never secure, for what had been common property, such as the air and sunshine, they appropriated through covetousness, when they fastened upon riches. Now one man possesses more than twenty. This was never granted to them willingly.

Qui fu mère des seignories,
Dont les franchises sont péries,
Car se ne fust maus et péchiés
Dont li mondes est entechiés,
L'en n'éust onques roi véu
Ne juge en terre congnéu.
Si se pruevent il malement,
Qu'il déussent premièrement
Trestout avant eus justicier,
Puis qu'en se doit en eus fier. . . .
Mès or vendent les jugemens
Et bestornent les erremens,
Et taillent et cuellent et saient,
Et les povres gens trestout paient.
Tuit s'esforcent de l'autrui prendre
Tex juges fait le larron pendre,
Qui miex déust estre pendus,
Se jugemens li fust rendus
Des rapines et des tors fais,
Qu'il a par son pooir forfais.

(*Roman de la rose*, 6300) [34]

The gentler admonitions of the Hermit are also based upon an obliteration of social distinctions:

Tu ki des lois tiens le droiture,
Quant avient si gries aventure
Ki damner t'estuet par besoigne

---

[34] Evil was the mother of governments through which our freedom has perished, for were it not for the evil and the sin with which the world is stained, no such thing as a king or a judge would ever have been seen or known on earth. And they conduct themselves ill, for they ought first of all to make their own lives just, since we ought to have confidence in them. . . . But now they sell judgments and pervert customs; they lay fines, and cut down and seize crops, and the poor always pay the cost. They all try to get the goods of others. Many a judge sentences the thief to be hanged, who ought to be hanged himself, if judgment were executed upon him for the thefts and evil deeds, committed through abuse of his power.

Un home por se forfaiture
Et destruire le Diu faiture,
Soies discrés en tel essoigne
Et tant orible fait resoigne.
Ke pietés au cuer te poigne!
El caitif conois te nature
Ke tu fais morir a vergoigne. . . .

Aies le cuer et dur et tendre;
Toi le convient amer et pendre;
Amer por chou k'il est tes frere,
Pendre por chou ke il est lere. . . .

Juges, quant tu vois en le toie
Court le povre ki se tristoie,
Di: "Jou voi la un Diu eslit."
S'on li fait tort, si le droitoie;
Car si fait home Dius saintoie
Cui tu vois el sac sepelit,
Ki a et pou pain et dur lit,
Ki n'a solas ne n'a delit,
Chiaus cui li mondes ne festoie,
Cuides tu ke Dius les oublit
Et k'envers aus ne s'amolit?
Dius au povre se feste estoie.
(*Romans de Carité, St.* 47 ff.)[35]

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[35] You who judge transgressions of the law, when you face the hard necessity of condemning a man for his crime and of destroying the handiwork of God, be scrupulous in such a case and consider carefully your horrible duty. Let pity prick your heart! Recognize your very nature in the wretch whom you send to shameful death. Let your heart be at once stern and pitiful; it is necessary for you both to love [the criminal] and to cause him to be hanged: to love him because he is your brother, to cause him to be hanged because he is a thief. O Judge, when you see in your court the poor man whose life is sad, say: "I see there one chosen of God." If anyone does him wrong, grant him justice. For just such a man God receives among his saints as you see buried in sacking, a man who has little bread and a hard bed, who has no pleasure or delight. Think you that God forgets those for whom the world offers no feasts, that God's heart is not tender towards them? God keeps his feast for the poor.

In their speculative sociology, at least, these medieval moralists had utterly rejected the class distinctions of their day. Each author delights in unfolding to the point of prolixity his conception of "true nobility." They agree fundamentally: nobility is a matter of character, not an accident of birth.

Philippe de Novare, an important personage of his time, writing about 1265, has quite discarded the old idea of caste:

> A droit sont franches genz amiables tuit cil qui ont franc cuer . . . et cil qui a franc cuer, de quelque part il soit venuz, il doit estre apelez frans et gentis; car se il est de bas leu et de mauveis et il est bons, de tant doit il estre plus honores. . . .
>
> Et vilain sont cil qui vilainnement se contiennent, et en dit et en fet ne ne vuelent riens faire que a force e par paor; tuit cil qui ce font, sont droit vilain, ausis bien comme s'il fussent serf ou gaeigneur as riches homes; ne ja se il sont astraiz de nobles homes et de vaillanz, por tant ne doivent il estre apele gentil ne franc, car gentillesce ne valour d'ancestre ne fet que nuire as mauveis hoirs honir; et mains en fust de honte, quant il sont mauveis, se il fussent astrait de vilains.
>
> (*Quatre tenz d'aage d'ome*, ¶ 212, 214) [35]

It is natural to find disparagement of rank frequent in the writings of the clerics, since many of their number owed their influence not to their birth, but to their talents.* Philippe observes:

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[35] Truly the persons of good birth and lovable are those who have a good heart, and he who has a good heart, no matter from what class he has come, ought to be considered of good birth and noble; for if he is of humble and base family, and yet is good, he ought to be so much the more honored. And churls are those who act churlishly, who in word and deed will do nothing except on compulsion and from fear; all who act thus are truly churls, just as much as if they were serfs or laborers for the rich man; nor even if they are descended from noble and valiant men, for that reason are they to be called noble or of good birth, for neither nobility nor ancestral valor can do aught but redound to the shame of degenerate heirs; and the shame would be less, when men are base, if they were descended from churls.

> Par clergie est avenu sovant . . . que li fils d'un povre home devient uns grans prelas; et par ce est riches et honorez et pères et sires de celui qui fu sires de lui et des siens; et mestroie et governe touz çaus dou païs et puet apostoles devenir, et estre peres et sires de toute crestienté.
>
> (*Quatre tenz d'aage d'ome*, ¶ 15) [37]

The *Mireour du monde* is insistent in its declaration of the essential equality of all men, resting its teaching on the Scriptural account of Creation and the Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man.

> Un grant segneur ne doit mie despire son garchon; quer tel garde de ton cheval qui vaut miex à droit prisier que toi. Se tu es chevalier, pour ce ne dois tu mie despire celi qui son pain gaaigne à son houe; ains dois penser que il a melleur du gieu parti.
>
> Se tu es une grant dame vestue de soie ou d'autres dras riches, tu ne dois mie despire ta poure voisine. Quer quant nous vendrons à la grante feste où nous alons plus que le trot on ne fera mie feste de sa sarpilière, mais de ca qui est dedens. Pour ce dont, ne doi-je nuli despire. Quer chascun est mon frère germain, nenne sans plus d'Eve et d'Adam, ains est fils Dieu le mien Père. Et est aussi bien fils de Sainte Eglyse, ma mère, comme je suy. . . .
>
> La vraie noblesse vient du cuer gentil. . . . Nul n'est adroit gentil de la gentilesse du cors; quer, quant au cors, tous somes fis d'une mère: c'est de terre et de boe dont nous prismes tous char et sanc. De ce(s) costé nul n'est adroit gentil ne franc. Mais notre droit père est le roy du ciel qui fourma le cors de terre, et cria l'ame à sa semblance et à son ymage. . . . Hé Dieu! comme sont loins de cele hautesce ceus qui se font si nobles de ceste poure hautesce qu'il ont de leur mère la terre (qui porte et nourrist les pourciaus aussi bien comme

---

[37] Through learning it has often happened . . . that the son of a poor man becomes a great prelate; and in this way he is rich and honored, and father and lord of him who was lord of him and his; and he [the poor priest] rules and governs all those of the country and may become pope and be father and lord of all Christendom.

elle fait des roys) et se vantent de leur gentillesse pour ce que il cuident estre de gentil lignie.

(*Mireour du monde*, pp. 59, 60, 230, 231) [38]

In the reigns of Philip IV and his three sons democratic ideas made great advance, partly because it was the royal policy to build up the strength of the people as a counterpoise to the feudal nobility and to the Papacy, insistent upon temporal power. It was unhappily only a false dawn of political liberty, yet it lights up much of the literature. It became worth while to write for the common man. Langlois mentions "among a great many others" these colleges "founded for the sons of artisans":

Le Collège du Cardinal le Moine, 1302,

Le Collège de Navarre, 1302,

Le Collège de Bayeux, 1308,

Le Collège de Presles, 1314,

Le Collège de Montaigne, 1317.

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[38] A great lord ought not at all to despise his servant, for many a one takes care of your horse, who in a just estimation is worth more than you. If you are a knight, that is no reason for despising the man who earns his bread by the hoe; rather you ought to think that he comes off better in the comparison.

If you are a fine lady dressed in silk or other rich cloth, you ought not at all to despise your poor neighbor. For when we shall come to the great feast to which we are hastening, no account will be taken of the outer garment, but only of the heart underneath. Therefore, I must not despise any one. For every mortal is my own brother, a descendant of Adam and Eve; moreover, he is the son of God, my father. And truly he is also the son of Holy Church, my mother, as I am. . . .

True nobility comes from the gentle heart. . . . No one is truly noble through nobility of body; since, as to the body, we are all sons of one mother: I mean the earth and mud from which we all took flesh and blood. In this respect no one is gentle or of good birth.

But our true father is the king of Heaven, who formed the body from earth and created the soul in his semblance and image. Alas, my God! how far from such nobility are those who think themselves so grand be-

As further proof of a deliberate attempt to elevate the people by instruction, he adduces the great number of encyclopedias which appear at this time.

Jean de Meung, foreshadowing his own translation of Boethius, sets down as the purpose of such a work the benefit to be derived by the *people* from this high philosophy.*

> . . . Granz biens as *gens laiz* feroit
> Qui bien le lor translateroit. [39]

His biting wit Jean de Meung applies to the pretensions of the nobility to superiority in aught save gifts of fortune. There is, indeed, no theme upon which he writes more feelingly. He interrupts his discourse on comets to expatiate for the space of nearly three hundred lines on the essence of true nobility. He reiterates that this essential quality consists, not in ancient lineage, but in personal worth. The democrat speaks in every line. He maintains, as might be guessed, that the scholar is far more likely to possess true nobility than the man of long descent.

> Et se nus contredire m'ose
> Qui de gentillèce s'alose,
> Et die que li gentil home,
> Si cum li pueples les renome,
> Sunt de meillor condicion,
> Par noblèce de nacion,
> Que cil qui les terres cultivent
> Ou qui de lor labor se vivent,
> Ge respons que nus n'est gentis,
> S'il n'est as vertus ententis, —
> Ne n'est vilains, fors par ses vices. . . .
> Noblèce vient de bon corage;
> Car gentillèce de lignage

---

cause of this poor nobility which they have from their mother the earth (that bears and nourishes the swine just as she does kings) and who boast of their nobility because they esteem themselves of gentle lineage.

[39] He would do a great service to the common people, who would translate it correctly for them.

N'est pas gentillèce qui vaille,
Por quoi bonté de cuer i faille. . . .
Si r'ont clerc plus grand avantage
D'estre gentiz, cortois et sage, . . .
Que n'ont li princes ni li roi
Qui ne sevent de letréure . . .
Qu'il en ont trop plus d'avantages
Que cil qui cort as cers ramages. . . .
Par plusors le vous proveroie,
Qui furent nés de bas lignages,
Et plus orent nobles corages
Que maint fil de rois ne de contes, . . .
Et por gentil furent tenu. . . .
Et cil qui d'autrui gentillèce,
Sens sa valor et sens proèce,
En vuet porter los et renon,
Est-il gentil? ge dis que non.
Ains doit estre vilains clamés,
Et vilz tenus, et mains amés
Que s'il estoit filz d'un truant.

(*Roman de la rose*, 19540–19694) [40]

It is not, Jean de Meung protests, ancestry and the opportunity for idle pleasures that constitute gentility, whatever the age may think.

[40] And if any one should venture to dispute my opinion by praising nobility and saying that the nobility, as the people name them, are nobler in character because of their high birth, than those who till the fields or gain their living from the toil, I reply that no one is noble unless he practices virtue, and no one is a churl except through his vices. Nobility proceeds from goodness of heart; for nobility of lineage is not the nobility that counts, if goodness of heart is lacking. . . . And again clerics find it far easier to be noble, courteous and wise, . . . than do princes and kings who know not letters, . . . and they find it easier than he who hunts branching stags. . . . I could point out to you many cases of men who were born of lowly family, and had nobler hearts than many a son of king or count, and who were regarded as noble. . . . And he who claims praise and renown because of the nobility of others without valor or worth of his own, is he noble? I say, "No." He ought rather to be called churl, and considered base and less loved than if he were son of a vagrant.

Si dient qu'il sunt gentil homme,
Por ce que l'en les i renomme,
Et que lor bons parens le furent,
Qui furent tex cum estre durent;
Et qu'il ont et chiens et oisiaus
Por sembler gentiz damoisiaus,
Et qu'il vont chaçant par rivières,
Par bois, par champs et par bruières,
Et qu'il se vont oiseus esbatre.
Mès il sunt mauvais, vilain nastre
Et d'autrui noblèce se vantent;
Il ne dient pas voir, ains mentent,
Et le non de gentillèce emblent,
Quant lor bons parens ne resemblent:
Car quant g'es fais semblables nestre,
Il vuelent donques gentil estre
D'autre noblèce que de cele
Que ge lor doing, qui moult est bele,
Qui a nom *Naturel Franchise*,
Que j'ai sor tous égaument mise,
Avec raison que Diex lor done,
Qui les fait, tant est sage et bone,
Semblables à Dieu et as anges.

(*Roman de la rose*, 19788–19809) [41]

In the preceding quotations, various explanations of the social inequality among men will have been noted, and the corres-

[41] And they say that they are noble men because they are so called, and because their good parents were such (if indeed they were what they should have been), and because they have both dogs and birds to seem high-born gentlemen, and because they go hunting along the rivers, through woods and fields and heaths, and because they pass their time in idle amusements. But they are base, contemptible serfs, and they claim the nobility of others; they do not speak the truth, they deceive, and steal the name of gentility, when they do not resemble their good parents; for though I [Nature] make [all] born equal these aspire to be noble by another kind of nobility than I give them. The nobility that I bestow is very beautiful, and is called Native Gentility, and I have given it to all equally, together with reason that God gives to them, and which makes them, so wise and good is it, similar to God and the angels.

ponding variety of remedies for the injustice of such conditions. Jean de Meung, the most philosophical of the poets, developed Ovid's account of the Four Ages into an early form of the social contract. The Hermit, of a more religious temper, held that present evils are due to the absence of love from the world. The forms of government might have seemed to him of little worth, provided the hearts of men were possessed by Charity. In other words, he would change the individual; Jean de Meung, society. Other moralists, probably the greater number, thought to reform their world by holding ever before the minds of men their humble end, when the day of this life has passed.

Of what avail, Etienne de Fougères asks, is the conscienceless struggle for wide domain?

> Las! hom mortal por quei s'enveise?
> A que tire ne a quei teise?
> S'il n'a terre, por quei l'en peise?
> A son jor en avra sa teise.
>
> (*Livre des manières*, st. 31) [42]

The same thought is expressed thus by Guillaume le Clerc. After describing in rather loathsome detail the havoc death makes in the beauty and strength of princes, he concludes:

> Al jor qu'il [Louis VIII] fu en terre mis,
> Out mil ribals en son pais
> Greignors de lui e mult plus forz:
> E al hore qu'il furent morz,
> Chascun out la fosse greignor
> Que la fosse au rei lur seignur.
> Vnques nul d'els n'aveit avant
> Eu de terre plain son gant:
> Mes donc out chescun de tant plus
> Q'en greignor fosse fu enclos.

[42] Alas! for what does mortal man strive? for what does he aim and for what does he struggle? If he has no land, why does he disquiet himself? At the day of his death, he will have his measure.

Donc ne valut sa dignite,
Sa force ne sa poeste
Nient plus que de son vilain.
Ausi revendra il demain
A cent princes qui sont el monde.
La mort a sa pierre en sa fonde
Tut aprestee por lancier.
Nus ne se puet vers lui muscier,
Contre li n'a nule garite.

(*Besant de Dieu*, 189) [43]

The idea of death as a leveler is developed at greatest length in the *Vers de la Mort* of the monk Hélinant, who wrote his poem between the years 1194 and 1199.

Morz, qui en toz lieus as tes rentes, . . .
Qui les riches sés desnuer,
Qui les levez en haut adentes,
Qui les plus poissanz acraventes,
Qui les honeurs sés remuer,
Qui les plus forz fais tressuer
Et les plus cointes esluer. . . .

Morz, . . .
As princes te vueil envoier
Qui trop suelent çaus cuivroier
Qiu suefrent les froiz et les chauz.
Morz, tu venges les bas des hauz. . . .
Tu trenches par mi a ta fauz
Faucons et ostoirs et girfauz
Que tu vois al ciel coloier. . . .

[43] On the day when he was laid in earth there were a thousand poor wretches in his country, taller and much stronger than he; and after they were dead, each had a grave larger than the grave of their lord. Never did any one of them before own a gloveful of land, but then each had more inasmuch as he was laid in a larger grave. Then the lord's rank, his strength and his power availed no more than that of his serf. So it will happen tomorrow to a hundred princes who are now alive. Death has his stone in his sling, all ready to hurl. No one can hide from Death; against Death there is no rampart.

Morz, Morz, qui ja ne seras lasse
De muer haute chose en basse:
Trop volentiers fesisse aprendre
Ambesdeus les rois, se j'osasse,
Com tu trais raseor de chasse
Por rere çaus qui ont que prendre.
Morz, qui les montez fais descendre
Et qui des cors as rois fais cendre:
Tu as tramail et roiz et nasse
Por devant le haut homme tendre,
Qui por sa poesté estendre
Son ombre tressaut et trespasse....

Morz, tu abaz a un seul tor
Aussi le roi dedenz sa tor
Com le povre dedenz son toit....

Morz fait franc homme de cuivert,
Morz fait franc homme de civert,
Morz acuivertist roi et pape,
Morz rent chascun ce qu'il desert,
Morz rent al povre ce qu'il pert,
Morz tout al riche quanqu'il hape....

Morz fait a chascun sa droiture,
Morz fait a toz droite mesure,
Morz poise tot a juste pois, ...
Morz met orgeuil a porreture,
Morz fait faillir la guerre as rois....

Morz, se riche homme à toi pensassent,
Ja lor ames la n'engajassent
O n'a mestier or nes argenz:
Ja lor vius cors si n'aaisassent
Ne lor ongles si n'aguisassent
Por escorchier les povres genz,
Car en çaus fiches tu tes denz
Plus en parfont et plus dedenz
Qui povres et travaillent lassent
Les abandonez a toz venz,
Qui de la sustance as dolenz
La fain d'avarice respassent.

Morz, tu defies et guerroies
Çaus qui des tailles et des proies
Font les sorfaiz et les outrages:
Toz tes tormenz en çaus emploies
Qui d'autrui doleur font lor joies.
Neporquant c'est mais li usages
(Ce pert par tot as seignorages)....

Morz, tu queurs la o orgueus fume
Por esteindre quanqu'il alume:
Tes ongles, sanz oster, enz fiches
El riche, qui art et escume
Sor le povre cui sanc il hume.
(*Vers de la Mort*, st. 3, 12, 20, 21, 31, 32, 40, 41, 42) [44]

From the South of France came the same cry against the rapacity of the rich and noble. The following verses are those

[44] O Death, who hast revenues in all places, who canst despoil the rich, who castest down the mighty and reducest to nothing the most powerful, who canst take away honors and make the strongest to sweat with fear, and the most cautious to slip, Death, . . . I wish to send thee to princes that are too much accustomed to burden those who suffer from cold and heat. Death, thou avengest the lowly against the mighty. . . . Thou cuttest down with thy scythe falcons and hawks and girfalcons which thou seest stretching their necks to the sky. . . . Death, Death who wilt never be weary of changing high to low, very gladly would I have thee teach both the kings [of France and England] how thou drawest a hunting-knife to shear the wealthy, Death, who abasest those of high degree and who makest ashes of kings' bodies. Thou hast trammel and nets and toil to stretch before the mighty man who to increase his power attempts the impossible. . . . Death, thou bringest low at one stroke as well the king in his tower as the poor man under his humble roof. Death makes a free man of a serf, and enslaves king and pope; Death renders to each what he deserves; he gives to the poor man what he lacks; Death takes from the rich all he has snatched. Death renders justice to all; Death gives true measure to all; Death brings pride to corruption; Death makes kings' wars to fail. Death, if rich men thought of thee, never would they endanger their souls where neither gold nor silver avails; . . . nor would they sharpen their nails to flay the poor, for thou fastenest thy teeth most deeply in those who set the poor at hard tasks and weary

of an aristocrat, denouncing the selfishness of his class. The troubadour, Peire Cardinal, sings:

Li ric home an pietat tan gran
De paubra gen, com ac Caym d'Abelh;
Que mais volon tolre que lop no fan,
E mais mentir que toz as de bordelh:
Si 'ls crebavatz en dos locx o en tres,
No us cugessetz que vertatz n'issis ges
Mas messongas, don an al cor tal fon
Que sobrevertz cum aigua de toron.

Mans baros vey, en mans luecx, que y estan
Plus falsamen que veyres en anelh;
E qui per fis los ten falh atrestan
Cum si un [l. om] lop vendia per anhel;
Quar els no son ni de ley ni de pes;
Ans foron fag a ley de fals poges;
On par la cros e la flors en redon,
E no y trob om argent quan lo refon.
(Raynouard, *Choix*, iv, 347) [45]

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those exposed to every wind, those who feed the hunger of their avarice with the sustenance of the wretched. Death, thou defiest and makest war upon those who lay excessive taxes and burdensome services; thou usest all thy torments upon those who base their pleasures upon the griefs of others. Nevertheless, that is the common usage. (This appears everywhere among the nobility.) Death, thou hastenest wherever pride kindles, to extinguish it whenever it blazes up: thy nails thou fastenest, without letting go, in the rich man who burns and foams over the poor whose blood he sucks.

[45] The rich have as much pity for the poor, as Cain had for Abel; for they are more eager to plunder than are wolves, and to deceive than are bawds. If you should pierce them in two or three places, you need never expect truth to issue forth, but falsehoods, of which they have in their heart so great a spring that it gushes forth like water from a fountain.

Many barons I see in many places, who are falser than glass in a finger ring; and he who regards them as true men errs as much as if one should sell a wolf for a lamb; for they are not legal currency nor are they of the right weight; they were made after the fashion of false coins, on which appear the cross and wreath of flowers, but one finds no silver in them when one melts them.

Three passages now to be quoted have a more ominous ring, as if popular discontent were already a power to be feared. The first extract is from a poem somewhat earlier than the other poems studied, the *Roman de Rou* of Wace (1160–1174). The fact that the author's sympathies were with the duke rather than with his oppressed subjects makes his testimony to the peasants' wretchedness the more convincing. The revolt described took place about the year 1000 (*Roman de Rou*, iii, 769), soon after the accession of Richard the Good to the Norman dukedom. The appellation "good" may in the sequel seem a misnomer; it had reference, however, as Wace himself explains, to the duke's zeal in serving God, or what came to the same thing in the mind of the chronicler, to his liberality towards the Church. He built Feschamp and made it the richest abbey of western France (1.793). He honored the monks so that men "marveled" at his piety and did not too curiously scan the sources of his wealth. Wace's account of economic conditions in this good duke's province is equally applicable to his own age. Indeed, the stern realism of the passage marks it as written by one who knew well that the grievances he enumerated were no imaginary wrongs. He depicted the peasants' life as he had himself seen it.

Ne guaires n'aueit duc este,
Quant el pais surst une guerre,
Ki dut grant mal faire en la terre.
Li paisant e li uilain, . . .
Ne sai par cui entichement, . . .
Par uinz, par trentaines, par cenz
Vnt tenu plusurs parlemenz. . . .
Priueement ont purparle
E plusurs l'unt entr'eals iure,
Que ia mais par lui uolonte
N'aurunt seinur ne auoe.
Seignurs ne lur funt si mal nun,
Ne puet aueir a els fuisun
Ne lur guainz ne lur laburs;
Chascun iur uunt a granz dulurs.

En peine sunt e en hahan,
Antan fu mal e pis awan:
Tote iur sunt lur bestes prises
Pur aies e pur seruisces;
Tant i a plaintes e quereles
E custummes uiez e nuueles,
Ne poent une hure aueir pais:
Tute iur sunt sumuns as plais;
Plaiz de forez, plaiz de moneies,
Plaiz de purprises, plaiz de ueies,
Plaiz de bies faire, plaiz de moutes,
Plaiz de defautes, plaiz de toutes,
Plaiz d'aguaiz, plaiz de graueries
Plaiz de medlees, plaiz de aies.
Tant i a preuoz e bedeaus
E tanz bailiz, uiels e nuuels,
Ne poent aueir pais une hure. . . .
A force funt lur aueir prendre:
Tenir ne s'osent ne defendre . . .
Ne puent aueir nul guarant . . .
Ne lur tienent nul cuuenant.
"Fiz a putain," dient auquant,
"Pur quei nus laissum damagier?
Metum nus fors de lur dangier!
Nus sumes humes cum il sunt,
Tels menbres auum cum il unt,
E autresi granz cors auum
Et autretant suffrir poum.
Ne nus faut fors cuers sulement.
Alium nus par serement;
Nos aueirs e nus defendum,
E tuit ensemble nus tenum.
E s'il nus uelent guerrier,
Bien auum cuntre un cheualier
Trente v quarante paisanz,
Maniables e cumbatanz.
Malueis serunt e uil li trente,
Bacheler de bele iuuente,
Ki d'un ne se porrunt defendre,
S'il se uvelent ensemble prendre.

As macues e as granz peus,
As saietes e as tineus,
As haches, as arcs, as gisarmes
E as pieres ki n'aura armes,
Od la grant gent ke nus auum
Des cheualiers nus defendum,
Einsi porrum aler el bois,
Arbres trenchier e prendre a chois,
Es uiuers prendre les peissuns
E es forez les veneisuns;
De tut ferum nos uolentez
Del bois, des eues e des prez."

(*Roman de Rou*, Part iii, 816–894) [46]

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[46] He had been duke but a short time when a revolt broke out in the country, which did great harm to the land. The peasants and serfs, I know not at whose instigation, by twenties, by thirties, by hundreds, held many meetings. They talked together secretly, and many swore to one another that never more with their consent should they have lord or protector. Lords do them nothing but harm [they complained]; neither their profit nor their toil provides them with abundance; every day they endure great hardships, they suffer pain and fatigue. Their lot was hard last year, and this year it is worse. Every day their beasts are seized for imposts and taxes; there are so many complaints and actions and tithes, new and old, that they cannot have peace an hour. Every day they are summoned to the court (of their lord), there are suits dealing with the forests, with the coinage, with enclosures, with highways, with cattle-raising [?], with grazing, with defaults, with impositions, with disputed claims, with taxes. There are so many overseers and beadles and so many bailiffs, old and new, that the peasants cannot have peace an hour. These officers take the peasants' property by force; the peasants dare not resist or defend themselves. They have no protection, nor can they obtain a covenant from their lords. "Cowards that we are!" say some, "Why do we allow ourselves to be ill treated? Let us put ourselves out of their power. We are men as they are; we have such limbs as they have, and we have as stout bodies, and we can endure as much. All we lack is courage. Let us take an oath; let us defend ourselves and our goods, and support one another. And, if they try to wage war upon us, against one knight we have fully thirty or forty peasants, strong and able to fight. Thirty such men in the flower of their youth must be weakling and base, if they cannot defend themselves against one knight, provided they act together. Let us arm ourselves with maces and clubs, with arrows

The chronicle goes on to relate that before the peasants' plan was matured it was betrayed to Richard; that the duke's men, led by his uncle Raoul, seized the ringleaders and inflicted summary punishment on them. The atrocities meted out to these hapless peasants teach us to appreciate the boldness of such early martyrs to the cause of popular liberty. The rich were mulcted of their fortune:

> Ne lur laissa l'un rien a prendre
> De tant cum l'un les pout raendre.
> (*Roman de Rou*, iii, 955)

The poor suffered mutilation:

> A plusors fist traire les denz,
> Les autres fist especier,
> Traire les oilz, les puins couper. . . .
> Ne li chaut gueires qui qu'en muire.
> Les autres fist tut uifs rostir
> E les autres en plum builir.
> (*Roman de Rou*, iii, 936)

This treatment was efficacious in crushing resistance to tyranny.

> N'en firent puis uilain semblant.
> Retrait se sunt tuit e demis
> De ceo k'il aueient enpris
> Pur la pour de lur amis,
> K'il uirent defaiz e malmis.
> (*Roman de Rou*, iii, 948) [47]

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and cudgels, with axes and bows and spears, and, if any one has no other weapon, with stones. By the great multitude that we have, let us defend ourselves against the knights. Thus we shall be able to go into the wood and cut trees and select at will, and take fish from the ponds and deer from the forests. We shall do entirely as we choose with the woods, the streams, and the meadows."

[47] [Rollo] allowed them to retain nothing that he could take from them. He ordered the teeth of many to be pulled out; some he had mutilated: their eyes torn out, their hands cut off. . . . He cared not if the victims

To Wace the outbreak and its suppression formed a mere episode in his story of chivalrous exploits, but to modern readers it is perhaps the most significant passage in the poem. From it we learn the frightful cost in human suffering of that brilliant feudal society; we see the brutalizing effect of arbitrary power on the ruling class, and we learn to respect such catchwords as the "sacred right of revolution," pardoning what these may contain of rodomontade, out of reverence for the blood shed to make them a common heritage.

Philippe de Novare (1265) hints at the same danger of popular vengeance.

> Les jones genz font de legier volantiers outrages et tors; et se il sont fort, il laidissent ou deseritent lor povres voisins . . . et les batent et mehaignent, et aucun[s] en ocient. Tout ce est morteus pechiez, et granz perilz i'a as riches homes; car assez i'a de povres hardiz, et por ce qu'il ont moins a perdre, se vangent plus tost. Et ausis mole est la pance dou riche home comme dou povre: bien i puet antrer li glaives, car li viguereus n'oblie mie honte de legier, ainz panse sovant a la vanjance. (§40.)
>
> (*Quatre tenz d'aage d'ome*, § 40) [48]

The last work from which I shall illustrate the spirit of social unrest in medieval French literature is the latest version of the

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died from their injuries. Others he caused to be burned alive and still others boiled in lead.

The peasants never did the like again. All drew back, and abandoned what they had undertaken, through fear of suffering the fate of their friends, whom they saw disfigured and maimed.

[48] Young men readily commit outrages and wrongs, and if they are strong, they injure or plunder their poor neighbors . . . and some of them they kill. All this is mortal sin, and likely to bring great peril upon rich men; for there are many poor and reckless, and because they have little to lose, they will the sooner avenge themselves. And the body of the rich man is as soft as that of the poor; a knife may easily enter therein, for a strong man does not lightly forget a shame, but often meditates vengeance.

Reynard story, *Renart le Contrefait*. The first draft of this poem was written in the years 1319 to 1322, the second was begun in 1328 and completed about 1342. All the extracts made except the last are from the revised poem. The author adopted for his literary form the popular beast-epic, a transparent disguise under which he might more safely attack the clergy and nobility. The simple fun of the earlier versions is quite lost in the caustic wit of the last redaction. Although the satire is hidden in a mass of anecdotes and good counsel, and of lore theological, astrological, historical, the author's intent is clear.

Like Jean de Meung, and like Rousseau in a later time, the poet assumes an original "state of nature." Under a system of communal ownership and absolute freedom from government restrictions, the anarchist's dream had been realized: men had lived together a happy family in noble simplicity.

Trestout a l'encommencement
Poeuple vivoit devotement
Des biens que la terre portoit;
L'un a l'autre les departoit
Begninement selon leur vye. . . .
Ne faisoient greniers ne tresor,
Ne sçavoient qu'est argent ny or, . . .
Par nature tous s'entr'amoient;
Les fruitz des arbres de la terre
Ilz alloient tous les jours querre;
Es fleuves prenoient les poissons
De raviseaulx [ramisseaux?] faisoient maisons;
D'herbe vert, de bois, de gaudines,
Faisoient loges et courtines;
La acolloient leurs amies
Et menoient jolies vies.
Envie ne pechié mortel
N'estoient point en leur hostel. . . .
Nul n'avoit sur l'autre maistrise,
Trestous vivoient en francise;
Il n'estoit baillif ne prevost. . . .

L'un a l'autre portoit son bien;
Quant l'un avoit, il disoit: "Tien!"
Jamais prier ne s'en feïst;
Tout le premier que il veïst,
Il offroit de sa soustenance.
(*Renart le Contrefait*, 36831–63) [49]

This blessed state had only one defect, but that was a defect fatal to its continuance: it rested upon no settled conviction in the minds of the people as to the expediency and justice of social equality. Accordingly it broke up at the first attack. When certain men plotted to seize the public stock for private use, the injustice of their scheme was not recognized and their plan succeeded. Their next step was to establish a government to protect their stolen property. As in the *Romance of the Rose*, the first king was "ung grant vilain," but the author of *Renart* was a degree more radical than even Jean de Meung, for he would not admit that subjection to one master might be a lighter thraldom than the yoke of many plunderers. Renard himself established the nobility in their new privileges.

Lors estabIi je gentillesse
Qui humilité griefve et blesse....
La fis departir toute gent
Terres et prez, bois et rivieres;
Cil ot le plus qui plus fort yeres....

[49] In the very beginning, people lived piously on the fruits that the earth brought forth. Each shared them charitably with his neighbor according to his need. . . . They built no granaries; they laid up no stores, nor knew the use of silver or gold; . . . they felt natural affection for one another; they went forth each day to find the fruits of the earth; they caught the fish in the rivers; they built houses of green branches; they made huts and curtains of green grass, of wood of the glades. There they welcomed their friends and led joyous lives. Neither malice nor any other mortal sin was in their dwellings. . . . No one had mastery over the other; all lived in freedom; there was neither bailiff nor overseer. . . . Each brought his property to the others; when one had abundance, he said: "Take for yourselves." Never did any one wait to be asked; as soon as he saw a neighbor, he offered him of his substance.

Lors fis je les chateaulx drechier,
Charité toute despisier.
Quant aucuns biens tollu avoient,
En iceulx chateaulx les portoient. . . .
Pour ce fi je faire chateaulx,
Et les fossés, et les creneaulx;
Et cilz trestous premier les firrent
Qui les plus volentiers tollirent. . . .
Et nulle autre oeuvre ne faisoient
Fors que tollir la ou pooient.
Ne firent nulle oeuvre de main
Fors que tollir et soir et main.
(*Renart le Contrefait*, 36919–36952) [50]

At last Renard confesses himself outdone by his apt followers and trembles for his "art."

Tant mon art multiplïeront
Q'ung jour venrra que ilz cherront.
Mon art en orgoeul perira;
Bien sçay que Dieu le destruira;
Adès le m'a Raison convent.
(*Renart le Contrefait*, 37027) [51]

A similar threat occurs in an earlier passage. The nobles, instigated by Renard, had approached King Lion with a modest proposal of economic justice.

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[50] Then I established the order of knighthood, which now afflicts and injures the poor. . . . I caused to be divided among the people farms and meadows, woods and streams; he had the most who was the strongest. . . . Then I made them erect castles, and despise all charity. When they had carried off any goods, they bore them into their castles. . . . For this reason I bade them construct castles and moats and crenelated walls; and those who were the most ready to plunder were the first to build strongholds. . . . And they did no other work except plundering wherever they could. They did no work with their hands except plundering both night and morning.

[51] They will extend my art so much that a day will come when they will fall by it. My art will perish in pride. Well I know that God will destroy it; Reason has warned me of it.

"Sire, nous avons accordé, . . .
Que les povres foulés seront,
Bon tamps bien ne honneur n'avront,
Fain et froit tousjours sera leur
Et renommée de malheur.
Et encoir le conseil est telz
Que on leur toille leur chatelz, . . .
Et tout adez iront chargiés,
Mal peüz et souvent tenchiés,
Et seront les derrains ouÿs,
Chier tamps, neisge, froit et gellée
Leur cherra tout sur l'eschinée;
En ost, en guerre mis devant,
En festez boutez laidement; . . .
Les riche au contraire seront
Pris et honneur tousjours aront; . . .
Leurs choses seront bien gardées
Et leurs maisnies deportées;
Vins avront, viandes, chevaulx;
Tout seront leur, et mons et vaulx."
(*Renart le Contrefait*, 627–674) [82]

King Lion had readily acquiesced. The injustice is of ancient date, comments the author, and Renard's power of long standing, yet the end is all but in sight, for men are beginning to bring Reason to the settlement of social problems, and neither Force nor Cunning is a match for that antagonist.

[82] "Sire, we have agreed that the poor shall be trampled under foot; they shall have neither pleasure, property nor honor; hunger and cold shall always be their portion and proverbial ill-luck. And moreover our counsel is that their chattels be taken from them, that they shall henceforth be heavily laden, ill nourished, often insulted, and last listened to. Hard times, snow, cold and frost shall fall upon their backs; in the army, in war, pushed to the front, in feasts they shall be shoved contemptously aside. . . . The rich shall be just the reverse; they shall always have esteem and honor. . . . Their property shall be well guarded and their households delightful; wines they shall have, meats, horses; all shall be theirs, both mountain and valley."

Mais quant Raison veult assaillir
Renard, bien tost le fait faillir:
Devant Raison durer ne peut.
(*Renart le Contrefait*, 719) [88]

In support of their radical sociology, Jean de Meung and Matheolus had also been led to attach great importance to the appeal to reason rather than to authority and usage in the decision of disputed matters. Their phraseology and symbolism are antiquated, but the principle of their work is essentially modern.

The *Roman de Renart* is, however, more revolutionary than any other work of the period, and more violent in its denunciation of the high-born. An interesting episode is Renard's meeting with the Vilain who is about to seek an end to his wretchedness in death. The peasant's tale is told with a directness and realism that show the author's interest in the victim of feudal tyranny.

"Vilain suis je, nommé tu m'as,
Et par mon droit nom m'apelas.
Vilain suis je, c'est mon accord,
Car vouldroie bien estre mort;
Car je suis jusques la sailli
Que tous mes biens me sont failli,
Et toutes honneurs, et tous pris,
Que de long temps avoie apris. . . .
Mais de doleur ay plain le corps,
Si que je vouldroie estre mors.
Je ne voy mais arrier n'avant,
Tant ay a mon coeur doleur grant." . . .
Je souloye estre bien eureux
Et de trestous biens plentureux, . . .
Et m'a duré bien soixante ans. . . .
Or suis sur la fin de mon temps,
Que me deüsse reposer. . . .

[88] But when Reason undertakes to assail Renard, right soon she overcomes him; before Reason he can not hold out.

Or m'a mon seigneur envahy,
Et si durement enhaÿ
Que il a prins quanquez j'avoye, . . .
Ne sçay ou mon vivre soit pris.
(*Renart le Contrefait*, 22675–22853) [54]

Renard, on this occasion, declares for the common man. Perhaps it is his fear of approaching death that has led him to renounce his old-time alliance with the nobles he now condemns. A man is not, he maintains a "vilain" except as his misconduct makes him one; nor is one a gentleman by virtue of his gilded spurs, his falcons, and his greyhounds.

De meilleurs coeurs a soubz bureaux
Et dessoubz fourrures d'aigneaux
Qu'il n'a soubz vairs et soubz ermines. . . .
Qui le coeur a loial et fin,
Il est gentil, ce est la fin.
Des malvais gentilz sont les guerres
Et les dissencions es terres,
Les orphelins, les povretes,
Toutes malvaises euretes,
Ly orgoeul et la symonie,
Trestous despis et toute envye.
(*Renart le Contrefait*, 22711–22751) [55]

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[54] "'Vilain' I am; you have named me, and called me by my right name. I am a 'vilain,' I grant it, for I should gladly die, since I have reached such a condition that all my property is gone, and all my honors and all the esteem that I had been of a long time acquiring. . . . But my body is full of pain, so that I should gladly die. I see nothing behind or before, so great is the grief at my heart. . . . I was once very happy and well supplied with every good thing. . . . Now I have completed full sixty years, and I am nearing the end of my life when I ought to rest. . . . But now my lord has seized my possessions and treated me so cruelly that he has taken from me everything I had; . . . I do not know where I can get my living.

[55] There are better hearts under fustian and under sheep's skins than there are under vair and ermine. . . .

If a man has a faithful and refined nature, he is "noble," that is the end of the matter. From wicked nobles come wars and dissensions about

Renard, indeed, classes the nobility with beasts of prey as disturbers of society.

> Se gentilz homs mais n'engenroit,
> Ne jamais louve ne portoit,
> Et grant cheval ne fust jamais,
> Tout le monde vivroit en paix.
> (*Renart le Contrefait*, 22705–22722) [56]

When death threatens, Renard is distracted by the conflicting advice of Fear, menacing him with the torments of Hell if he die impenitent, and of Nature, urging him to continue in the path of pleasure. When Reason comes to the aid of Fear, Renard succumbs. He makes confession to a hermit, and a more extraordinary confession there never was. Renard admits that his boasted "art" was little better than thievery. He has followed all of the honored professions and some of the disreputable trades, but as he unfolds the principles of these callings, they seem strangely alike. For the crimes he has committed against the humble in his capacity of lawyer, of doctor, of courtier, of cleric, of tavern-keeper, of usurer, he asks absolution. But he cannot regret the thefts he has practiced upon the nobles and the churchmen, who despise the peasants and oppress the weak.

> Sur tout cil qui gentieulx se tient
> Ay prins, et prens, et prenderay; . . .
> Ilz ostent sans recompenser
> Quancques bons poeuent amasser;
> Tailles, corvées, formariages,
> Mainsmortes, dismes, et usages; . . .
> Aultres gens ne voeulx desrober,
> Fors ces deux en tous tempz lober,
> Les gentilz gens et gens d'Eglise;
> La est toute m'entente mise.

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estates, orphanhood, poverty, every kind of bad fortune, pride and simony, every sort of spite and envy.

[56] If nobleman never begot sons, and wolf never brought forth a brood, if there were never a high horse, all the world would live in peace.

Trestous estrangler les volroie,
Ja conscience n'en feroie,
Et pour ce especialment
Que nous sçavons certainement
Qu'ilz haient trestous laboureurs
Et bons preudommes et gaigneurz,
Et les apellent leurs vilains. . . .
Les bons guaigneurs sont les brebis
Qui se devestent sans mentir
Pour tous leurs maistres revestir;
Les bons gaigneurz font les froumens,
Mais ja n'en macheront des dens;
Ilz n'en ont que les escoussures,
Et des bons vins les aigoutures,
Des bones laines les tissus.
Toute le goute et tout le miex
Ont les gentilz et le clergié.
(*Renart le Contrefait*, 25472–25525) [57]

Many a poor fellow that goes to death on the gallows for a petty theft is, Renard maintains, a truer man than this fine gentry. This contention and the evident understanding of the vagrant's life, shown by Rutebeuf, Jean de Meung and this author of *Renart* suggest how close at times must have been the connection between the needy scholar and the jetsam of city life. The last writer is especially inclined to regard leniently the night adventurer, pardoning the irregularities of his con-

[57] From all those who call themselves noble, I have stolen, and I steal, and I shall steal. . . . They take without recompense whatever they can collect: taxes, forced labor, marriage-taxes, mortmain, tithes and customs; I will not rob other classes, but always I will rob these two, the gentry and the clergy. My whole mind is set upon that. I should be glad to strangle them all, — my conscience would never prick me for it, — especially because we know with certainty that they hate all laborers, honest men and wage-earners, and they call such their serfs. . . . Good laborers are the sheep that divest themselves to clothe their masters; good laborers grow the grain, but never shall they grind any of it with their teeth. They have only the chaff and the dregs of the good wines; the gentry and the clergy have the essence and the best part.

duct because of his courage, his generosity, his gayety; his quarrel with the standards of society is irreconcilable. When Renard has stolen the fat purse of a hated noble, he makes merry with these boon companions.

Quant j'ay fait une telle gaigne;
Lyez et joyeulx je m'en deporte,
Et aulx bons compagnons l'aporte
Qui ne scevent de jour aller
Fors que de nuit pour desrober. . . .
Et par ces abbaÿes coeurent,
Par tavernes, par ces celliers,
Par ces chanbres, par ces greniers.
S'ilz avoient d'or plain grenier,
L'endemain n'en scevent denier;
Plus tost sont chault, plus tost sont froit;
Or sont larges, or sont estroit;
Or ont vestu la robe grise,
Et l'endemain sont en chemise. . . .
Telz compagnons doit on amer;
Mais on doit clerc jetter en mer.
(*Renart le Contrefait*, 25534–25566) [58]

The perplexed confessor manifests considerable interest in the tale of this interesting penitent, but at the close refuses absolution and prescribes a pilgrimage to Rome. Various adventures are recounted to lure the reader along through the diatribes against society and the displays of erudition, which are the gist of the book. On one occasion another priest, who wishes to redeem Renard, asks whether he has not done some

[58] When I have stolen a treasure-hoard, I go off with it joyous and light-hearted, and I bring it to my good comrades, who dare not show themselves by day, but creep forth at night to steal, . . . and they haste to the abbeys and the taverns, to the cellars, the chambers, the granaries. If they had today a chamber of gold, tomorrow they could not account for a sou. Now they are warm, now they are cold; now they spend lavishly, now they are hard beset; now they are clothed in fur, now they have only their shirts. . . . Such comrades one ought to love, but one ought to throw the priests into the sea.

meritorious action. The list of good deeds enumerated by Renard is a stinging indictment of society. Renard's "art" is seen in the pride and greed of the great lords, in the burdens imposed upon the poor, in the taxes of inheritance and of marriage, in the tithes, the days of forced labor on the roads and on the lord's estate, in the exactions of usurers and in the benevolences for the church. Such statements of the laborer's grievances are not unusual in medieval literature, but the deductions drawn by the author of *Renard* are revolutionary as in no other work of the period; Renard sneers that the peasants are, after all, a mean-spirited set, that they suffer all these indignities and *do not revolt* (ll. 36827–38222).

Mais d'une chose esbahis suis
Que tant grever je ne les [les vilains] puis
Que ilz ne les [les seigneurz] voeullent amer,
S'ilz leur faisoient le coeur crever
Et chascun jour les traïnaissent,
Que les vilains ne les aimaissent,
Les criemment et leur portent honneur,
Et les appellent: "Monseigneur!" . . .
Ne ne s'endurent a bien faire,
Ainçois vivent moult povrement,
Vestent, chaussent moult povrement;
Du tout se voeullent abaissier
Pour leurs seigneurz leurs biens laissier, . . .
Et les meschans vilains les suient,
Honneurent et font honnourer
Ceulx qui les voeullent ahonter.
Doit on bien hair telz vilains . . .
Et croy se les dens leur traioient
Que les vilains les aimeroient.

(*Renart le Contrefait*, 38159–38188) [59]

[59] I am amazed at one thing, that I can not afflict the peasants so much that they do not love their lords. If the latter should break their hearts and every day degrade them, still the peasants would love them. They fear them, show them respect and call them: "My lord." They dare not treat themselves well; instead they live very poorly, they dress poorly,

An apparently innocent tale of a cat's climbing a tree to escape a party of young squires takes on political significance by the cat's menace to her tormentors:

"Dant escuier,
Veoir vous puisse ge essuier,
Que tantes foiz m'avez pené,
Souvant batu, po bien donné,
Antre vous qui vivez de proie! . . .
Vous fetes tant, gros et menu,
Que vous estes po chier tenu,
Et si ne peut demourer gaire
Que vous n'aiez tuit trop a faire,
Car li peuples vous haïra,
Et puis si vous anvaïra
Pour l'orguel que vous demenez,
Et de plus an plus vous penez.
(A Version, 196 d) [60]

The impression made by the mass of literature dealing with social relations is depressing in the extreme. The misery pictured by Rutebeuf appears to have been the common lot. To judge by the testimony of these writings, the rapacity of the great was unchecked, the distress of the poor without hope. Political rights were withheld from the people, who were, nevertheless forced to bear the political burdens. The wars of ambitious kings, the quarrels of the nobles, the splendor of

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they go poorly shod; they desire to be wretched in every respect in order to leave their property to their lords. . . . And the contemptible peasants follow them, honor them — honor those who intend to dishonor them. One ought to hate such wretches. . . . I even believe that if the lords should tear out their teeth, the peasants would still love them.

[60] My young lords, may I see you hard-pressed because you have so often injured me, so often struck me, given me so little, you who live by preying upon others! . . . Great and small, you oppress the people grievously so that they have little affection for you, and it cannot be long before you will have quite enough to keep you busy, for the people hate you, and then they will attack you on account of the pride that you show, and the increasing burdens you inflict.

feudal courts were paid for in blood and treasure by the peasants, who were, however, powerless to affect in any degree the policy that consigned them to ruin. What wonder if the Hermit mourns that Charity has vanished from the earth? what marvel if, as Gautier and Matheolus record, the peasants rejected the faith because the bitterness of their own lives had made them incredulous of finding justice anywhere in the existing sorry scheme of things?

Two remedies offered for the evils of the times will have been noted. The first was that of Etienne, Guillaume and most clerics: the conversion of the ruler to a sense of his duty. The second remedy was the uprising of the oppressed, as described by Wace, feared by Philippe de Novare, and recommended in *Renart le Contrefait*. Likewise of revolutionary tendency was the rationalistic thinking of Jean de Meung and his imitators, reducing, as it did, the whole system of government and the gradations of society to a successful combination of trickery and violence.

Today the obvious criticism of the first policy is that the people's welfare is safer in its own hands than entrusted to the most benevolent despot; of the second, that revolution, undirected by constructive statemanship, cannot do more than transfer power from one group to another. The chief hope of progress in this medieval literature is then in the discontent, keenly felt and boldly expressed.

CHAPTER II

PROTEST AGAINST THE DOMINATION OF THE CHURCH

THE citations of the preceding chapter show that thoughtful men of medieval France by no means acquiesced in the existing social order as the best possible. This chapter will be devoted to the views of these medieval authors on moral and intellectual questions. Discussion of such matters often involved criticism of the Church, for, unlike our modern institution, the medieval Church assumed leadership, not only in theology and ethics, but in philosophy, science and politics.

This position it could maintain because all instruction was given in church schools and practically all scholars were churchmen. Since as an unfortunate consequence of this manifold domination of the Church, all kinds of matters got tangled up with the exercise of religious functions, revolt against ecclesiastical supremacy took many forms:

Strictures on the corruption of the clergy,
Protest against the usurpation by the Church of temporal power,
Rejection of certain articles of faith,
Substitution of reason for authority as a criterion of belief,
Reaction against asceticism.

To say that the medieval Church was disposed to repress all such independent thinking without discrimination is to attach to it no special blame. Its attitude was a necessary consequence of its inheritance. In the Celtic and Teutonic faiths religion had meant piety, the propitiation of ancestors and gods, that in return harvests might be plentiful and flocks increase. Ethics, the relation of man to man, was quite a different matter. The Roman state-religion was a late stage

of this ritualistic religion, and characterized by minute attention to ceremonies and a punctilious remembrance of the dead and of national deities.

Christianity, however, had been a development from the prophetic rather than from the priestly teaching of Judaism. As the Hebrew prophets had ascribed to conduct the religious significance of a service well pleasing to a righteous God, so the New Testament writers had preached a gospel of equity and brotherly love:

> To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the blood of rams.
>
> Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

When, however, Christianity became a world-religion, it inevitably was modified by its impact with the Roman system, and later with Celtic and Teutonic tradition. It is not strange then that, although morality was still held to be inseparably bound up with piety, the ritualistic element should develop and that obedience should be held more important than right living. Excommunication, consequently, was directed not against great sinners, but against rebels to ecclesiastical authority: the Inquisition was instituted, the Albigensian Crusade was preached, in order to maintain the supremacy of the Church.

Although, however, it may be regarded as inevitable that a church almost in its militant stage should exhibit hostility towards all innovation, it must yet be recognized that, along with the wildest vagaries, one finds in the rubbish-heap of "heresies" much of the deepest, most fruitful thinking of the time.

Certain heresies, lacking their singer, did not find their way into literature. For these the historian must account. We know, for example, that Peter Waldo of Lyons, the leader of the Waldenses, held as superstitious the use of holy water, images and relics, and condemned fasting and the granting of

indulgences. But, if the movement produced any literature, it perished with the victims of the Inquisition. We learn the beliefs of these early reformers only from the chronicles of their enemies.

In regard to the evil doings of the clergy, however, the Church was less fortunate in escaping satiric pens. Jongleurs, clerics, priests even, denounced in no measured terms the venality and selfseeking of the consecrated servants of religion. Although the present study is in no wise a history of morals, and still less an attack on the Church, it is necessary to introduce here many long citations to show how erroneous is the popular opinion of the Middle Ages as an epoch of uncritical submission to the dicta of the Church. These centuries count rather as a period in which spiritual emancipation makes great advance. Out of the evil of the times comes this good: the release of the intellect from subjection to ecclesiastical direction.

The following quotations are arranged in approximately chronological order. The earliest cited is from the *Livre des manières*. Since Etienne de Fougères was himself a churchman of high dignity, holding successively the offices of chaplain to Henry II of England, and of bishop of Rennes, the evidence is the less open to dispute. Dark as was the picture he drew of the manners of the laity in his day, he made a yet blacker presentment of clerical indulgence. He spoke his mind without fear or favor, not sparing in his denunciation the highest ecclesiastics.

Pasteiement et beverie
Cest lor deduit par lecherie;
Tuit sont torné a tricherie,
Moult aurunt male escherie....

Il escommigent avoltire,
Mes il i chient tot a tie;...

Lor soignanz peissent, lor mestriz
Del patremoine au crucefiz

Et lor effançonez petiz
Des trenteus qu'il n'ont deserviz. . . .

Bien sevent prendre et estoier
Que par tolte, que par loier;
Lor funt cil le borses voier
Que au plus menant deit ennoier. . . .

Ja ne pout l'en ci cest jor creire
Ne clerc ne moine ne proveire. . . .

Il sunt peire que li paien.

Sor l'evesque est la cope meire
Qui a cels sofre ice a feire,
Qu'a De n'a home ne deit pleire,
Et prent loier por ice teire.

Noalz est des iglises vendre;
Nes dorra, s'il n'i quide prendre. . . .

Escience n'i vaut ne leitre,
Ne bien feire, ne mal demestre;
Si en iglise te velz meitre,
Prente au doner, lei le premeitre.

(*Livre des manières*, St. 49–67) [1]

[1] Feasting and drinking to excess are their delights; they are false to their vows. They shall receive an evil recompense. They excommunicate the adulterer, but fall into his sin, one and all. . . . They support their mistresses on the revenues of the crucifix, and their children by trentals which they have not sung. . . . They know well how to get and keep, both by imposts and rents: they make men empty their purses until the richest feel the burden. No one today can trust cleric or monk or priest. . . . They are worse than pagans. . . . The blame is greater for the bishop who suffers his underlings to act in such fashion; for he ought to please God, and not man, but he does accept bribes to be silent. It is a mortal sin to sell church benefices, but the bishop will make no appointment except in the hope of gain for himself. . . . Knowledge and learning avail nothing [towards promotion in the church]; doing good and shunning evil, as little. If you wish to be a master in the church, give freely, promise lavishly.

The true pastor should speak fearlessly in reprimanding vice, but his life must be of a measure with his precept:

Mes gart que ce qu'il blame o boche
Qu'i ne l'adeist ne qu'il n'i toche,
Quar qui feit ce qu'il blasme o boche,
Asez trove qui li reproche.
(*Livre des manières*, st. 84) [2]

For the papal office Etienne professed reverence, but he dared to pass over in contemptuous silence a signal opportunity for extolling the merits of the reigning pope. He would not bend his stern spirit to win advancement by flattery. When in his survey of the clergy he came to speak of the head of the Church, he wrote seven cold lines:

Neviuge Dex, ne ne pout estre,
Que cil qui est sovrein prestre,
Qui n'a sor sei nule autre mestre
Ne mes Jhesum le rei celestre

Qui vest le roge pluvial,
Et porte ceptre enperial,
Qu'il face chose desleial.
(*Livre des manières*, st. 125, 126) [3]

Writing twenty years later, the monk Hélinant made his attack directly upon the papal circle. Although he too omitted from express censure the sovereign pontiff, he denounced so fearlessly the presumptive aspirants for the high dignity that the omission may be ascribed to deference for the office. No timid man penned the following passages:

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[2] Let him give heed that what he condemns with his lips he does not approach or touch, for he who does what he condemns finds many to blame him.

[3] God forbid — and indeed it cannot be — that he who is supreme priest, who has over him no other master except Jesus the celestial King, who wears the bishop's robe and bears the imperial sceptre, should do an unworthy action.

Morz, . . .
Va moi saluer la grant Romme,
Qui de rongier a droit se nomme,
Car les os ronge et cuir poile,
Et fait a simoniaus voile
De chardonal et d'apostoile.

Morz, fai enseler tes chevaus
Por sus metre les chardonaus,
Qui luisent comme mort charbon
Por la clarté qu'il ont en aus:
Di lor que mout ies dure a çaus
Qui plus aerdent que chardon
A bel present et a grant don
Et por ce ont chardonal non.
Romme emploie maint denier faus . . .
Et si sorargente le plon
Qu'en ne conoist les bons des maus.
(*Vers de la mort*, st. 13, 14)[4]

Writing with his usual well balanced judgment, Guillaume le Clerc was careful to extol the virtues of some of the clergy. But too many, he thought, were false shepherds, such as "creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold." Let each pastor remember, he admonishes, that he must answer with his own life for his sheep. No plainer or bolder rebuke of evil could be found in a twentieth century pamphlet.

Mais jeo vei clers qui riche sont,
Qui granz rentes e beles ont,
Qui en malves us les despendent
E qui a deu petit en rendent.

[4] Death, go salute for me great Rome. Well may she derive her name from *rongier* [gnaw], for she gnaws bones and plucks skin and veils the simony of cardinal and pope. . . . Death, order thy horses saddled to mount the cardinals, who shine like dead coals in respect to the brilliancy they give forth: tell them that thou art hard to those who stick closer than burrs [*chardon*] to rich present and costly gift, and for that reason have the name of cardinal [*chardonal*]. Rome circulates many false coins, and silvers over the lead so that one cannot tell the good from the bad.

E quant aucun est tant hauce
Par symonie ou par pecche
Qu'il a un evesche en garde,
Tantost vers les deners esgarde.
Maintenant aune tresor
E comence a coillir estor. . . .
E se il n'est entre par l'us
En la faude entre ses brebis,
Comme lerres serra honiz.
Tost en avra vint mile en baille:
Mes gard bien que une n'en faille!
(*Besant de Dieu*, 593)

E quant il ot la grant richece,
Les rentes de la haute iglise,
Dom il deust a ma devise
Le plus por amur deu partir
E le mains a sei retenir,
De trestut ceo ne fist il rien:
Ainz fu plus aveir que un chien.
Qui un grant os a en sa gole. . . .
Poi dona e poi despendi.
(*Besant de Dieu*, 630–639)

Icest dolent que respondra
Quant le somoneor vendra
Al daerain jor de juise,
Qui a les biens de sainte iglise
E les besanz deu enfoiz?
(*Besant de Dieu*, 657–661)

Arcediacres e diens . . .
Qui consentent les avoltires,
Les causes jugent e terminent
E as loiers prendre s'enclinent,
Les fornicacions cunsentent, . . .
Justise vendent e dreiture;
Mult en avront cil chere cure.

E les persones que feront
Qui les riches iglises ont
Treis ou quatre en une province,
Que dirront il devant le prince?
Qui lor femmes avront peues
Des granz rentes qu'il ont eues,
E marie filles e fiz
Del patrimoine au crucefiz?
E les prestres parroissez,
Qui au prendre sont tut dis prez,
Qui les confessions receivent
Des doloros que il deceivent,
E lor enjoingnent les anuels,
E des messes e des trentels, . . .
Et puis apres rien ne feront.

(*Besant de Dieu*, 673–700) [5]

---

[5] But I see priests who are rich, who have large incomes, but who spend them in evil ways and give little to God. And when a priest has risen so high through simony or sin that he has a bishopric in charge, immediately he thinks of a fortune. He heaps up treasure and begins to amass wealth, but if he has not entered by the door into the fold among the sheep, as a thief he shall be dishonored. Soon he shall have twenty thousand souls in his care, but let him see to it that he does not lose a single one. . . . And when he had great riches, the revenues of the holy church, the greater part of which, as I think, he ought to have dispensed for the love of God and to have kept the smaller share for himself, he did nothing of the kind. Instead he was more greedy than a dog that has in his mouth a big bone: . . . little he gave, little he distributed. What shall this wretch answer when the Judge shall come at the last day, the priest who has buried the treasures of holy church and the talents of God? . . . Archdeacons and deacons, . . . who permit adultery, who in delivering judgment stoop to take bribes, who consent to fornication, . . . who sell justice, these will be in very hard case; and those who have rich churches, three or four in a province, what will they do, what will they say before the Prince? They who have supported their mistresses on the great revenues of the church, and portioned their daughters and sons on the property of the Crucifix? And what will the parish priests say, those who are always ready to take money and receive confessions from the unhappy persons that they deceive by enjoining upon them masses, annuals and trentals, but then do not celebrate the offices.

The Church is like a ship in a storm. The helmsman is true, but beset by evil counselors.

Obeir devon a saint pere. . . .
Mes il i a tant d'une gent
Coveitose d'or e d'argent
Qu'il font la nef croistre e branler
E hors de dreite veir aler.
Cil qui plus pres del mestre sont, . . .
Cil aiment trop roges deners. . . .
Jeo m'esmerveil, jeol vus afi,
Mult durement que nostre mestre
Soefre en la nef tele gent estre . . .
Par quei li diables i entre . . .
E la fait por poi afondrer.
(*Besant de Dieu*, 2270–2306)

Plus millers que nus ne puet dire
A en la nef qui mal en dient
E qui tut plainement s'escrient,
Que del chief vient la coveitise,
Qui a tute la nef malmise,
Car quant cil qui la nef governe, . . .
Est de tele gent avirone, . . .
Coment se porra il por rien
De lor venim garder si ben
Qu'il n'en sente aucune estencele? . . .
Mes cels qui li sont environ,
Cardenals, legaz e provoz, . . .
Plus que autres coveitos sont.
(*Besant de Dieu*, 2322–2369)

E por ceo semble que la nef
N'a mie biau tens ne suef.
Jeo vei les torbotes lever,
De tutes parz parmi la mer
Les torbotes levees sont.
Car jeo vei ui par tut le mont

Comencer guerres e contenz
E gent drescier encontre genz.
Jeo vei pestilences e faims.
(*Besant de Dieu*, 2425–2433) [6]

In a passage cited before (p. 21), we have seen Guillaume exposing beneath the cloak of religious zeal greed for the goodly possessions of heretics. In the death of Louis VIII (1226), he had seen the hand of God, striking down the monarch in the midst of his ill-gotten gain. He returns to the subject again towards the end of his book, this time laying the chief blame for the atrocities of the Albigensian Crusade directly to the account of Rome, the instigator of this unholy and unbrotherly war.*

Rome ne deit pas, ceo m'est [a]vis,
Se un de ses fiz ad mespris
E voille faire adrescement,
Enveier sus lui erraument
Son greinor fiz por lui confondre.
Mult le deust anceis somondre,
E blandir et amonester
Que faire son regne gaster.

---

[6] We ought to obey the Holy Father . . . but there are so many of the clergy covetous of gold and silver, that they make the ship creak and shake and depart from the right course. Those who are nearest the Master . . . love too much the red coin. I marvel greatly, I assure you, that our Master suffers such people to be in the ship. Through such men the Devil enters and all but causes the ship to founder. There are more thousands in the ship than one could count, who speak ill of it, and who cry out plainly that the blame of covetousness rests upon the head because he misdirects the ship, for if the master of the ship is surrounded by evil men, how can he possibly guard himself from their venom so carefully that he may receive no trace of it? But those who are about him, cardinals, legates, priests, are more covetous than the others. . . . Therefore it seems that the ship enjoys no mild, pleasant weather; I see storms sweeping up from over the sea from all quarters. For I see today throughout the world wars beginning and strife and people rising against people. I see pestilence and famine.

Quant Franceis vont sor Tolosans,
Qu'il tienent a popelicans,
E la legacie Romaine
Les i conduit e les i maine,
N'est mie bien, ceo m'est avis.
(*Besant de Dieu*, 2387–2400) [7]

The Albigensian Crusade, indeed, must have caused many a thoughtful observer to ponder the wisdom of alliance between Church and State. As the protector of the schismatics, Count Raymond of Toulouse, was also a generous patron of troubadours, he counted many a skilful pen, as well as ready sword, enlisted in his service, although neither wit nor valor availed to save the day. The Provençal poets even carried the war into the enemy's country by attacking the presumption of a church, itself mercenary and corrupt, yet assuming the right to dictate in spiritual questions. One of the boldest of these troubadours was Peire Cardinal. Of high birth and great talents, educated for the church, he chose stern themes for his song. "On the day that I was born," he writes, "the part allotted to me in life was to love the good, and to hate injustice." "I suffer more than if I wore haircloth round my body, when I see wrong done to any one." He found a subject suited to his grim mood in the rapacity of the clergy.

Li clerc si fon pastor
E son aucizedor
E semblan de sanctor;
Quan los vey revestir,
E pren m'a sovenir
D'en Alegri q'un dia
Volc ad un parc venir,

[7] When one of her sons has done wrong but is willing to make reparation, Rome ought not, I think, to send against him her older son to destroy him. It would be far better for her to summon him and talk gently with him and admonish him than to order his lands laid waste. When the French attack the people of Toulouse, whom they regard as heretics, and the Roman legates lead them, that, methinks, is not right at all.

Mas, pels cas que temia,
Pelh de moton vestic,
Ab que los escarnic;
Pueys manjet e trahic
Selhas que l'abellic.

Rey et emperador,
Duc, comte e comtor,
E cavallier ab lor
Solon lo mon regir;
Aras vey possezir
A clercx la senhoria....
E tenon s'a fastic
Qui tot non lor o gic,
Et er fag quan que tric....

Dels fals clergues o dic,
Qu'anc mais tant enemic
Ieu a Dieu non auzic
De sai lo temps antic.
(Raynouard, *Choix*, iv, 343) [8]

Qui volra sirventes auzir,
Tescut d'enueitz, d'antas mesclat,
A mi'l deman, qu'ieu l'ai filat,
E sai lo teisser et ordir....

---

[8] The clergy make themselves out to be shepherds and they are butchers; and they put on the semblance of saints. When I see them clothe themselves in their priestly garments, I am reminded of Sir Isengrim, who one day wished to enter a sheep-fold, but for fear of the dogs, wrapped a sheep's skin about him. By this means he deceived the sheep, and so seized and devoured such as he pleased. Kings, emperors, dukes, counts, nobles, and knights with them, used to rule the world; now I see the chief authority possessed by the clergy; and they are indignant at any one who does not give his all to them; and it will be done, however long it is delayed. . . . I speak of the false clergy, for never since the bad days of old have I heard of such enemies to God.

Dels deslials clergues me mir
Que an tot l'erguelh amassat
E l'engan e la cobeitat,
Que hom mais elhs no sap trahir;
E fan soven perdos venir,
Per aver so que ns es restat,
Et aquo lor es ben gardat,
Que hom ni Dieus non pot jauzir.

Mas elh auran tot, quan que tir,
Pus res non lor es amparat;
Qu'els no temon Dieu ni peccat,
Ni lunh lag estar far ni dir,
Sol las terras puescan chaupir;
Qui s vuelha n'aia l'uelh moilhat,
Que non an de re pietat
Mas de lor ventre adumplir.

E d'aquo no'ls pot hom partir.
Qu'aissi com son plus aut prelat
An mens de fe e de vertat,
E mais d'engan e de mentir;
E mens en pot hom de ben dir,
E mais hi a de falsetat,
E mens hi trob' om d'amistat,
E mais fan de mals us issir. . . .

Ab raubar gleizas e'nvazir,
Et ab enguans son fals clergat,
Senhor del mon, e sotzplantat
Sotz els sels que degran regir.
(Raynouard, *Lexique roman*, i, 446) [1]

[1] Who will hear a sirventes woven of grief, broidered with anger? Let him ask me for it for I have spun it, and I can weave it. . . . I marvel at the faithless priests who have amassed pride and deceit and covetousness so that in comparison with them no one knows aught of the art of fraud; and they issue pardons often to get what remains to us, and their possessions are well guarded so that neither God nor man can enjoy them. But they will have everything, however I object, since nothing is safe

Ben volon obediensa
Selhs de la clercia;
E volon ben la crezensa,
Sol l'obra no y sia:
Greu lur veyretz far falhensa
Mas la nueg e'l dia;
E no porton malvolensa
Ni fan symonia;
E son larc donador
E just amassador;
Mas li autres n'an lauzor,
E ilh la folhia.
No sai dire l'error
Del segle fals traytor,
Que fai de blasme lauzor
E de sen folhia.
(Raynouard, *Choix*, iv, p. 340) [10]

Tartarassa ni voutor
No sent plus leu carn puden
Com clerc e prezicador
Senton ont es lo manen;

---

from them; for they fear not God or sin, or the saying or doing anything base by which they can acquire lands. Let him who wishes weep thereat for they care for nothing except filling their stomachs. And no one could cure them of this baseness so that the more powerful the prelates become, the less they have of faith and virtue, and the more of treachery and deceit; and the less of good one can say of them and the more of falsehood; and the less one finds of friendship and the more they set evil examples. . . . By plundering churches and invading their lands, and by trickery have the false clergy become masters of the world and trodden under their feet those who should govern them.

[10] The clergy desire our obedience and our confidence — provided no work is involved — ; hardly will you see them doing wrong — excepting night and day — ; and they bear no illwill to anyone and they do not practice simony, and they are generous givers and they take only what is just; — but other men receive praise for it, and they blame. I can not tell the error of the false and treacherous world, which calls the commendable act blameworthy and the sensible act foolish.

Mantenen son siei privat,
E quan malautia'l bat,
Fan li far donatio
Tal que'l paren no y an pro.

Frances e clerc an lauzor
De mal, quar ben lur en pren; . . .
Qu'ab mentir et ab barat
An si tot lo mon torbat,
Que no y a religio
Que no sapcha sa lesso.
(Raynouard, *Choix*, iv, 357) [11]

Ab totas mas vey clergues assajar
Que totz lo mons er lurs, cuy que mal sia;
Quar els l'auran ab tolre o ab dar,
O ab perdon, o ab ypocrizia,
O ab asout, o ab beur', o ab manjar,
O ab prezicx, o ab peiras lansar,
O els ab dieu, o els ab diablia.
(Raynouard, *Choix*, iv, 337) [12]

The same poem contains the severest charge of all, his skilfully feigned reluctance to disclose the whole truth:

Non aus dire so qu'elhs auzon far.[13]

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[11] Kite and vulture do not scent rotting flesh more keenly than priests and friars smell out where the rich man dwells. At once they are his dear, dear friends so that when sickness comes upon him, they induce him to make them a gift so great that his own kin get nothing. Frenchmen and priests are lenient towards sin, because they derive advantage from it; . . . and by falsehood and deceit they have so disturbed the world that there is no religious order that has not learned its lesson.

[12] I see the priesthood attempting to bring the world under their sway, no matter who opposes; and have it they will, by force or by gift, by granting pardons or by hypocrisy, by absolutions or by drinking and feasting, by prayers or by casting stones, by the help of God or the aid of the Devil.

[13] I do not dare to say what they dare to do.

Even Peire Vidal turned aside from his busy love-making to direct a venomed shaft against the clergy.

Quar com an vout en tal pantays
L'apostolis e'lh fals doctor
Sancta gleiza, don dieus s'irays,
Que tan son fol e peccador
Per que l'eretge son levat;
E quar ilh comenso'l peccat,
Greu es qui als far en pogues.
(Raynouard, *Choix*, iv, 105) [14]

One of the fiercest of these champions of a lost cause was Guilhem Figueira. The son of a tailor, it was his sense of outrage that transformed him into a poet. The violence of his invective was unbounded: Rome is outwardly a lamb, but inwardly a ravening wolf and a crowned serpent. After taunting Rome with the ineffectual conduct of the wars against the Saracens, he attacks the papal policy on the ground that it was inspired rather by greed for the wealth of southern France than by zeal for Christian union. Twenty-one successive strophes of the terrible indictment begin "Roma"; the name falls each time on the ear like the blow of a hammer.

Roma, ben dessern
Los mals qu'om ne pot dire,
Quar faitz per esquern
Dels crestias martire;
Mas en qual cazern
Trobatz qu'om dey' aucire,
Roma, 'ls crestias? . . .

[14] For since the Pope and the false doctors have brought holy Church into distress, God is angered thereat, because they are so sinful and foolish that heretics have arisen; for when they set an example of sin, it is hard to find a common man who would act otherwise.

Roma, vers es plas
Que trop etz angoissoza
Dels prezicx trefas
Que faitz sobre Toloza;
Lag rozetz [?] las mas
A ley de cer rabioza
Als paucs et als grans:
Mas si'l coms prezans
Viu encar dos ans,
Fransa n'er doloirosa
Dels vostres enjans.

Roma, tant es grans
La vostra forfaitura,
Que dieus e sos sans
En gitatz a non cura,
Tant etz mal renhans,
Roma falsa e tafura;
Per qu'en vos s'escon
E's baissa e s cofon
L'enguan d'aquest mon,
Tant faitz gran desmezura
Al comte Ramon. . . .

Roma, per aver
Faitz manta fellonia,
E mant desplazer,
E manta vilania;
Tan voletz aver
Del mon la senhoria,
Que res non temetz
Dieu ni sos devetz,
Ane vei que fairetz
Mais qu'ieu dir non poiria
De mal per un detz. . . .

Rom', ab fals sembelh
Tendetz vostra tezura,
E man mal morselh
Manjatz, qui que l'endura;

Car' avetz d'anhelh
Ab simpla guardadura,
Dedins lop rabat,
Serpent coronat
De vibra engenrat,
Per qu'el diable us apella
Com al sieu privat.
(Raynouard, *Choix*, iv, 312) [15]

No'm laissarai per paor
C'un sirventes non labor
En servizi dels fals clergatz;
E quant sera laboratz,
Conoisseran li plusor
L'engan e la fellonia
Que mov de falsa clerzia;
Que lai on an mais forsa ni poder
Fan plus de mal e plus de desplazer. . . .

Vers es que notre pastor
Son tornat lop raubador;
Qu'il rauban deves totz latz,
E mostran semblan de patz,

[15] Rome, I see clearly the evils that may not be spoken of; for in mockery you bring Christians to martyrdom. But in what book do you find that Christians should be put to death? . . . Rome, just is the event that you are sad because of the evil preaching which you deliver against Toulouse; wickedly you attack humble and great, like a maddened stag. But if the noble count lives two years more, France will be sorrowful through [the part she played in] your schemes. Rome, so great is your evil-doing that God and his saints you regard not, so little are you restrained, Rome false and deceitful; because the treachery of this world is hidden and sunken and mingled in you, you commit a great outrage against Count Raymond. . . . Rome, for gain you commit many crimes, many wrongs, many base deeds; you are so anxious to hold sway over the world that you have no fear of God or his saints; nay, I see even that you will do such evil as I would not name for a throw of the dice. Rome, you cover your wickedness with a false semblance, and thereby devour many an ill-gotten morsel, no matter who suffers. You have the face of a lamb with simple look, within you are a ravenous wolf, a crowned serpent engendred of a viper; therefore the Devil calls to you as to his dear friend.

E confortan ab doussor
Los oveillas noit e dia,
Pois quant las an en bailia
Et ill las fan morir e dechazer
Ist fals pastor, don eu m'en desesper. . . .

E si vos en faitz clamor,
Seran vos encusador,
E seretz n'escumeniatz;
Ni, s'aver non lor donatz,
Ab els non auretz amor
Ni amistat ni paria.
Vergena, Sancta Maria,
Domna, si us platz, laissatz me'l jorn vezer
Qu'els puosca pauc doptar e mens temer!
Vai sirventes, ten ta via,
E di m'a falsa clerzia
Qu'aicel es mortz qui s met en son poder;
Qu'a Tolosa en sab hom ben lo ver.
(Raynouard, *Choix*, iv, p. 307) [16]

An account of the events that infused such bitterness into the sweet singing of the Provençal poets is given in the *Chanson de la Croisade des Albigeois*. The poem was written, as the

[16] Fear shall not prevent me from composing a sirventes dedicated to the false clerics; and when it shall be finished, many shall know the deceit and crime that originate with the false clergy; for the more strength and power they have, the more evil and sorrow they cause. True it is that our "pastors" are become thievish wolves; for they steal in all directions, and put on a semblance of gentleness and re-assure the sheep by their mildness night and day. Then when they have the sheep in their power, they fall upon and kill them, those false pastors, whom I despair of. . . . And if you make an outcry about them, they will become your accusers and you will be excommunicated, and if you do not give them your property, you will not receive from them friendship or love or kindly treatment. Virgin, holy Mary, Lady, if it be thy will, let me see the day when I shall suspect them little and fear them less! Go, my song, pursue thy way, and say to the false clergy that he is a dead man who puts himself in their power, for at Toulouse men know the truth about them.

opening lines inform us, by Guilhem, a clerk of Tudela. It treats the occurrences between the years 1210 and 1219. The author testifies to the spread of the new doctrine over all southwestern France "from Béziers to Bordeaux," and condones, if he does not actually approve, the measures taken to extirpate the heresy. After line 2769, however, the attitude of the author changes, becoming much more favorable to the party of Count Raymond. Paul Meyer and other scholars have held that the later part is by a different writer.

The troubadour-bishop, Folquet of Marseilles, fares hardly at the poet's hands, as in the lines ascribed to Count Raymond of Toulouse. Even to make peace with Rome, the Count can not unsay his opinion of the bigoted churchman.

E dic vos del avesque, que tant n'es afortitz,
Qu'en la sua semblansa es Dieus e nos trazitz; . . .
Pero, cant el fo abas ni monges revestitz,
En la sua abadia fo si'l lums escurzitz
Qu'anc no i ac be ni pauza, tro qu'el ne fo ichitz.
E cant fo de Tholosa avesque elegitz,
Per trastota la terra es tals focs espanditz
Que jamais per nulha aiga no sira escantjtz;
Que plus de .x. milia, que de grans que petitz,
I fe perdre las vidas els cors els esperitz.
Per la fe qu'ieu vos deg, al seus faitz e als ditz
Ez a la captenensa, sembla mielhs Antecritz
Que messatges dè Roma.
(*Chanson de la Croisade*, 3309–3326) [17]

[17] And I say to you concerning the bishop, that he has become so powerful, that in his person God is betrayed in us [mortals]. . . . When he was abbot and wore the monk's frock, the light was so obscured in his abbey that neither holiness nor peace existed there until he had left. And when he was chosen bishop of Toulouse, such a fire was spread abroad through all the land as no water will ever put out; for he caused more than ten thousand, both great and small, to lose their lives, both bodies and souls. By my faith, in respect to his deeds and his words and his conduct, he seems to be Antichrist rather than the representative of Rome.

The poet records the instructions given by the cardinal to the invaders and all too faithfully carried out:

> Quel cardenal de Roma prezicans e ligens
> Que la mortz e lo glazis an tot primeiramens,
> Aissi que dins Tholoza nils apertenemens,
> Negus hom no i remanga ni nulha res vivens
> Ni dona, ni donzela, ni nulha femna prens,
> Ni autra creatura, ni nulhs efans laitens;
> Que tuit prengan martiri en las flamas ardens.
> (*Chanson de la Croisade*, 9566–9572) [18]

The "frightful butchery" of the taking of Toulouse had burned itself into the poet's memory. The narrator exposes pitilessly every detail of the massacre. Pleasant reading the tale can hardly have been to the dominant church party, nor was it intended to be such.

> E corron vas la vila ab los trencans agutz
> E comensal martiris el chaplamens temutz,
> Quels baros e las donas e los efans menutz
> Els homes e las femnas totz despulhatz e nutz
> Detrencan e detalhan am los brans esmolutz,
> E la carns e lo sancs e los cervels els brutz.
> E membres e personas maitadatz e fendutz. . . .
> Estan per meg las plassas co si eran plogutz;
> Car de lo sanc espars qui lai s'es espandutz
> Es la terra vermelha el sols e la palutz;
> No i remas hom ni femna ni joves ni canutz
> Ni nulha creatura si no s'es rescondutz.
>
> La vila es destruita e lo focs escendutz.
> (*Chanson de la Croisade*, 9307–9320) [19]

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[18] The cardinal bade his men first of all bear death and the sword so that in Toulouse and its environs there should remain no man nor living thing, no woman or young girl or mother or other creature, not even a nursing child, but all should suffer martyrdom in glowing flames.

[19] And the crusaders run towards the city with sharp spears and begin the massacre and frightful butchery. With their sharp blades they cut

What marvel that, recalling such horrors, the chronicler derides the proposal to canonize Simon de Montfort!

Tot dreit a Carcassona l'en portan sebelhir, . . .
E dits el epictafi, cel quil sab ben legir,
Qu'el es sans ez es martirs, e que deu resperir,
E dins el gaug mirable heretar e florir,
E portar la corona e el regne sezir.
E ieu, ai auzit dire c'aisis deu avenir:
Si per homes aucirre, ni per sanc espandir,
Ni per esperits perdre, ni per morts cosentir,
E per mals cosselhs creire, e per focs abrandir,
E per baros destruire, e per paratge aunir,
E per las terras toldre e per orgolh suffrir,
E per los mals escendre, e pels bes escantir,
E per donas aucirre, e per efans delir,
Pot hom, en aquest segle, Jhesu Crist comquerir,
El deu portar corona e el cel resplandir!
(*Chanson de la Croisade*, 8681) [20]

---

and hack to pieces the barons and ladies and little children, the men and women, despoiled of their clothing and naked. And their flesh, their blood, their brains, their bodies, their limbs, disfigured and cut to pieces . . . lie about the public squares as if they had rained down. With the blood which was shed there, the earth, the soil, the marsh was red. No man or woman, either young or old, no living creature, was left alive, except in some hiding-place. The city was destroyed and the fire kindled.

[20] Straightway they bear him [Folquet] to Carcassonne to be buried. And the epitaph tells, to one who can read it, that he is a saint and a martyr, and that he is destined to rise at the last day and to inherit and enjoy the marvelous bliss [of heaven], and to wear the crown and to sit in the kingdom [of the saints]. And I, indeed, have heard it said that it may well be so: if by killing men, by shedding blood, by destroying souls, by consenting to murders, by following evil counsels, by starting conflagrations, by destroying barons, by bringing the nobility to shame, by seizing lands, by supporting pride, by kindling evils, by extinguishing good, by killing women and destroying children, one can overcome Jesus Christ in this world, one should wear a crown and shine in heaven.

Popular joy at the death of the persecutor (1218) broke forth in snatches of song like the *Mort du Loup*.

Montfort
Es mort!
Es mort!
Es mort!
Viva Tolosa,
Ciotat gloriosa
Et poderosa!
Tornan lo paratge et l'onor!
Montfort
Es mort!
Es mort!
Es mort![21]

(V. *Histoire des Albigeois*, N. Peyrat, vol. i, p. 407)

The swan-song of the cause was sung by Bernard Sicard de Marjevols.

Ab greu cossire
Fau sirventes cozen;
Dieus! qui pot dire
Ni saber lo turmen,
Qu'ieu, quan m'albire
Suy en grand pessamen;
Non puesc escrire
L'ira ni'l marrimen.
Qu'el segle torbat vey,
E corrompom la ley
E sagramen e fey,
Q'usquecx pessa que vensa
Son par ab malvolensa
E d'aucir lor e sey [?]
Ses razon e ses drey.

---

[21] Montfort is dead! is dead! is dead! Long may Toulouse flourish, that glorious and powerful city! Our nobles and our honor return! Montfort is dead! is dead! is dead!

Tot jorn m'azire
E ai aziramen;
La nueg sospire
E velhan e dormen;
Vas on que m vire,
Aug la cortesa gen
Que cridon: "Cyre!"
Al Frances humilmen. . . .
Ai! Toloza e Proensa
E la terra d'Agensa,
Bezers e Carcassey
Quo vos vi! e quo us vey! . . .

Franca clercia,
Gran ben dey dire de vos,
E s'ieu podia
Diria'n per un dos.
Gen tenetz via
E ensenhatz la nos;
Mas qui ben guia
N'aura bos gazardos.
Res no vey que us laissatz, . . .
Sofretz greu malanansa
E vistetz ses coinhdansa;
Mielhs valha Dieus a nos
Qu'ieu no dic ver de vos.

Si quo'l salvatges
Per lag temps mov son chan,
Es mos coratges
Qu'ieu chante derenan.
(Raynouard, *Choix*, iv, 191) [22]

[22] With great sorrow I make this sirventes; God, who can say or know my torment, for whenever I reflect, I am in deep grief? I can not write my wrath and vexation. I see this world confounded, and law, sacrament and faith destroyed, for each man is ever thinking how to overcome his fellow by malevolence, and men slay one another without reason or right. Every day I lament, and I have cause for lamentation; at night I sigh, waking and sleeping; whenever I turn, I hear the complaisant people

Akin to the Provençal poets by his love for the gay life of the feudal castle, by his abhorrence of asceticism and by his denunciation of Roman cupidity was the poet of northern France, Guiot de Provins. Indeed, in the many flittings from court to court of his earlier days, Guiot had found inspiration in Provence.

A Arles oï conteir mout gent
Lor vie en l'eglise Saint Trophe.
(*Bible Guiot*, 70) [22]

The *Bible*, written after his return from the Third Crusade and his entrance upon the monastic life about 1194, expresses his discontent with the dull world of his later days and most of all with the Church to which he had just pledged his allegiance. He is particularly incensed that revenues collected in France should not be expended in relieving the needs of that country, but be divided among the venal priests of Rome.

Quant li peire ocist ses enfans
Grant pechié fait. Ha Rome, Rome, . . .
Vos nos ocïez chescun jor. . . .
Tout est alei tout est perdu
Quant li chardenal sont venu. . . .
Sa viennent plain de simonie
Et comble de malvaise vie,
Sa viennent sens nulle raison,
Sans foi, et sens religion,
Car il vendent Deu et sa meire
Et traïssent nos et lor peire. . . .

---

crying, "Sire!" humbly to the Frenchman. . . . Alas! Toulouse and Provence and the land of Agenais! Béziers and Carcassonne! what you were! what you are! Clergy of France, great good should be said of you, and if I could, I would say twice as much. Hold the right way and teach it to us. He who guides well, will win high reward for his service. But I do not see that you leave anything [to us]. . . . You suffer evildoing and you live without restraint. May God be kinder to us, for I see no kindness in you. The woodbird raises its song even in ill weather; such is my heart, for I sing straight on.

[22] At Arles I heard many persons relating the life [of the sages] in the church of Saint Trophimus.

Que font de l'or et de l'argent
Qu'il enportent outre les mons?
Chaucicea, hospitals ne pons
N'an font il pas, ce m'est a vis.
Se m'aït Deus, il valent pis
Asseiz que ne font li païen!
Se l'apostoles en ait rien?
Ou, j'o dire qu'il i ait part:...
L'avoir enportent li legat
Dont tant i ait guille et barat....
Cors de Rome, con estes toute
Plainne de pechiez criminals!
Puez que l'apostoles ne voit
Et il ne fait ceu que il doit,
Cheoir devons et acorper....
Nostre peires nos ait osteiz
De droite voie et de droite euvre;...
Li duc, li conte et li roi
S'en devroient molt consillier....
Rome traït et destruit tout,
Rome c'est les doiz de malice
Dont sordent tuit li malvais vice....
Je di que ce seroit raisons
C'on destrusce la covoitise
Qui en Rome s'est toute mise,
Et l'orguel, et la felonie.

(*Bible Guiot*, 660–780) [24]

[24] When the father slays his children, he commits great sin. Ah, Rome, Rome, you slay us every day. All is gone, all is lost, when the cardinals arrive. They come guilty of simony [Fr. full of], guilty of evil living; they come without reason, without faith, and without religion, for they sell God and his mother, and they betray us and their father. What do they with the gold and silver which they carry away beyond the mountains? They do not build roads, hospitals and bridges with it, of that I am sure. So aid me God, they are far worse than are the pagans! Has the pope any share of it? Yes, I have heard it said that he has his part of it. The legates, in whose hearts is such guile and deceit, bear off our property. Court of Rome, how full you are of mortal sins! Since the pope sees nothing and does not do what he should, we must fall and stumble. Our father has kept us from the right road and from the right work. The dukes, the

The author of *Carité* and *Miserere*, a hermit who styled himself "li Renclus de Moiliens," was fearless in denouncing wrong-doing by the clergy. As the works of the Hermit were among the most popular of their class in the Middle Ages, thirty manuscripts being extant even now, one must infer that the author's arraignment of the Church found many responsive readers, men competent and accustomed to judge for themselves. The framework of his satire is a pilgrimage undertaken in the hope of finding sweet Charity. Naturally the pilgrim-poet repairs first to Rome. There disappointment awaits him. The pope may be beyond reproach, but he allows himself to be surrounded by evil advisers.

From many stanzas of denunciation these verses have been selected to show the writer's independent attitude.

Premierement a Rome fui.
Toi cuidai en chel haut refui
Trover o le pape romain,
Ki tout le monde a en sa main;
Je te cuidai bien en son sain
Trover mius ke en sain d'autrui,
Si com el pere soverain,
Cui on doit trover primerain
En bien, et prendre essemple a lui.

O Carités, la me dist on
Ke tu jadis en le maison
Le pape estoies consilliere;
Dont ala le cours par raison.
Mais tu n'i fus k'une saison,
Car on te mist a le foriere
Par conseil d'une pautoniere:

---

counts and the kings ought to take much counsel together about the matter. Rome betrays and destroys everything; Rome is the fount of malice from which gush forth all deadly evils. I declare that it would be right for us to destroy the covetousness and the pride and the felony, which have established themselves at Rome.

Ch'est covoitise, le boursiere,
Ki ne redoute traïson
Faire, tant a pecune kiere.
Faus cuers tapist sous bele kiere,
Quant on li fait d'argent poison.

Je n'oï pas se grant bien non
Dire de le pape par non. . . .
Mais chil ki li sont environ
Font sovent blasmer se persone;
Tieus maisnie entor lui fuisone
Dont male novele resone. . . .

Ne puet povres en court entrer. . . .
Hom vuis ne puet le porte outrer; . .

Quant je me fui mis el retour
De le grant court, je fis un tour
La ou mainent li cardonal;
Mais tous les trovai d'un atour.
Cha et la tuit sont mercatour. . . .

Le lois se taist quant ore murmure;
Drois se tapist a son d'argent. . . .

Romains a le langue legiere.
Quant ele est ointe, est bien parliere,
Et a langue desointe est mus;
Et ki bien li oint se carniere,
Entre ens; se non, voist s'ent arriere!
Li povres s'en reva confus,
Li rikes entre ens sans refus.
Bien ses tu ki a Rome fus
Coment tel ointure i est kiere.

(*Romans de Carité*, st. 7–19) [25]

[25] First I went to Rome, for I thought to find thee [Charity] in that august abode with the Roman pope, who has the whole world under his sway; I thought surely I should find thee in his heart rather than in the heart of any other, since he is the sovereign father, who should be foremost in holiness, an example for others. O Charity, there I was told that long ago thou wast counselor in the house of the pope. Then the court was

The Hermit seeks Charity next among the ministers of the Church, but in vain. Stanzas 51 through 102 contain a sharp rebuke to the priesthood.

Prestre, dont n'est chou grans merveille,
Quant tu dors et li lais hom veille?
Quel merveille est, se merveille ai
De fol pastour, de sage oeille?
Chele est nete, chil se soeille,
Chele est ou pre et chil ou tai.
(*Romans de Carité*, st. 71) [25]

Commenting on the fanon, which represents the handkerchief with which the harvester wipes his face, the Hermit administers a bold rebuke.

Prestre, quant le fanon presis,
Messoneour de toi fesis;
Dusk'au suer en laborant
En le mes de Diu te mesis.
Fai dont che ke tu promesis; . . .

---

governed by reason; but thou wast there only for a season, for thou wast driven out by the advice of a good-for-nothing, Covetousness, the steward there, who hesitates at no treachery, so well she loves money. A false heart hides under a fair countenance, when she is offered a money potion. I heard naught but good said of the pope himself, . . . but those who are about him often bring blame upon him; round him swarms a company whose ill repute echoes far. No poor man can enter the papal court; no one passes that door empty-handed. . . . When I had returned from the papal court, I directed my steps where the cardinals dwell; but I found them all of one kind, and everywhere mercenary. . . . Law is silent when gold whispers; justice retires before the clink of silver. . . . The Roman has a ready tongue; when it is oiled, it speaks glibly; but with tongue unlubricated he is mute. And whoever oils the hinges of his door, enters within; otherwise, he is turned away. The poor man retires in confusion, the rich is never refused entrance. You who have been at Rome know well how costly such ointment is.

[25] Priest, is it not a great wonder that you sleep and the layman wakes? What wonder is it if I wonder at the foolish pastor and the wise flock? These are clean, he is defiled; they are in the meadow, and he in the mud.

Prestre, jou ai mout veü ans,
Ne vi dous prestres sanc suans.
Por coi remaint ke sanc ne suent?
Por coi? Coveitise puans
A fait tous les prestres truans;
En messonant deniers tressuent. . . .

Peu voi pastours, mout mercheniers,
Car, ausi com li taverniers
N'a cure fors de riens venaus
Dont on voelle doner deniers,
Tant voi de laitiers, de laniers. . . .
Tant monte mestiers merchenaus
Montés est as plus personaus
De ches grans abés crocheniers
Et des mitres episcopaus.
(*Romans de Carité*, st. 81, 86, 126) [27]

The monks are selected grain, yet luxury has invaded the monasteries. The spirit of Saint Francis and of Saint Dominic has been quite forgotten.

Li viel moine . . .
Se soloient es bos logier
Et haire et lange a gros pelain . . .
Vestir. . . .
Li nuef de lor dos enlangier
N'ont cure, mais bien enlingier
Se sevent come castelain.

[27] Priest, when you took the *fanon*, you made a harvester of yourself; you bound yourself to the sweat of labor in the harvest of God. Do then what you promised. . . . Priest, I have seen many years, and I have never seen two priests sweating blood. How does it happen that they do not sweat blood? How? Foul covetousness has made all priests recreants. They sweat at garnering in money. . . . I see few shepherds, many market-men; for, just as the tavern-keeper cares only for vendible goods for which men will give money, so these "shepherds" make profit of their flock. Venality has mounted so high that it has reached the greatest among those august abbots with the crozier and the episcopal mitre.

Li viel un asne a grant dangier
Paissoient por coust de mangier;
Mais li nuef paissent cras polain.
(*Romans de Carité*, st. 147) [28]

In the *Miserere* the tone is even bolder and more pessimistic. The Hermit has given up the search for Charity and merely bewails the evil of the times.

Mesdis amonte a grant esploit.
N'est gens ki a lui ne s'aploit.
Nis li moine l'ont enclostré.
Chistiaus et Clugnis le rechoit,
Et vest l'abit Saint Beneoit. . . .
Mesdis a hanap d'abé boit; . . .
Je dout ke eveskes ne soit.

Li moine as millours mes s'amordent
Et es millours morsiaus mieus mordent,
Et si boivent bien et sovent.
De lor veu petit se recordent.
(*Miserere*, st. 119, 142) [29]

In the *Quatre tenz d'aage d'ome* we get the view of a man of the world. Philippe de Novare maintains for the most part a discreet silence concerning the clergy, but he does not assign them that prominent place in the education of children, or in the direction of public affairs, which they claimed as rightfully

[28] The old monks . . . were wont to dwell in the woods and to clothe themselves in haircloth and shaggy wool. . . . The new monks have no liking for wearing wool on their backs, but go fine in linen like chatelains. The old monks would hardly keep an ass because of the cost of feeding it; the new keep sleek steeds.

[29] Slander thrives marvelously. There is no one who does not bend to her. Even the monks have welcomed her to the cloister: Citeaux and Cluny receive her, and she wears the habit of Saint Benedict. All the Orders are hers; Slander drinks from the cup of an abbot; . . . I suspect that she will become a bishop. The monks love the best dishes, and they prefer the choicest bits, and they drink deeply and often. Of their vows they think seldom.

theirs. Towards the close of his book, Philippe divides men into three classes, to each of which he assigns a different kind of pay. The classes are "les franches genz aimable et debonaires, les gens de mestier, li vilain." The clergy are put in the second division, that of the *gens de mestier*, and their reward is of a pecuniary nature.

> En cels dou loier de don a trop a dire; car tout premiers cil de Sainte Eglise le veulent a la vie et a la mort, et après la mort ont loier et aumosnes por chanter messes de requiem por les ames qui sont en purgatoire [adding in more orthodox fashion] et ce est li miaus amploiez loiers.
>
> (*Quatre tenz*, ¶ 216) [30]

That extraordinary production, the *Lamenta* of Matheolus, has its sneer for the faults of the sacerdotal order.

> Si me merveil que cuident faire
> Ceulx qui sont pour nostre exemplaire
> Mis et posés a honneur haulte.
> On voit en eulx plus grant deffaulte
> Qu'en nous, et font plus a reprendre,
> Les pastours ne veulent entendre
> Au fouc garder que Dieu leur baille;
> Il ne leur chaut comment il aille;
> Trop bien se scevent esforcier
> Des berbis tondre et escorchier.
> Par mon tesmoing un tel pastour
> Vault pis que leu ne que castour.
> L'evesque tout ravist et pille....
> Chascun laisse son fouc sans garde,
> Et s'en vont qui bien y regarde,
> Avec les roys, pompeusement,
> Pour vivre plus joyeusement,

[30] Concerning those whose recompense is money there is much to say; for first of all the clergy demand money while men are living and when they are dying, and even after men are dead, the clergy have money and alms for singing requiem masses for the souls in Purgatory . . . and that is the best spent money.

Les besongnes royaulx procurent,
Les playes du peuple ne curent . . .
Les biens du crucefix degastent.
Il sont larrons apertement,
S'oultre leur vivre et vestement
Nuls des biens aux povres detiennent. . . .
Par symonie et sous ses eles
Vendent choses spirituеles.
N'est pas raison que on les vende;
Car tout pour noyant la prouvende
Doit estre donnée au preudhomme.
Le contraire est en court de Rome.
Fraude y est par tout entendue; . . .
Symon vit et mort est Saint Pierre;
On ne fonde rien sus sa pierre. . . .
Merveille ay des religieus.
Plus que nous sont delicieus,
Plus despendent tels damoiseaux
En chevaux, en chiens, en oiseaux, . . .
En vins et en viandes gloutes. . . .
Leur aucteur met condicion
Que nuls d'eulx, par ambicion
N'ait propre. . . .
Or en est chascun coustumier
D'avoir propre. . . .
Si ne leur doit on rien donner,
Pour jangler ne pour sermonner;
Car on pert tout quanqu' on leur donne.
(*Lamenta*, iv, 283–429) [21]

[21] I wonder at the deeds of the clergy who are set over us for an example and raised to high honor. We see greater faults in them than in us, and they are more blameworthy. The priests take no pains to keep the flock that God gives them; they care not how it fares; too well they know how to shear and fleece the sheep. In my opinion such priests are worse than wolves or beavers. The bishop extorts and bears away everything. . . . Each leaves his flock without guard, and goes away, if you will notice, with the king in pomp. To live more luxuriously they obtain posts at the court. They take no thought for the sufferings of the poor. . . . They waste the revenues of the crucifix. They are out-and-out robbers

In the first part of *Fauvel*, dated by the author 1310, we get the view of an ultra-clerical. Opposed as he was, however, to usurpations of ecclesiastical prerogatives, he did not remit for that the scourging of sin in high places. Clement V was then on most amicable terms with Philip IV to whom he owed his elevation, but Gervais (if he be indeed the author of *Fauvel*) did not shrink from confronting the combination of pope, bishops and king.

Puis en consistore publique
S'en va Fauvel, beste autentique,
Et quant li pape voit teil beste
Sachiez qu'il fet trop grant feste. . . .
Par le frain doucement le prent.
De torchier nuli ne reprent
Et puis frote a Fauvel la teste
En disant: "Ci a bele beste."
Li cardineaus dient pour plere:
"Vous dites voir, sire Saint Pere."

(*Fauvel*, fol. I) [22]

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if they exact anything from the poor except sufficient to provide them with food and clothing. . . . Through simony and under pretence of religion they sell spiritual offices. It is not right to sell them, for prebends should be conferred upon the worthy without cost. The opposite custom prevails at the court of Rome. Corruption, by all reports, is rife there. . . . Simon lives and Saint Peter is dead; nothing is built on his rock ["pierre"]. . . . I marvel at the monks. They are daintier than we; these young gentlemen spend more than we on horses, on dogs, on falcons, . . . on wine and on choice dishes. . . . Their founder imposed the restriction that none of them, through ambition, should have property of his own. . . . Now each is accustoned to possess private property. . . . We ought then to give them nothing for haranguing and discoursing; for we lose whatever we give them.

[22] Then Fauvel, the famous beast, comes into the public consistory, and when the pope sees such a beast, rest assured that he makes a great ado. . . . He takes him gently by the rein, he reproves no one for stroking him, and he rubs Fauvel's head, saying: "Pretty beast!" The cardinals say to please him: "You speak the truth, holy Father."

The Church had strayed far from its earlier simplicity:

Saint Pere, qui papes estoit,
D'escallate pas ne vestoit,
Ne ne vivoit d'exactions,
Si vivoit de sa pescherie....
Mais nostre pape d'orendroit
Si pesche en trop meillour endroit.
Il a une roy grant et forte
Qui des flourins d'or li aporte....
Le pape, pas nel celerai,
Torche Fauvel devers le roi
Pour les joiaus qu'il li presente,
Et a lui plere met s'entente....
Le pape n'i met pas sa chape
Ne du clergié n'est pas tuteur,
Mes le roy fait executeur
Si que, par la laye justice,
Justisiée est Sainte Eglise....
Ainsi le pape Fauvel torche,
Si bel que le clergié escorche,
Et si n'i met la main, ce semble,
Mes Sainte Eglise toute en tremble....
Pastours sont, mes c'est pour els pestre.
Huy est le louf des brebis mestre.
Bien lour seivent oster la laine
Si près de la pel qu'ele saine....
Las! comment sont mis en chaiere
Jeunes prelas par symonie
Qui poi ont après de clergie.
Eulz ont non de reverent pere
Et enfans sont....
Par eulz est souvent porveü
Le roy d'exactions lever
Sur l'Iglise et d'elle grever.
Par les prelas qui veulent plere
Au roy et tout son plesir fere
Dechiet au jour d'ui Sainte Eglise
Son honneur pert et sa franchise.

(*Fauvel*, fol. 6.)

Sire Diex, quant il me souvient
D'aucuns prestres qui sont cureis
Comment il sont desmesureis
Et comment il mainent vie orde, . . .
Trestout le cuer m'en espovente. . . .
Moult se painent au monde plere . . .
De tout se veulent entremettre. . . .
(*Fauvel*, fol. 6)

Mort sont a Dieu et vif au monde
E mourir font religion.
Che sont cil qui au siecle vivent;
Tous jours y sont, tous i arrivent.
Rien ne heent tant com le cloistre, . . .
Il ont religious habit
Mes poi est de bien qui habit
Aujourdui sous froc ne sous gonne.
(*Fauvel*, fol. 9) [33]

The good old abbot of Tournai, Gilles li Muisis, attributes the contempt into which the priesthood had fallen to their neglect of learning. In his garrulous way he makes a delight-

[33] Saint Peter, when he was pope, did not clothe himself in scarlet, nor did he live upon tithes; he supported himself by fishing. But our pope of the present day fishes in very profitable places. He has a net great and strong that brings florins of gold to him. The pope (I will not conceal it) strokes Fauvel before the king for the trinkets the latter gives him, and takes care to please him. . . . The pope is no longer protector or guardian of the clergy, but he admits the king as executor so that the Church is judged by civil law. . . . So the pope strokes Fauvel as well as the clergy. And he does not put his hand upon the beast, it seems, without holy Church's trembling. . . . Shepherds they [the priests] are, but to feed themselves. . . . Today the wolf is master of the sheep. Well these shepherds know how to take the wool so close to the skin that the sheep bleeds. . . . Alas! through simony young prelates are installed who have little learning; they have the name of reverend father and are children. . . . Through them the king has often been able to levy taxes upon the Church and to vex her. Through the prelates who wish to please the king and to perform his pleasure, holy Church today is falling, and losing her honor and freedom. . . . Lord God, when I think of the priests

ful picture of the democratic student life which, as a lad, he had enjoyed at Paris.

Les églises adont estoient bien servies,
Car de vaillans personnes estoient raemplies,
Qui toudis en aprendre mettoient estudies;
Plus pensoient à Dieu k'avoir les signouries. . . .

On honneroit partout les clers et leur clergie,
Et cil qui plus savoient, ne s'eslevoient mie,
Mais toudis l'uns al autre tenoient compagnie:
Estude maintenir, il n'est si boine vie.

S'estoi-che bielle cose de plenté d'escoliers;
Il manoient ensanble par loges, par soliers,
Enfans de riches hommes et enfans de toiliers; . . .

De Tournay seulement j'en vic siscante-saise
Escoliers à Paris, cescuns bien s'en apaise,
Car toute li cytés en estoit adont aise. . . .

Clerc vienent as estudes de toutes nations
Et en yvier s'asanlent par pluseurs légions; . . .
En estet s'en retraient moult en leurs régions.
(*Poésies*, i, 262–264) [34]

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who are pastors, how proud they are, what base lives they lead, my heart is terrified. They strive to please the world, and they desire to have part in every business. . . . They are dead to God and alive to the world, and they kill religion, for they lead worldly lives. They hate nothing so much as the cloister; they wear the garb of religion, but there is little good now which dwells under [clerical] frock or robe.

[34] The churches then were well served, for they were in the charge of worthy persons, who set their heart always on learning; they thought more of God than of getting benefices. . . . The clerics and their learning were everywhere honored, and those who knew more did not hold themselves above the rest, but each was the good comrade of the other; to be occupied in study, no life is so pleasant. How beautiful was the great number of students! They dwelt together, in lodgings, in garrets, children of rich men and children of weavers. . . . From Tournay alone I saw at Paris six hundred and sixteen, each one well satisfied, for the whole city

When the clergy were devoted to learning and the preaching of the gospel, they were welcome guests in every home. But in these latter days, he complains, they are dreaded visitors, since they employ their spiritual authority to extort money. In every way they seek to override the civil power. Charity has departed from their company.

On soloit moult amer leur visitations;
Or voelent pau de gent leur fréquentations,
Car il sont redoubtet pour les confiessons;
Ensi vont anullant partout dévotions....

Que feront li preudomme? Morir convient ou vivre....

Il ne sèvent fouir, hauver, batre, vaner;...
Mais on leur dist que sèvent trop bien les gens taner.

Demander sèvent bien et iaus humilyer,
Car il n'ont de quoi vivre, si leur convient pryer;
Les gens par biel parler sèvent enollyer;
Par force leur convient donner et ottryer....

A prumiers avoit on sur iaus petit d'envie,
Mais pour chou que leur ordènes partout si mouteplie,
On doubte qu'il ne montent en trop grant signourie.
(*Poésies*, i, 272–281)

S'est caritès en pluseurs refroidie;...

Caritès se repont, yestre ne poet trouvée;
Avarisses partout s'apert tieste levée.
(*Poésies*, ii, 148–149) [35]

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was then proud of them. . . . Clerics came to studies from all nations, and in winter they flocked together in many bands; . . . in summer they often withdrew to their own countries.

[35] People used to love their visits; now few care for their company, for they are feared because of their abuse of the confessional; so they destroy the spirit of devotion wherever they go. . . . What can the worthy men do? It is a choice of living or dying. They do not know how to

Jean de Meung was no less ready to make the charges that were considered bold from Luther. The Friars, according to the French scribe, were the later Pharisees; they were wolves in sheep's clothing; they meddled with wills, marriages, compacts; they levied blackmail on sinners; vowed to poverty, they sought only their own ease.

After excluding from his censure truly devout monks, Jean de Meung made Faux-Semblant say:

> Ge mains avec les orguilleus,
> Les veziés, les artilleus,
> Qui mondaines honors convoitent,
> Et les grans besoignes exploitent, . . .
> Et se font povre et si se vivent
> Des bons morciaus délicieus,
> Et boivent les vins précieus;
> Et la povreté vont preschant,
> Et les grans richesces peschant
> As saynes et as trainaus. . . .
> La robe ne fait le moine.
>
> (*Roman de la rose*, 11803–11824)

> Ge puis confesser et assoldre, . . .
> Toutes gens où que je les truisse;
> Ne sai prelat nul qui ce puisse,
> Fors l'apostole solement
> Qui fist cest establissement
> Tout en la faveur de nostre ordre. . . .
> Mès ne me chaut comment qu'il aille,
> J'ai des deniers, j'ai de l'aumaille;

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dig, hoe, thresh and reap; . . . but they do know, so it is said, how to annoy people. They know how to beg and to degrade themselves, for they have no means to live upon, so they must beg; they know how to win over people by their soft speaking; perforce one must give to them and accede to their demands. . . . At first they excited little envy, but because their order is increasing everywhere it is feared that they may rise to too great power. . . . Charity has grown cold in many; . . . Charity hides herself, she cannot be found; Avarice shows herself everywhere with head carried high.

Tant ai fait, tant ai sermoné,
Tant ai pris, tant m'en a doné
Tout le monde par sa folie,
Que ge maine vie jolie.
(*Roman de la rose*, 11995–12012) [36]

Considering the unanimity with which the pretensions and the false living of the clergy were derided by the moralists of the time, one might be surprised that the Reformation did not begin in the thirteenth century, instead of in the sixteenth, in France instead of in Germany. That it did not was, perhaps, due to the wise policy of tolerance which seems to have prevailed in the Church. It would appear that, except in matters of dogma, liberty of speech was unchecked. Not even a *Repressor of Over-Much Blaming of the Clergy* opposed the current denunciation of evil. The worst punishment meted out to a too zealous decrier of the priesthood was, apparently, loss of ecclesiastical preferment. The errors of churchmen could, therefore, be rebuked and corrected by their own colleagues. In this tolerance lies the most interesting moral and intellectual aspect of the period.

The strictures of the most gifted poet of the age, Rutebeuf, and the most influential author, Jean de Meung, were called forth each by a special interest; Rutebeuf, writing as the champion of the University and its leader, Guillaume de Saint-Amour, against the encroachments of the Dominican Order;

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[36] I dwell with the proud, the crafty and the artful, who covet worldly honors, and take advantage of the necessitous, . . . and profess poverty, and yet live upon choice dainties, and drink rare wines; and go about preaching poverty, and yet fishing after great riches with seines and nets. . . . The frock does not make the monk. . . . I can hear confessions and grant absolution, . . . to all persons wherever I find them; I know no prelate who can do this except the pope alone who devised this regulation wholly for the sake of our order. . . . But I care not what happens; I have money, I have flocks; I have done so much, I have preached so much, I have taken so much, everybody has given me so much through folly, that I lead a very pleasant life.

Jean de Meung, in part as the friend of the University, but figuring mainly as the opponent of asceticism. The attitude of Rutebeuf is examined in the following chapter. There, too, may be found the passages in the *Romance of the Rose*, defending Guillaume. Those who remain unconvinced that the thirteenth century was an age in which authoritarianism was rudely assailed may read in Chapter V Jean de Meung's protests against clerical ideals.

CHAPTER III

THE DEFENCE OF GUILLAUME DE SAINT-AMOUR

THE most interesting chapter in the history of spiritual emancipation during the period here considered is the dispute between the University of Paris and the Dominicans, which culminated in the exile of Guillaume de Saint-Amour (1256). A Latin account of the episode is furnished by Matthew Paris. Among the poets Rutebeuf gives a circumstantial and passionate presentment, corroborated by Jean de Meung and lesser bards. The controversy is, therefore, noteworthy because it concerned one of the noblest scholars of the thirteenth century, and because it inspired the truest poet of the age.

Rutebeuf was a devout son of the Church: he had composed two saints' lives, a miracle play and several hymns to the Virgin, remarkable for their sweetness and fervor. Yet when he dealt with the religious orders, his censure was relentless.

To understand the acrimony of so sweet and devout a nature as Rutebeuf's, it is necessary to review the circumstances leading up to the trouble between the University and the Dominican Order. The ecclesiastical disputes which interested Rutebeuf were of two kinds: there was the contention between the University of Paris and the Dominicans concerning the alleged usurpation of University privileges by the Order. In this dispute the leader of the University party was Guillaume de Saint-Amour, in whose defence Rutebeuf wrote several poems. There was also the question of the pope's authority over French churches. Was he supreme merely in spiritual matters? Was he fiscal head as well, to levy taxes upon the congregations for whatever purpose seemed to him needful, and to expend the revenues thus acquired as he would?* It was this latter claim

that loomed larger before the eyes of French kings and clerics, particularly later in the times of Philip the Fair. But in their contention they were glad of the support of the scholars, and the latter were not averse to aiding the anti-Roman party by dealing telling blows against the common adversary. So in Rutebeuf's writings the two questions are much involved one with the other.

The controversy between the University of Paris and the Dominican Order owed its remote origin to a quarrel between the University and the city of Paris. As usual in medieval university towns, there was in Paris a certain animosity between the students and the citizens ("town and gown.") Sometimes the police were too officious, sometimes the fault lay with the students. In 1228, however, the conflict between the city government and the University led to greater issues than the maintenance of peace. In that year certain students were slain by the watch. When the protest of the University was ignored, the institution closed its doors, transferring part of its classes to Rheims and part to Angers (1229). This was a golden opportunity for the Dominicans, eager for intellectual control, to gain students, by taking advantage of the University's necessity, an act considered the more ungracious as, on the advent of the Order in Paris, the University had given it a house. The Dominicans, by favor of the Bishop of Paris and the Chancellor, established a chair of theology. This unfriendliness was never forgotten by the University. Twenty-five years later Rutebeuf compared the Order to the ungrateful camel in the fable:

> Quar tel herberge on en la chambre,
> Qui le seignor gète du cas.
> (*Descorde de l'Universitei et des Jacobins*, 39) [1]

Even after the return of the secular professors, the Dominicans succeeded, against their strong opposition, in creating a

[1] For one may shelter in one's room an occupant that may drive out the owner.

chair of theology. But the University steadily refused to recognize these new professorships as of equal standing with its own, and its contemptuous attitude towards the new creations rankled in the minds of the Dominicans.

In 1250 a fresh dispute between the University and the City brought on an open quarrel of the University and the Order. To protect its students, the University had again threatened to suspend its teaching, and had asked the Order to act with it. The Dominicans had replied that the matter could concern them only if their instructors were raised to the dignity of University doctors. The University, exasperated, decreed that no man should be a teacher who did not promise to obey its rulings. The Dominicans promptly joined issue, appealing both to the Regent, the Comte de Poitiers, and to the Pope, Innocent IV. The latter supported the appeal as against the University, but when a little later the dispute merged into a question of usurpation by the Dominicans of the rights of the parish priests, Innocent IV issued a brief ordering the monks to return to their rule. As Innocent IV died soon after, a Dominican historian exultantly ascribed his decease to the "marvelous litanies" of the monks. His successor, Alexander IV, was a stronger partisan, issuing no fewer than forty bulls in favor of the Order.

The University bore itself resolutely. At its head was a man of intrepid courage, Guillaume de Saint-Amour. In addition to his native firmness, Guillaume seems to have been endowed with remarkable eloquence. When brought before the bishop of Mâcon, the skill of his presentation won him acquittal. He was then summoned before the papal legate, who referred the case to the King and the bishop of Paris. Undaunted, Guillaume appeared before this august committee, attended by four thousand clerics. As his accusers did not likewise appear, the charge was dismissed.

The University itself next preferred charges against the Dominicans, warning Alexander IV that its members would prefer to move to another kingdom rather than to continue

forced association with the monks. Their protest only made Alexander more obstinate. His answer was three more stringent bulls, bulls so severe that Louis IX intervened to effect a compromise. It was agreed that the Dominicans should leave the University with the exception of two doctors, and that the chairs of these two should be made perpetual.

The rancor of the disputants was fomented by the appearance of a tract written by a Franciscan, Gerard of San Donnino, but edited by and commonly attributed to John of Parma. The Dominican book was called *Evangelium æternum* and set forth the teaching that there are three dispensations; that of the Father, in Old Testament times; that of the Son, in New Testament days; that of the Holy Spirit, under the supremacy of the Mendicant Orders. The book was denounced as blasphemous by the University party. Guillaume and other scholars prepared a compilation of scriptural passages, telling the perils of the last days of the world, the reign of Antichrist. The book, *De Periculis novissimorum temporum* (1256), had a great effect, according to Matthew Paris. The people, he wrote, began to ridicule the Mendicant Orders, they refused the alms they had given before; they called the monks hypocrites, successors of Antichrist, false prophets, flattering counsellors of kings and princes, despisers and subverters of ordinances, prevaricators, abusing the confessional.*

The king sent two monks to Rome with a copy of the University's tract, *De Periculis;* the scholars deputed four of their number to lay the *Evangelium æternum* before the pope. Alexander condemned both books, but ordered the *De Periculis* to be burnt (1256).

The University held firm. It would neither take back its teachings, as expressed in the *De Periculis*, nor promise to keep silence concerning the Dominicans. The pope sent word to all prelates that preferment would depend upon submission, and bade the king "break the heads of the insolent ones" (ut insolentiorum cervicosa pervicacia confringatur).

Four of the envoys, hearing of the pope's action, turned back,

but Guillaume de Saint-Amour went on unterrified and demanded a hearing. The pope gave him for judges four cardinals who had recommended the condemnation of his book. Guillaume won them over by his skill and was acquitted. This was his fourth triumphant vindication. His adversaries resorted to other methods. He was sentenced to perpetual exile by the pope, and forbidden to preach anywhere (1256). The whole University was put under anathema, but remained resolute. It issued a French version of the proscribed book, and one of its masters interrupted the sermon of Thomas Aquinas to announce the book. When, after the death of Alexander IV in 1260, the new pope Urban IV permitted Guillaume to return, the entrance of the exile into Paris was made an occasion of public rejoicing (de bacchantibus summa in lætitia omnibus magistris parisiensibus). Guillaume sent a second book of similar tone to Urban's successor, Clement IV. This pope advised caution, but gently. As Guillaume's activity had ceased by 1270, his death may be placed about that year.

As an ardent supporter of the University and of Guillaume de Saint-Amour, Rutebeuf flung himself into the heat of the controversy. Six poems bear directly upon this episode, *Li Diz de l'Universitei de Paris, La Descorde de l'Université et des Jacobins, Li Diz du Maitre Guillaume de Saint-Amour, La Complainte Maitre Guillaume de Saint-Amour, De Sainte Eglise, Des Règles.* Thirteen others, *Les Ordres de Paris, La Chanson des Ordres, Des Jacobins, Li Diz de Cordeliers, Des Beguines, Li Diz des Règles, Renart le Bestourné, Du Pharisian, De l'Estat du monde, Les Plaies du monde, De la Vie du monde, La Bataille des Vices contre les Vertus, La Lections d'Ypocrisie et d'Umilitei,* attest Rutebeuf's contempt for the Mendicant Orders, a contempt which, poor as he was and dependent for very sustenance upon the favor of the king or of a court noble, he was too courageous to moderate (v. pp. 23, 24 of this book and the poems, *Povretei Rutebeuf, Mariage Rutebeuf, Complainte Rutebeuf*).

In the earliest of these poems Rutebeuf reproaches some few students with the riotous living which was to furnish the Dominicans with an occasion for encroaching upon the privileges of the University. His sympathy with the University appears in his estimate of the life of the true scholar.

Diex ! jà n'est il si bone vie,
Qui de bien faire auroit envie,
Com ele est de droit escolier ! . . .
Il ne puéent pas bien entendre
A seoir asseiz à la table.
Lor vie est ausi metable
Come de nule religion.

(*Diz de l'Universitéi*, 41) [1]

A later poem reveals the bitter feeling that had sprung up between the monks and their early patrons.

Rimer m'estuet d'une descorde
Qu'à Paris a semé Envie
Entre gent qui miséricorde
Sermonent et honeste vie.
De foi, de pais et de concorde
Est lor langue mult replenie,
Mès lor manière me recorde
Que dire et fère n'i soit mie.

Sor Jacobins est la parole
Que je vos vueil conter et dire,
Quar chascuns de Dieu nous parole
Et si deffent courouz et ire;

[1] To one who should wish to live uprightly is there any life so pleasant as is that of true scholars? . . . They can not allow themselves to sit long enough at the table. Their life is as well governed as that of any monastic order.

Et c'est la riens qui l'âme afole,
Qui la destruit et qui l'empire:
Or guerroient por une escole
Où il vuelent à force lire. . . .

Chascuns d'els déust estre amis
L'Université voirement,
Quart l'Université a mis
En els tout le bon fondement,
Livres, deniers, pains et demis;
Mès or lor rendent malement,
Quar cels destruit li anemis
Qui plus l'ont servi longuement.

Il puéent bien estre preudomme:
Ce vueil je bien que chascuns croie;
Mès ce qu'il pledoient à Romme
L'Université m'en desvoie.
Des Jacobins vous di la somme:
Por riens que Jacobins acroie,
La peléure d'une pomme
De lor dete ne paieroie.
(*Descorde de l'Universitei et des Jacobins*, st. 1, 2, 4, 8) [3]

[3] It is necessary for me to speak of the discord that Envy has sown among people who preach pity and an honest life. Faith, peace and concord are ever on their tongue, but their conduct reminds me that saying and doing are not at all the same. About the Dominicans is the discourse which I wish to deliver, for every one [of them] speaks to us of God, and forbids wrath and anger; and these passions [they say] ruin the soul and destroy it and enslave it. But then they stirred up discord for the sake of a school in which they wish to obtain by force the right of preaching. . . . Each of them ought to be the friend of the University truly, for the University established them upon a good foundation, [furnishing] books, money, bread and revenues; but now the Dominicans repay them ill, for the unfriendly order destroys those who have served it longest and best. They may be very worthy people — I hope that every one can believe it! but because they laid an accusation against the University at Rome, I have nothing to do with them. In regard to the Dominicans I tell you in short, that if a Dominican gets possession of anything, I would not give an apple-paring for [the payment of] the debt.

Li Diz de Maitre Guillaume de Saint-Amour and *La Complainte Maitre Guillaume* are even bolder in tone. Thrilled with indignation at the unjust exile of Guillaume, Rutebeuf does not hesitate to reproach the king and the highest prelates as either traitors to their sacred trust or weaklings. Before the dread tribunal of God, he warns, account must be rendered for the base complaisance which delivered a prophet of the truth to the malevolence of his enemies.

Oiez, prélat et prince et roi,
La desreson et le desroi
C'on a fet à mestre Guillaume:
L'en a banni de cest roiaume;
A tel tort ne morut mès hom. . . .
Por ce que vous véez à plain
Que je n'ai pas tort, se le plain,
Et que ce soit sanz jugement
Qu'il sueffre cest escillement,
Je le vous monstre à iex voians,
Ou droiz est tors et voirs noians.
Bien avez oï la descorde. . .
Qui a duré tant longuement
(.vii. ans tos plains entirement)
Entre la gent Saint-Dominique
Et cels qui lisent de logique. . . .
Il s'acordèrent à la pès,
Sanz commencier guerre jamès: . . .
Mestre Guillaume au roi vint, . . .
Si dist: "Sire, nous sons en mise
Par le dit et par la devise
Que li prélat deviseront:
Ne sai se cil la briseront."
Li rois jura: "En non de mi!
Il m'auront tout à anemi
S'ils la brisent. . . ."
Li mestres parti du palais, . . .
Sanz ce que puis ne mesféist;
Ne la pais pas ne desféist,
Si l'escilla sanz plusvéoir.

Doit cis escillemenz séoir?
Nenil, qui à droit jugeroit,
Qui droiture et s'âme ameroit.
(*Diz de Maitre Guillaume de Saint-Amour*) [4]

In the poem just cited the attack is direct and logical; its emotional counterpart is the *Complainte Maitre Guillaume de Saint-Amour*, wholly lyrical in character, languishing, imaginative. Holy Church bewails her desolation:

"Vous qui alez parmi la voie,
Arrestez vous, et chascuns voie
S'il est dolor tel com la moie,"
Dist Sainte Yglise.
"Je suis sor ferme pierre assise:
La pierre esgrume et fent et brise,
Et je chancèle....
Com sont li mien mort et trahi
Et por la vérité haï
Sanz jugement!...
Li mien sont tenu por musart,
Et je l'compère:
Pris ont César, pris ont Saint-Père,
Et s'ont emprisoné mon père [Guillaume]
Dedenz sa terre.

[4] Hear, prelates and princes and kings, the wrong and injustice that has been done to Master Guillaume: he has been banished from this kingdom. . . . Never man died by such wrong. . . . In order that you may see plainly that I am not mistaken when I pity him, and that it is without process of law that he suffers this exile, I set forth the matter before your eyes, or right is wrong and truth nothing. You have surely heard of the discord . . . which has lasted so long (full seven years altogether) between the Dominicans and those who read logic [the scholars of the University] . . . [At last] they agreed to a peace, and never to begin strife again. . . . Master Guillaume went to the king, and said: "Sire, we agree by word and wish [to the peace] which the prelates shall devise. I don't know whether they will break it." The king declared: "Faith! they shall have me for an enemy if they break it." . . . The master left the palace. . . . He subsequently committed no misdeed; nor did he break the peace, but yet he was exiled without further audience. Was this exile just? Not at all, in the eyes of one who should judge fairly, to one who loves justice and his own soul.

Or est fors mis de cest roiaume
  Li bons preudom
Qui mist cors et vie à bandon ! . . .
Or est en son païs reclus,
  A Saint-Amor, . . .
Il auroit pais, de ce me vant,
S'il voloit jurer par convant
  Que voirs fust fable,
Et tors fust droiz, et Diex déable,
Et fors de sens fussent resnable,
  Et noirs fust blanz;
Mès por tant puet user son tans,
En tel estat, si com je pans,
  Que ce déist,
Ne que jusques là mesféist,
Comment que la chose préist;
  Quar ce seroit
Desléautez: n'il ne feroit,
Ce sai je bien; miex ameroit
  Estre enmurez,
Ou desfez ou desfigurez,
N'il n'ert jà si desmesurez,
  Que Diex ne veut:
Or soit ainsi comme estre puet.
Encor est Diex là où il suet,
  Ce sai je bien; . . .
S'il muert por moi, s'ert de moi plains.
Voir dires a cousté à mains
  Et coustera;
Mès Diex, qui est et qui sera,
S'il veut, en pou d'eure fera
  Cest bruit remaindre. . . .
Se il est por moi sanz amis,
Diex s'ert en poi d'eure entremis
  De lui secorre.

(*Complainte Guillaume de Saint-Amour*) [5]

[5] "You who walk by the road, stop, and let each one see whether there is grief like unto my grief," said Holy Church. "I am seated upon a firm rock. The rock crumbles and splits and breaks, and I totter. . . . How

De Sainte Eglise contains a contemptuous allusion to the author of the *Evangelium æternum*, as the "fifth evangelist," and would consign the promulgators of the "new gospel" to wander among the beasts of the field, which they resemble.

In the *Bataille des Vices contre les Vertus* Rutebeuf expresses the growing alarm excited by the pretensions of the new orders to control not only the religious, but also civil and private life. The marked deterioration in the character of the monks since the days of their founders did not tend to allay these apprehensions. The poem may be dated about the year 1270.

N'a pas bien .lx. et .x. anz,
Que ces, .ij. saintes ordres vinrent. . . .
Por preschier humilité
Qui est voie de vérité,
Por l'essaucier et por l'ensivre,
Si comme il truevent en lor livre,
Vindrent ces saintes genz en terre . . . .
Quant il vindrent premièrement,
Si vindrent assez humblement:

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are my saints betrayed and put to death and hated for the truth's sake without form of justice? . . . My own are derided and I endure it: Cæsar and the Holy Father have seized them, and they have imprisoned my father [Guillaume] within his own estates. . . . Now he, the good and upright man, who risked body and life freely, has been banished from this kingdom! . . . Now he is confined in his own country, at Saint-Amour. . . . He would have peace, of this I am sure, if he were willing to swear that false is true, and wrong is right, and the Devil God, and senseless reasonable, and black white; but he would far rather spend his life, so I think, in his present condition than to say such baseness; nor would he act so wickedly, however the matter should end, for this would be unfaithfulness; he would not do it, I am sure; he would prefer to be imprisoned or killed or mutilated. Never will he be so lacking in strength, for God does not will it. Now whatever the result, God is still wherever Guillaume is, I know well. . . . If he dies for me [the Church], he will be lamented by me. . . . Speaking the truth has proved and will prove costly to many a one; but God, who is and who shall be, can, if he wills, soon quiet this noise. . . . If he is without friends for my sake, God will soon intervene to aid him."

Du pain quistrent, tel fu la règle,
Por oster les péchiez du siècle. . . .
Humilitez estoit petite
Qu'il avoient por aus eslite:
Or est Humilitez greignor
Que li frère sont or seignor
Des rois, des prélas et des contes.
Par foi, si feroit or granz hontes
S'il n'avoient autre viande
Que l'Escripture ne demande, . . .
Et or est bien droiz et resons
Que si granz dame ait granz mesons
Et biaus palais et beles sales,
Maugré toutes les langues males,
Et la Rutebeuf tout premiers,
Qui d'aus blasmer fu coustumiers. . . .
Et li frère qui la maintienent
Tout le roiaume en lor main tienent;
Les secrez encerchent et quièrent, . . .
S'on les lest entrer ès mesons
Il i a [des] bones resons:
L'une est qu'il portent bone bouche,
Et chascuns doit douter reprouche; . . .
. . . trestoute la char hérice
Au mauvès qui les voit venir:
Tart li est qu'il puisse tenir
Chose qui lor soit bone et bele:
Quar il sevent mainte novele.
Si lor fet cil joie et feste
Por ce qu'il se coute d'enqueste.

(*Bataille des Vices contre les Vertus*) [6]

[6] It is not quite seventy years since these two holy orders came . . . to preach humility, which is the path of truth, to exalt it and to follow it, as they find in their book, these holy people came into the country. When they came at first, they came humbly; they begged their bread, such was the rule, to take away the sins of the world. . . . Humility was little, the virtue they had chosen for their own; now is Humility greater, for the friars are now lords of kings, of prelates and of counts. By my faith, now it would be a great shame if they had not other food than their rule prescribes. . . . Now is it right and reasonable that so great a dame should

After lamenting the death of a true friend of Guillaume de Saint-Amour, the Canon of Beauvais, Chrétien, Rutebeuf makes once again the charge that the wrong done to Guillaume is also an encroachment upon secular rights:

Débonèretez et dame Ire, . . .
Vindrent, lor genz toutes rengies, . . .
Devant l'apostoile Alixandre, . . .
Li frère Jacobin i furent
Por öir droit si comme il durent,
Et Guillaume de Saint-Amour,
Quar il avoient fet clamor
De ses sermons, de ses paroles.
Si m'est avis que l'apostoles
Bani icel mestre Guillaume
D'autrui terre et d'autre roiaume.
S'il a partout tel avantage,
Baron i ont honte et domage,
Qu'ainsi n'ont il rien en lor terre. . . .
Or dient mult de bone gent,
Cui il ne fu ne bel ne gent
Qu'il fust baniz, c'on li fist tort;
Mès ce sachent et droit et tort
C'on puet bien trop dire trop de voir;
Bien le poez apercevoir
Par cestui qui en fu banis,
Et si ne fu mie fenis
Li plais, ainz dura par grant pièce.
(*Bataille des Vices contre les Vertus*) [7]

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have great houses and beautiful halls and beautiful palaces, in spite of malicious tongues and that of Rutebeuf first of all, who was wont to blame them. . . . And the Friars who profess humility hold all the kingdom in their hands. They seek out and search into secrets. If they are admitted into men's houses, there is good reason for it. One is that they have sharp tongues, and every one fears slander. . . . The wicked man's flesh creeps when he sees them coming; it is hard for him to keep anything which they think good and beautiful, for they can tell many a tale. So he receives them with [pretended] joy and feasts them because he fears inquiry.

[7] Goodness and Dame Wrath . . . came with all their people ranged about them . . . before Pope Alexander. . . . The Dominican Friars were

Jean de Meung set down in allegorical form the same judgment. Among other doctrines displeasing to the Friars, Guillaume had taught that the monks should support themselves by labor on their lands. False-Semblant says, not in character, but expressing the author's views:

Ja ne m'aïst ne pains ne vins,
S'il n'avoit en sa vérité
L'acort de l'Université
Et du pueple communément,
Qui ooient son preschement . . .
Car ge ne m'en teroie mie,
Se perdre en devoie la vie
Ou estre mis, contre droiture,
Comme sains Pous, en chartre oscure
Ou estre bannis du roiaume
A tort, cum fu mestre Guillaume
De Saint Amor, qu'Ypocrisie
Fist essilier, par grant envie.
Ma mère [Ypocrisie] en essil le chaça.
Le vaillant home tant braça
Por vérité qu'il soustenoit,
Vers ma mère trop mesprenoit,
Por ce qu'il fist un novel livre [De Periculis]
Où sa vie fist toute escrivre.
Et voloit que je renoiasse
Mendicité et laborasse
Se ge n'avoie de quoi vivre. (*Roman de la rose*, 12417) [8]

there to hear judgment as they should, and Guillaume de Saint-Amour, for they had raised a great clamor about his sermons and his conversation. In my opinion the pope banished Master Guillaume from the land and kingdom of another. If he has everywhere such advantage, the lords have shame and harm from it, for they have no rights over their own land. . . . Now many good people say that it was neither good nor fitting to banish him, that he was wronged; but they know that, right or wrong, one may easily speak too much truth. This you may see from the case of him who was banished for this very thing, and so the question was not at all settled, but will last for a long time.

[8] May bread and wine fail me, if he [Guillaume] had not in his speaking of the truth the assent of the University and of the people in general, of

In the University Jean de Meung saw the last hope of religion.

Et se ne fust la bone garde
De l'Université qui garde
La clef de la crestienté,
Tout éust esté tormenté,
Quant par mauvèse entencion,
En l'an de l'Incarnacion
Mil et deus cens cinc et cinquante . . .
Fu baillés . . .
Uns livres de par le déable:
C'est l'Evangile pardurable. . . .
Bien est digne d'estre bruslé. . . .
Là trovast par grant mesprison
Mainte tele comparaison:
Autant cum par sa grant valor,
Soit de clarté, soit de chalor,
Sormonte li solaus la lune, . . .
Et li noiaus des nois la coque, . . .
Tant sormonte ceste Evangile
Ceus que li quatre évangélistres
Jhésu-Crist firent à lor tistres.

(*Roman de la rose*, 12729) [9]

all who heard his preaching, for I would not be silent at all, if I had to lose my life for speaking, or to be put, contrary to right, in a dark prison like Saint Paul, or to be banished from the kingdom unjustly as was Master Guillaume de Saint-Amour, whom Hypocrisy caused to be exiled through great malice. My mother [Hypocrisy] drove him into exile. The valiant man endured much because he supported the truth, and because he injured my mother, by composing a new book [*De Periculis*] in which he wrote her entire history, and required that I should give up begging and should labor if I lacked means of livelihood.

[9] And if it had not been for the sharp watch of the University, which keeps the key of Christianity, every thing [good] would have been overthrown, when by evil intent in the year of the Incarnation 1255, . . . there was issued by the help of the Devil a book, namely, the *Evangelium æternum*. It well deserves to be burned. . . . Therein could be found written by great presumption many such a comparison: — as much as the sun surpasses the moon, both in brilliancy and heat, and the meat of the nut the shell, . . . so much this Evangel surpasses those which the four apostles of Jesus Christ composed.

A comparison of the accusations made by Rutebeuf and Jean de Meung with these of the writers whose works fall between 1150 and 1230 reveals some interesting points of difference. The main charges of the earlier moralists were greed, indulgence and self-seeking, faults black enough certainly in spiritual advisers. But Rutebeuf and Jean de Meung scented the chief danger in the solidarity of organization of the new orders. They had won over the king; they had made pacts with Rome; the strength of a single order had banished a man of Guillaume's high standing. Accordingly the later poets had little to say concerning the secular clergy — who, indeed, had their own grievances against the monks — reserving their shafts for the brotherhoods, in whose ambition they found a real danger to society.

The earlier indictments, moreover, while quite bold enough to bring their authors into disfavor with their ecclesiastical superiors, were more general in nature. Rutebeuf called every order by name, and was careful to give each gibe an appropriateness that would rankle long.

Of the many verses composed by Rutebeuf as attacks on the foes of the University *Les Ordres de Paris* and *La Chanson des Ordres* are interesting because of their popular appeal; the poet points a jeering finger at the badges of the order; he enforces his sneer with the satirist's devices of the pun and the refrain.

Par maint samblant, par mainte guise
Font cil qui n'ont ouvraingne aprise
Par qu'ils puissent avoir chevance;
Li un vestent coutelle grise
Et li autre vont sans chemise:
Si font savoir lor pénitance.
Li autre par fauce semblance
Sont signeur de Paris en France;
Si ont jà la cité pourprise. . . .
Li Jacobin sont si preudoume
Qu'il ont Paris et si ont Roume,
Et si sont roi et apostole,

Et de l'avoir ont il grant soume.
Et qui se muert, se il ne's noume
Pour exécuteurs, s'âme afole:. . .
N'uns n'en dit voir, c'on ne l'asoume:
Lor haine n'est pas frivole. . . .
Se li Cordelier pour la corde
Puéent avoir le Dieu acorde,
Buer font de la corde encordé.
La Dame de miséricorde,
Ce dient il, à eus s'acorde,
Dont jà ne seront descordé;
Mais l'en m'a dit et recordé
Que tés montre au disne cors Dé
Semblant d'amour qui s'en descorde:
N'a pas granment que concordé
Fu par un d'aux et acordei
Un livre dont je me descorde.* . . .
Li Vaux des Escoliers m'enchante
Qui quièrent pain et si ont rente
Et vont à chevaul et à pié.
L'Universitei la dolante,
Qui se complaint et se démante,
Trueve en eux petit d'amistié,
Ce ele d'ex éust pitié,
Mais il se sont bien acquitié
De ce que l'Escriture chante:
"Quant om at mauvais respitié,
Trueve l'an puis l'anemistié;
Car li mauz fruiz ist de male ente."

(*Ordres de Paris*) [10]

[10] Many a false profession, many a pretence is practiced by those who have learned no trade by which they can gain a living. Some wear a grey frock [the Franciscans], and others go without a shirt [the Dominicans]: so they display their penitence. Others through deceit are lords of Paris in France; they have taken possession of the city. . . . The Dominicans are so powerful that they rule Paris and they rule Rome, and they are kings and popes, and they own a great amount of property. If a dying man does not name them for executors, his soul is lost. No one speaks the truth about them without being silenced. Their hatred is no light matter. . . . If the Franciscans by their cord are accorded the favor of God, they did

Du siècle vueil chanter
Que je voi enchanter;
Tel vens porra venter
Qu'il n'ira mie ainsi.
Papelart et Béguin
Ont le siècle honi.

Tant d'ordres avons jà
Ne sai qui les sonja,
Ainz Diex tels genz noma
N'il ne sont si ami.
Papelart etc.

Frère Prédicator
Sont de mult simple ator,
Et s'ont en lor destor
Mainte bon parisi.
Papelart etc.

Et li Frère Menu
Nous ont si près tenu
Que il ont retenu
De l'avoir autressi.
Papelart etc.

Qui ces .ij. n'obéist
Et qui ne lor géhist
Quanqu'il oncques féist,
Tels bougres ne nasqui.
Papelart etc.

---

well to encord themselves with the cord. Our Lady of pity [miséricorde), they say, is in so close concord with them that they will never be uncorded. But people have told me and recorded that many a one at the sacrament (cors Dé) makes pretence of love with which his life is discordant. It is not long since a book whose views are discordant with mine (*Evangelium æternum*), was declared in complete accord and concord with theirs. . . . The Val-des-Ecoliers please me because they beg their bread and also have property, and go both on foot and on horseback. The afflicted University, which laments and is distracted, finds in them little friendship. Although it had pity upon them, yet they lightly forgot their debt, just as the Scripture says: "When one aids a bad man, one gets enmity in return; for bad fruit comes forth from a bad graft."

Assez dient de bien,
Ne sai s'il en font rien;
Qui lor donne du sien
Tel preudomme ne vi.
Papelart et Béguin
Ont le siècle honi.

(*Chanson des Ordres*) [11]

I have treated the story of Guillaume de Saint-Amour thus at length because it furnishes the best refutation of the current opinion that until the time of Luther men submitted to ecclesiastical tyranny. In his defence of truth Guillaume was quite as unflinching as the German reformer, and without the support of a princely protector; and, further, the scholars and poets who stood around Guillaume were men who dared to think for themselves, unhampered by slavish adherence to time-honored institutions.*

[11] I wish to sing of the age that seems bewitched. Such a wind may blow as shall change all that. Papelard and Beguin have dishonored the age. We have so many orders, I don't know who created them. I know that God never instituted them, nor are they his friends. Papelard etc. The Preaching Friars [the Dominicans] are humble in appearance, and have laid up for themselves in their poverty a goodly store of coins. Papelard etc. And the Fratres Minores [the Franciscans] have held us so close to themselves that they have retained most of others' property. Papelard etc. If a man does not obey these two orders and confess to them all he ever did, such a heretic was never born. Papelard etc. They talk much about goodness; I have never heard that they practiced it. If a man gives them his wealth, such a fine man was never seen. Papelard etc.

CHAPTER IV

DISSENT FROM THE DOCTRINES OF THE CHURCH

STAUNCH as were Rutebeuf, Guillaume de Saint-Amour and the scholars of the University of Paris in defending their rights even against the pope, they were, nevertheless, orthodox churchmen. Considering the stress laid by the Church on correct belief and the efficacious means at its command to enforce conformity, it would not be strange if no clerics of standing had cared to express dissent from the authorized teaching. Yet even in the realm of doctrine the evidence of literature shows that the Church was by no means so dominant as both its friends and its enemies have asserted. A rationalizing spirit was widespread among the people as early as the thirteenth century. Hélinant, Gautier de Coincy, the poet of *Chante-Pleure*, Guillaume le Clerc, Friar Lorens, Philippe de Novare, deplore the popular skepticism in regard to miracles, the resurrection, transubstantiation and the incarnation. Equally remote from deference to orthodox opinion was the gay verse favored in the courts of the nobles, particularly in southern France. At the base of this care-free song was not only impatience with the restraint imposed upon pleasure-seekers by the Church, but also a quarrel with ecclesiastical values, a tendency to judge abstruse speculations by their actual ethical outcome. And, finally, more important than the rejection of any specific dogma was a marked tendency to exalt the function of reason in matters of belief.

It may be fair to assume that when the laity applied to metaphysical doctrines everyday analogues, the result of their thinking was crude in the extreme. Even today the theologian has to complain of the inadequacy of common-sense standards

to measure the mysteries of religion. The medieval ecclesiastical writers, have then reproduced, not exaggerated, the misapprehensions and coarseness of sentiment of the popular objections. Yet the student who is more interested in the growth of freedom of thought than in absolute correctness of opinion will pardon these blemishes as the necessary marks of a certain early intellectual stage, and as of better augury than perfunctory repetition of articles of belief.*

Contemporary writers did not regard their own age as an age of faith. The pious monk of Froidmont shuddered at the Epicureanism of his day:

> . . . Li fol dient: "Nos que chaille
> De quel eure morz nos assaille?
> Prendons or le bien qui nos vient!
> Après, que puet valoir si vaille;
> Morz est la fins de la bataille
> Et ame et cors noient devient."
>
> (*Vers de la Mort*, st. 34) [1]

The authors of *Chante-Pleure* and of the *Mireour du monde* echo the same lament:

> Li bougres, li parfez, icil qui riens ne croit
> Ne cuide pas qu'enfers ne que paradis soit,
> Ne qu'il ait âme et [l. el] cors por ce qu'il ne l'sentoit,
> Ainz pensse li parfont que pechiez le deçoit.
>
> "Comment," fet soi li bougres, "puet estre vérité,
> Quar li clerc nos racontent en lor divinité
> Quant l'âme est espenie et el vient devant Dé,
> Dient qu'ele est plus bele que li cors n'ait esté.
>
> "Je ne l'poroie croire," dist li bougres parfet,
> "Ce qu'Escripture dist ne que clergie retret;
> D'une vieille boçue et d'un vilain contret,
> Comment ert l'âme bele quant li cors est si let?"

[1] Fools say: — "What do we care at what hour death assails us? Let us take now the good that comes to us! Afterwards let happen what will. Death is the end of the battle, and soul and body perish together."

Si fete gent sont bien mescréant à véue:
Dient qu'âme de cors ne change ne ne mue.

In vain the priest explained that the marvel is no greater than the production of green leaves and red roses from the same stalk, or a black hen's laying white eggs, still the incredulous resisted:

Or i a autres bougres si de Dieu mescréant
Qu'il [1. Que il] ne cuident mie que Dieu soit si poissant,
Quant li mors est poris, qu'en autre tel semblant
Le puisse Diex refère comme il estoit devant.
(*Chante-Pleure*, v. *Rutebeuf*, ed. Jubinal, iii, p. 96) [2]

Le plus grant orguel qui soit, c'est Bougrerie. N'est ce mie grant orguel, quant un vilain ou une vielle qui ne seut onques sa patrenotre à droit, cuide plus savoir de divinité que tous les clers de Paris, . . . et ne veut croirre que Dieu sache faire chose en terre que il ne puist entendre. Dont, pour ce qu'il ne puet entendre ne voir comment un homme entier puet estre en cele oublée que le prestre tient à l'autel, pour ce ne veut il croirre que ce soit vraiment le cors Dieu.
(*Mireour du monde*, p. 51) [3]

Gautier de Coincy berated doubters in good round terms. He certainly did not select faith as the characteristic virtue of his time.

[2] The out-and-out heretic, he who believes nothing, thinks that there is neither Hell or Heaven, and denies that he has a soul as well as a body, because he does not perceive it. So the unbeliever thinks, for sin deceives him. "How," says the unbeliever, "can it be true, what the clergy tell us in their theology. They say that when the soul is purified and comes before God, it is more beautiful than the body was. I could not believe," says the unbeliever, "what the Scripture says and the clergy teach. How can the soul of an old deformed woman or of a crippled peasant be beautiful when the body is so ugly?" Such people are plainly misbelievers: they say that the soul never separates from the body. Now there are other heretics with so little faith in God that they do not believe that God is powerful enough, when the dead body has decayed, to raise it up in another kind [living as], it was before.

[3] The greatest pride of all is unbelief. Is it not pride when an old man or an old woman, who never knew the paternoster correctly, thinks to

. . . Il sunt maint larron prouvé
Qu'il nul miracles tant soit granz
Ne prisent mie leur viez ganz. . . .
Ne croient pas sainte escripture
Li mescréanz, li faus hérité, . . .
Des miracles le Sauveur
Si bien com font un jongleur
De Renouart au grant tinel. . . .*
Assez sont cler, assez sont lai
Qui de croire voi sont si laniers,
Que ne plus voirs c'uns viez paniers,
Ne tient leur cuer ne foi ne créance, . . .
Li mescréant qui pas ne croient
Que Diex tant de pooir eust
Que de virge nestre peust.
(*Miracle de Notre Dame de Sardenay*, 574–706) [4]

. . . Je voi aucunes gens. . . .
[Qui] la douceur ne voient mie
De Madame Sainte Marie.
Nes des lettrez sai je de tieus,
Qui de venin sont si gletieus,
Que leur cuer point ne se délite
En la grace Saint Esperite. . . .
Simples genz font souvent douter,
Por ce qu'il gabent et qu'il rient
D'aucunes choses que cil dient. . . .

---

know more of divinity than all the clergy of Paris, . . . and can not believe that God can do anything on earth that he [or she] can not understand? And so because such a one cannot see or understand how an entire man can be in the wafer which the priest holds at the altar, therefore he will not believe that the wafer is really the body of God.

[4] There are many proved rascals who prize no miracle, however great, more than their old gloves. . . . These miscreants, these false heretics, do not believe the holy Scriptures concerning the miracles of the Saviour as much as they do a jongleur of Raynouard with his big stick. . . . There are many of the clergy, there are many of the laity, who are so base that their heart holds neither faith nor belief any more than an old basket [holds water], . . . the miscreants, who do not believe that God could be born of a virgin.

Tant sont félon et députaire,
Que miracles n'aimment ne crient. . . .
A donc si dient qu'autentique,
Ne vrai ne sunt pas si miracles.
(*Miracle de la fame qui recouvra son nez*, 513–591) [5]

Vie de saints, vie de saintes
Tiennent à fables et à faintes, . . .
Nes les miracles Nostre Dame. . . .
Pour ce s'aucun sermoneur,
Gouliardois et jongleeur . . .
Fauz miracles font à la foiz . . . [il dient]
Que les miracles Nostre Dame
Sont ausi faus et controuvé.
(*Miracle de Notre Dame d'Arras*, 457–491) [6]

The violence of Gautier's denunciations shows that the number of those who cared little for the authority of the Church was considerable. He would kill heretics "as readily as he would eat."

Iés haiz de mort ausi fait Dex. . . .
Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! larron prouvé !
Larron, larron, larron, murtrier,
Pire que cil qui fist murtre ier. . . .
Por aus baille jà enfers. . . .
(*Miracle de Notre Dame d'Arras*, 480) [7]

[5] I see some people . . . who do not believe at all in the sweetness of our Lady, Saint Mary. Even among the learned I know some that are so poisoned with venom that their hearts do not delight in the grace of the Holy Spirit. . . . They inspire doubt among humble people because they laugh and joke at some of their sayings. . . . They are so wicked and perverse that they neither love nor believe miracles. . . . They say that miracles are not genuine or true.

[6] They hold the lives of saints for fables and fictions, even the miracles of Our Lady. . . . . Therefore if any speech-maker, goliard or jongleur ever performs pretended wonders, they say that the miracles of Our Lady are equally false concoctions.

[7] I hate them with a deadly hatred, just as God does. . . . Ah! Ah! thieves proved! thieves, thieves, thieves, murderers, worse than he who committed murder yesterday! . . . For them Hell yawns.

Vilain si fol sunt et si rade,
Que bestial sunt comme bestes;
Ne veulent mais garder les festes,
Ne faire riens que prestres die.
Nes quant on en escommenie,
Si vont il arer et hercier,
Buissons derompre et huys percier. . . .
Ne doutent Dieu ne que mouton,
Ne ne donrroient un bouton
Des sainz commanz sainte Eglise. . . .
Pluseur vilain clerc héent trop
Ausi com Esau Jacob.
Touz les héent et guerroient;
Moult en y a qui touz vourroient
Clers et prouvoires avoir mors.
L'autrier me dist un vilain ors . . .
Qu'il vorroit qu'il ne fust c'un prestre
Par tout le mont sus et jus,
Et cil pendist touz tens lassus
En une viez corbeille as nues.
Là séjornast avec les grues
Si haut que tout le mont l'oist,
Ne taire jà ne se poist; . . .
Tant parhéet clers, qu'encor dist il . . .
Qu'avoir vorroit coupé un doit,
Qu' estranglé fussent d'un lingneul
Tuit cil qui portent chapineul. . . .
Si font il communement,
Touz clercs héent moult noirement. . . .
Mais plus ne m'i debaterai, . . .
Que mors n'i soie ou débatuz.

(*Miracle du vilain qui ne savait la moitié de son Ave Maria*, 354–513) [8]

[8] The peasants are so foolish and bold that they are more bestial than the beasts. They will not keep the feasts or do anything that the priests tell them. Even when the priests excommunicate some of them, they go on ploughing and harrowing, tearing up bushes and making openings. . . . They fear God no more than sheep do, and they would not give a button for the commands of holy Church. . . . Many peasants hate the clergy

In his *Bestiaire*, Guillaume le Clerc, author of the *Besant de Dieu*, of which frequent use has been made in the present study, speaks of skepticism in regard to the mysteries of the faith as not uncommon. He had been interpreting the legend of the phoenix. The wondrous bird, he explains, signifies our Lord.

> En l'alter de la croiz sacree,
> Qui tant est dolce e savoree,
> Fu sacrefiez cist oisels,
> Qui al terz jor resorst novels.
> Mes plusors ne voelent pas creire,
> Que la chose seit issi veire.
>
> (*Bestiaire*, l. 793)

It should be noted to the praise of Guillaume that, in commenting on the unbelief of his generaton as throughout the book, he showed himself the devout and temperate scholar. Far from indulging in vituperation against scoffers, as did Gautier de Coincy, he gently deprecated their folly.

> Si ont grant tort, ceo m'est avis.
>
> (*Bestiaire*, l. 799) [9]

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exceedingly, just as Esau did Jacob. They hate them all and they contend with them; there are many who would like all priests and prebendaries to be dead. The other day a rough peasant said to me that he should be glad if there were only one priest in the whole world, high and low, and he were suspended forever in an old basket above in the clouds; there he might dwell with the cranes so high that all the world should hear him, nor could he ever be silent. . . . So greatly he hated the clergy that he said further . . . that he would gladly lose a finger if all those wearing the cope were strangled with a cord. . . . So the peasants usually talk. They hate all priests violently. But since they often kill and beat those who oppose their follies, I will not reprove them further lest I be killed or beaten.

[9] On the altar of the sacred cross, which is so sweet and full of grace, this bird was sacrificed, and on the third day it rose again in fresh strength. But many will not believe that the fact is so . . . and these are very wrong, so it seems to me.

Philippe de Novare had observed the same incredulity:

> Plusors fous i a desesperez, qui en bourdant forfont un trop grant pechié: . . . ce sont cil qui blasment les oevres celestiaus et terrienes que li Peres createurs fist. . . . Entre les autres choses, dient: "Pourquoi fist Dieus home, por avoir poine et travail ou siecle et tribulacions, dès qu'il nest jusqu'à la mort? Et à la fin, se il le trueve en aucun mesfait, si va en anfer; portant ne le deüst ja Dieus avoir fait." Ce dient, et autres mescreanz i a, qui dient que touz jors a esté et est et sera cestui siecle, ne autres ne fu onques, ne est, ne ne sera.
>
> (*Quatre tenz d'aage d'ome*, ¶ 140) [10]

In the South of France the flippant tone of Peire Cardenal in regard to eternal punishment argues an amused circle of hearers among the Provençal nobles, a circle that owned but slight allegiance to their orthodox religious teachers. The impiety of Heine's advice to his "lieber Gott" is here paralleled, and we are still in the ages of faith and reverence.

Un sirventes novel vuelh comensar
Que retrairai al jorn del jutjamen
A selh que m fetz e m formet de nien;
Si 'l me cuia de ren ochaizonar,
E si 'l me vol metre en la diablia,
Ieu li dirai: Senher, merce no sia,
Qu'el mal segle trebaliey totz mos ans,
E guardatz me, si us plai, dels turmentans.

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[10] There are many fools in desperate case, who by jesting commit a very great sin: I mean those who find fault with the works celestial and terrestrial which the Father and Creator made. . . . Among other things they say: "Why did God make man to have pain and labor and tribulation in this world, from the time he was born till the day of his death? And at the end, if God finds him in any fault, he goes to Hell; surely God ought not to have done this." They say this, and other unbelievers there are, who say that this world always has been and is now and will be, and that other world there never was or is or will be.

Tota sa cortz farai meravilhar,
Quant auziran lo mieu plaideyamen;
Qu'ieu dic qu'el fai ves los sieus fallimen,
Si 'l los cuia delir ni enfernar;
Quar qui pert so que guazanhar poiria,
Per bon dreg a de viutat carestia;
Qu'el deu esser dous e multiplicans
De retener sas armas trespassans.

Ja sa porta non si degra vedar,
E sans Peires pren hi gran aunimen,
Quar n'es portiers, mas que y intres rizen
Quascun' arma que lai volgues intrar.
Quar nulha cortz non er ja ben complia
Que l'uns en plor e que l'autres en ria,
E sitot s'es sobeirans reys poyssans,
Si no ns obre, sera li 'n faitz demans.

Los diables degra dezeretar
Et agra en mais d'armas pus soven,
E'l dezeret plagra a tota gen, . . .
Bel senher dieus, siatz desheretans
Dels enemicx enoios e pezans.

Ieu no mi vuelh de vos dezesperar,
Ans ai en vos mon bon esperamen;
Per que devetz m'arma e mon cors salvar,
E que m valhatz a mon trespassamen;
E far vos ai una bella partia,
Que m tornetz lai don muec lo premier dia,
O que m siatz de mos tortz perdonans;
Qu'ieu no'ls feira, si no fos natz enans.

S'ieu ai sai mal, et en y fern ardia,
Segon ma fe, tortz e peccatz seria;
Qu'ieu vos puesc be esser recastinans,
Que per un ben ai de mal mil aitans.

(Raynouard, *Choix*, iv, p. 364) [11]

[11] A new sirventes I will begin which I shall recite on the day of Judgment to him who made me and formed me out of nothing. If he intends

The patronizing tone of the poet towards the anthropomorphic deity of the common folk recalls the remark attributed to Alfonso of Castile, himself a member of the troubadour circle: "If God had consulted me when he made the world, I could have given him some good advice." The tone is re-echoed in a tenson by Daspol, addressed, according to Meyer (*Les derniers troubadours de France*, p. 38), to James I, King of Aragon. Nothing more is known of Daspol except that after 1270 he composed also a Complainte on the death of Louis IX. The tenson is a transcript of a dream of the poet. Daspol is present at a session of the celestial parliament. The Lord is complaining that men show little zeal for the Holy Wars. Whereupon Daspol rising interposes "cleverly," admonishing the Deity that, if he expects human support, he must distribute temporal blessings with more regard to the fitness of the

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to accuse me of any sin, and means to give me over to the devil, I shall say to him: Lord, in thy mercy let this not be, for in the wicked world I have suffered all my years, but guard me, if it please thee, from the tormentors. All his court I shall cause to wonder when they shall hear my pleading, for I shall say that he acts unjustly towards his own if he intends to destroy them or to consign them to Hell; for he who loses what he might gain, justly has lack because of his baseness, since he should be gentle and liberal in keeping his dying souls. Never should he forbid his door [to any], and Saint Peter merits great shame from his office — for he is the doorkeeper — unless every soul that desires to enter there [is allowed to] enter smiling. For no court will ever be perfect if one weeps there, while another smiles, and although God is the sovereign and powerful king, if he does not open to us, he will be asked to do so. He ought to drive out the devils; then he would gain more souls and more often, and the banishment would please everybody. . . . Dear Lord God, do set about destroying these vexatious and dangerous enemies.

I will not despair of you; rather I found my good hope upon you; therefore you ought to save my soul and body, and aid me in the hour of death. And I have a fair proposal to make to you: that you either send me back whence I came the first day [of my life] or pardon me my sins, since I should not have committed these sins if I had not been born. By my faith, it would be wrong and unjust if I have evil in this world and should burn in Hell. [In that case] I could reproach you with reason, since for a single good I should have a thousand times as much ill. . . .

recipient. Daspol will not be put off with a promise of retribution upon the wicked after death. He further objects that the God of Battles favors the Saracen arms, and asks why divine grace does not descend so plenteously upon the hearts of the infidels as to melt perforce their hardness and so obviate all this costly and bloody warfare. The answer of the Lord avoids the issue, but affords the poet a gibe at the mendicant orders. Daspol then urges a request dear to his own heart, one may guess, a petition for perfect equality. No answer is vouchsafed, and the tenson ends with a prayer for the poet's royal patron.

Seinhos, aujas, c'aves saber e sen(s)
Que m'esdevenc l'autre ser can dormia:
Sus el sel fuy on Dieu tenc parlamen, . . .
E dir vos ai la clamor que tenia
De crestians com reinhon falsament,
Car non deman lo sieu sant monument
Comte ni duc ni prinse ni cle[r]sia.

Et ieu leviei, que respos sapchament:
Tort n'aves, Dieus, e prendes autra via,
Car vos donas poder a falsa jent,
Qu'en fan quex jorn erguell e vilania,
Qu'il non crezon ni fan ren que bon sia;
E vos das lor sobras d'aur e d'argent
Tant que n'estan crestian(s) recrezen(s),
Car combatre nos pot hom cascun dia.

— Daspol, car iest contrarios
Al clers darai tota malaventura,
Et als ordes tolrai possessions,
Que s'ar son ricxs, de tems n'auran frachura,
Pueis dar lur ai malautia mot dura;
E li prinse perdran indicsions,
Doncs remanran aunit(z) e vergoinhos
Tant qu'en efern sera lur sebeutura. . . .

— Bel seinher Dieus, ben mot aures parlat,
E pogras ben revenir sest damnage
S'al[s] Sarazins donases volontat
Cascus per si conogues son follage;
Pueis non calgra negus annar a rage
Pueis que cascus conogra sa foudat,
Car nos prendem mort per lur viell peccat
E vos es leu quens gites a carnage.

— Daspol, de Temple e d'Espital
E dels ordes comensat[z] ab santeza
S'es devengut qu'en luoc de ben fan mal, . . .
Car tut(z) son plen(s) d'orguelh e d'avareza. . . .

— Bel seinher Dieus, la gloria rial
Pogras emplir s'esquivases lageza;
Pos conoises que tut(z) son deslial
Per que[l]s laisas reinhar en lur vileza?
E pueis le mont si pert per cobezeza,
Donas nos tant que tut(z) siam egual;
E pueis serem tut(z) fin e natural,
Cascun volra pensar de sa nobleza.

(*Derniers troubadours de la France*, p. 43) [12]

[12] Sirs, since you have knowledge and wisdom, hear what befell me the other night while I was sleeping. I was in Heaven above where God was holding his parliament, . . . and I will tell you the complaint that was made concerning the faithless conduct of Christians inasmuch as counts and dukes and princes and priests do not press for the recovery of his holy monument. And I rose and replied discreetly: "You are wrong, O God, and should pursue another course, for you give power to false people, who commit each day some piece of pride or villany, who do not believe or do anything good; and yet you give them excess of gold and silver so that many Christians suffer thereby, for they can war upon us any day." — "Daspol, since you are so indignant, I will give ill fortune to the clergy, and I will take away from the orders their possessions, so that if they are now rich, hereafter they shall have want because of it; then I will give to them trouble very grievous; and the princes shall lose their powers; then they shall remain shamed and disgraced until in Hell shall be their sepulchre. . . ." — "My gracious Lord, you will have spoken to the purpose, and you will easily be able to prevent this harm if you inspire goodness of will in the Saracens so that each one of them shall

Although these singers of southern France were ready to condemn the inhumanity of De Montfort and Louis VIII in such satiric songs as those quoted in Chapter II, yet, the specific tenets of the heretical sects not interesting these poet defenders, little can be learned concerning the heresies of Lyons and Albi from literature. The main evidence comes from the deposition of prisoners of the Inquisition and reports, colored perhaps by the prejudices of the examiners. The *Nobla leyçson* and other Provençal pieces are now placed not earlier than the fifteenth century, after the primitive doctrine had been greatly modified by the influence of reforming sects (Montet, *Nobla leyçson*, v. introduction). Certain errors with which the Albigenses were charged are mentioned in the *Novas del heretje* (1242 ?), a composition so astonishing that one is tempted to impute to its author the grave irony of the *Shortest Way with Dissenters*. There is, however, no evidence that the author was not a sincere bigot. The form of the piece is a tenson between an inquisitor, Izarn, and a heretic, Sicard de Figueiras. Izarn's methods of refutation have at least the merit of being effective, for in the end Sicard retracts his errors, after stipulating that he be given a suitable reward for his apostasy. Although Meyer inclines to accept the recantation of Sicard as an historical event, yet the effrontery attributed to Sicard throws the record under suspicion. But, shorn of the misapprehensions and misrepresentations of an enemy, Izarn's charges prove the prevalence of independent theological

recognize his folly; then no one will care to fight since each will see his error. But now we suffer death for their ancient sin, and you care little that you are sending us to be slaughtered." — "Daspol, among the Templars and the Hospitalers and the orders begun in holiness it has come to pass that in place of doing good they do evil, . . . for they are filled with pride and avarice." — "My gracious Lord, you would be able to fill your regal dignity, if you avoided baseness. Since you know that they are all treacherous, why do you allow them to reign in their wickedness? And since the world is ruined by covetousness, grant us perfect equality; and then we shall all be sincere and filled with natural goodness: each one will live according to his inborn nobility."

speculation in southern France. The heresies condemned are the belief in the inherent evil of matter and the consequent dualistic constitution of the universe, the right of the laity to administer the sacraments as opposed to the exclusive prerogative of the priesthood in such offices, the substitution of a spiritual for a corporeal resurrection, and a curiously modified form of metempsychosis.*

Diguas me tu, heretje, parl' ap me .j. petit,
Que (tu) non parlaras gaire que jat sia grazit,
Si per forsa not ve, segon c'avem auzit....
Ta fe e ton baptisme renegat e guerpit,
Car crezes que diables t'a format e bastit,
E tan mal a obrat e tan mal a ordit,
Pot dar salvatio.... (ll. 1–7)

Ar pauzem o aisi com tu dizes que fo,
Que t'aia fach diable del cap tro al talo,
Carn et osses e membres d'entorn e d'eviro.... (ll. 46–48)

Tu non cres que Dieu aia cel ni terra creat,
Ni lunha ren c'om veya, prezen ni trespassat;... (ll. 135–136)

After citing authorities, Izarn further strengthens his argument.

E s'aquestz no vols creyre, vec tel foc aizinat
Que art tos compahos.... (ll. 150, 151)

Tu non crez(es) c'om ni femna puesca ressucitar
Pus a fag pols ni terra, nis vengua razonar
Davan lo jutjamen on tug devem anar,...
E tu dizes, heretje, cauza que nos pot far
Nis pot endevenir ni nos pot acabar:
Dizes que carn novela venra renovelar
Los esperitz dels homes en ques devo salvar.... (ll. 229–269)

Malaventural vengua qui la costuma i mes
Qu'entre mas de pages baptismes se fezes,
Que mou de tras las fedas que anc no saup que s'es,
Letra ni escriptura, ni anc non fon apres

Mais d'arar e de foire. . . . (ll. 379–383)

On atrobas escrig ni don o as avut
C'aquel teu esperit que tu as receuput
Sia d'aquels del cel que sai foron plogut,
Que y ponhero .ix. dias ans que fosson cazut. . . .
Lucibel. . . .
Ab tota sa companha qu'eron de son crezut
Trabuqueron aval: d'angel[s] qu'eron vezut,
Preclars e resplandens, eron endevengut,
Que torneron diable fer, negre e morrut,
Que jamais per lunh temps non trobaran salut,
Remezi ni merce, que tot o an perdut. . . .
Pus azaut messorguier non ai en loc saubut, . . .
Motas messorguas dizes de que non t'ai crezut,
Mai te volria aver traïnat o pendut.
Di me de cal escola as tu aiso avut
Que l'esperit de l'home, cant a lo cors perdut,
Se meta en buou, (o) en aze o en motu cornut,
En porc o en galina, el premier c'a vezut,
E va de l'un en l'autre, tro que y a cors nascut,
O d'ome o de femna; aqui a loc sauput,
Aqui fai penedensa et a lonc temps tengut
E tostems o tenra, tro sia endevengut
Lo dia del juzizi, que deu cobrar salut
E tornar en [la] gloria el loc que a perdut.
Aiso fas tu conoisser a l'home deceuput
C'as donat al diable e l'as de Dieu mogut. . . .
(ll. 452–515)

Huey mai d'aissi avan non seras esperatz:
Si aras no't confessas, lo foc es alucatz,
El corn va per la vilal pobol es amassatz
Per vezer la justizia, c'ades seras crematz. (ll. 526–529) [13]
(*Novas del heretje*)

[13] Speak to me, heretic, tell me a few things, for thou wilt say little of thy free will and without compulsion, according to what we have heard. Thou hast denied and abandoned thy faith and thy baptism, for thou believest that the Devil has made and formed thee, and though he has wrought and woven such evil, can give salvation. . . . Now let us con-

In a work written for circulation among a group of clergymen, the *Lamenta* of Matheolus, occurs at once the greatest irreverence and the freest dissent from orthodox tenets. Much of the book is veritable buffoonery, yet the author displays a keen interest in the mooted questions of the day. He takes issue first with the fundamental dogmas of inherited sin and the consequent need of redemption. The discussion assumes

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sider how thou explainest creation, that the Devil made thee from head to heel, flesh and bones and all parts of the body. . . . Thou dost not believe that God created heaven and earth and all visible things, present and past. . . . And if thou wilt not believe these [writers of Scripture], see the fire all ready, which is burning thy companions. . . . Thou dost not believe that the soul, of man or woman, can rise again, since it is made of dust and earth, nor dost thou believe that it shall render account before the Judgment-Seat, where we must all go, . . . and thou sayest, heretic, that such a thing cannot happen, cannot come to pass, cannot be accomplished. Thou sayest that new flesh shall invest the spirits of those who are to be saved. . . . Evil fall upon him who established the custom that baptism is performed by the hands of a peasant, coming from among his sheep, knowing nothing of letters or Scripture, never having learned aught except ploughing and digging! . . . Where didst thou find it written, on what grounds dost thou assert, that the spirit thou hast received is one of those who fell like rain from Heaven, who strove nine days before they were hurled down. . . . Lucibel and all the company who were of his faith, they were cast out: no longer angels as they had before appeared, shining and resplendent, they were changed into devils, horrible, black and thicklipped, who never at any time will find salvation, pardon or mercy, for they have lost all this. . . . A more clever liar than thou art I have never known; thou tellest many falsehoods, none of which I have believed. I should like to see thee dragged about or hanged. Tell me in what school thou hast learned that the spirit of man, when it has lost its body, enters into an ox, an ass, a horned sheep, a swine or a hen, into the first creature it has seen, and passes from one body to another, until a human being is born, man or woman; there in its recognized home, it does penance, and has occupied this body for a long while, and will occupy it, until the Day of Judgment, when it is destined to obtain salvation and to return in glory to the place that it lost. So thou tellest to the deceived man whom thou hast given to the Devil and removed from God. . . . Henceforth no further hope shall be held out to thee; if thou dost not confess, the fire is lighted, the trumpet is sounding through the town, the people are collected to see justice done, and thou shalt be burnt at once.

the form of a dialogue between the poet and the Lord. The latter is allowed the victory, but, as the poet's challenge is both more neatly phrased and developed at greater length, it is hard not to suspect that the author's sympathies lay with the prosecution.

Ha, Dieux, que je me doy bien plaindre
De toy; ainsi ne puet remaindre
Que mes plains ne te doye dire....
Quant tu li donnas tele couple
Preveans les choses futures...
Sur toy doit tourner la penance....
Pourquoy as tu donné au monde
La mort, où tout tourment habonde,
Par le premerain mariage?

(*Lamenta*, iii, 77–113)

Car comme tu soyes tenus
A tous saulver, grans et menus,
Pourquoy nous, pecheeurs, menaces
Et nous condempnes et enlaces
Sans fin a pardurable paine
Pour une coulpe momentaine?
La paine, qui droit veult compter
Ne doit le mesfait seurmonter.
Pourquoy sommes nous telement
Tourmentes pardurablement
Pour pechie petit et legier?
On doit les paines allegier;
Raison veult qu'on les apetice....
Dont appert que saulver nous doives
... ou autrement
Ta redemption seroit vaine....
Mais la mort fu par toy estainte,
Car s'elle pouoit revenir
Et nous en ses tourmens tenir,
Tousjours nous seroit ennemie;
L'omme par toy ne seroit mie
Rachetés bien suffisamment....

Et se tu dis que nos pechiés, . . .
Nous font a tousjours condempner,
J'argue que tu ne veuls mie
Mort du pecheeur, mais la vie. . . .
Les mauvais qui font les mesfais,
Ne peuent empeschier tes fais,
N'obvier a ta voulonté;
Car pouoir et vouloir enté
As a nostre salvation. . . .
Doncques s'ensuit il vrayement . . .
Que saulver les doyes et vueilles.
Se ta pitie ne te remort,
Tu es cause de nostre mort.

(*Lamenta*, iii, 1301–1424) [14]

The Lord at first is represented as defending himself in the fashion of the schoolmen; the defence ends in a jest that Matheolus, at least, has nothing to fear, having suffered his Purgatory on earth with his wife. Then the author returns to his own argument more seriously:

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[14] My Lord, what good reason I have to complain of thee; and so it cannot be expected that I should not express my complaints to thee. . . . Since thou createdst such a pair [Adam and Eve], when thou didst foresee the future, the penalty ought to fall upon thee. . . . Why didst thou bring into the world by the first marriage death, in which every torment abounds? . . . Now since thou art bound to save us all, great and small, why dost thou menace us, poor sinners, and condemn us to continuous pain without end for a brief fault? If one reckons justly, the pain ought not to exceed the fault. Why then are we tormented eternally for a brief and trivial sin? The punishments should be lightened; reason demands that they be lessened. . . . It is clear then that thou shouldst save us . . . or else thy redemption would be vain. . . . Now death was destroyed by thee, for if it could return and hold us in its torments it would ever be our foe, and man would not be fully ransomed by thee. . . . And if thou sayest that our sins cause us to be condemned forever, I maintain that thou wishest not the death of the sinner, but his life. . . . The wicked cannot by their sins prevent the exercise of thy goodness or oppose thy power, for thou hast power and desire in abundance for our salvation. . . . Since then it follows truly . . . that it is both thy duty and desire to save us, if thy pity does not incline thee to mercy, thou art the cause of our death.

Di pourquoy, par quelle raison,
Pour le pechié d'Adam punie
Est sa sequelle et sa lignie.
S'il y a mesfait ou meschief
Il doit tousjours suïr le chief. . . .
Si puet on bien arguer doncques
Que la lignie d'Adam née
N'est pas par son mesfait dampnée.
Car par droit et selon justice
Cil qui a fait le malefice
Doit souffrir la punicion. . . .
Aussi cil qui rien ne mesfait
Ne doit pas pour autruy mesfait
Encourir paine ne sentence. . . .
Autruy pechie ne luy doit nuire; . . .
Chascun doit soustenir sa charge
Selon sa coulpe estroite ou large.
Se les peres veulent mesprendre,
Leur mesfait ne doit pas descendre
Sur les fils, ce dit l'Escripture;
Si semble estre contre droiture
Que la lignie soit dampnable
Du fait dont elle est non coupable.

(*Lamenta*, iii, 2402–2430) [15]

The defence is — with intent? — rather weakly managed. The poet had asked why, Adam's own guilt being admitted, the punishment must descend upon those who had no part in

[15] Declare then by what right the succession and lineage of Adam is punished for his sin. If there is sin or evil, the punishment should fall upon the evildoer. . . . Therefore one can argue justly that the lineage born of Adam is not condemned for his sin, since by right and justice he who has done the wrong ought to suffer the punishment. . . . In like manner he who has done no wrong ought to incur no punishment or penalty, for another's transgression. The sin of another ought not to affect him. . . . Each one ought to bear his own burden, according to his fault, great or small. If the fathers do evil, their misdeeds should not descend to their sons, so says the Scripture; therefore it is manifestly contrary to justice that the human race be condemned for the sin of which it is not guilty.

the original transgression. The answer is merely that the sin was great:

La coulpe d'Adam est trouvée
De tel crime et de tel outrage
Qu'il confisca son heritage,
Pour ses enfans exhereder.
(*Lamenta*, iii, 2442) [16]

By favor of the poet, the Lord is further allowed to urge that, after all, since grace is freely proffered, it is man's own fault if he suffer eternally. The answer of the Deity is so ungracious that the reader's sympathy remains with the questioner. The whole tone of this remarkable dialogue suggests the spirit of Lucian rather than the reverence of a believer.

In the course of the discussion Matheolus touches upon the topic of free will, that problem which sharpened the wits of so many a medieval theologian. Jean de Meung was even more keenly interested in the subject, devoting nine hundred and thirteen lines of Nature's confession to a subtle treatment of the vexed question. Chiefly noteworthy from the point of view of the present study is the stress laid upon reason as arbiter. Subjoined are typical passages from each writer.

J'ay donné raison et courage
A chascun par franc arbitrage
Si que il puist bien et mal faire;
Car se l'omme tel don eüst
Que de soy pechier ne peüst,
Point de remuneracion . . .
Ne peüst ou deüst avoir. . . .
A luy tient, j'en fay mon devoir.
Prest suy qu'au besoing le sequeure;
S'il n'est sauvés, en luy demeure,
Non pas en moy, en verité.
(*Lamenta*, iii, 2311) [17]

[16] The fault of Adam is considered of so heinous and outrageous a nature, that he forfeited his heritage so as to disinherit his children.

[17] I have given reason and courage to each with free will so that he can do good or ill; . . . for if man were of such a nature that he could not

Mès raisonnable créature,
Soit mortex hons, soit divins anges, . . .
S'el se mescongnoist comme nices,
Ce défaut li vient de ses vices
Que le sens li troble et enivre;
Car il puet bien Raison ensivre;
Et puet de franc voloir user;
N'est riens qui l'en puist excuser.
(*Roman de la rose*, 18797) [18]

In the appeal to reason in theological discussion lies the promise, at least, of universal tolerance. We can measure the originality and independence of such views by contrasting them with the saying of Louis IX:

> A man ought never to dispute with an unbeliever except with his sword, which he ought to drive into the heretic's heart as far as he can.

Guillaume le Clerc advises a course that is akin to the modern position of personal responsibility in articles of faith. One must not, certainly, press the apparent liberality of the counsel too far, yet the author's reliance in reason as a test of truth is very plain. He had been speaking of the wise ant which, passing by the rye and barley, selected the grain.

Tu crestiens, qui en Deu creiz
E l'escripture entenz e veiz,
Fent e devise sagement
La lettre del vel testament!
Ceo est a dire e a entendre,
Que tu ne deiz mie trop prendre

---

sin of his own will, he neither could or ought to have recompense. . . . All depends upon himself; I have done my duty in the matter. I am ready to aid him at need; if he is not saved, the fault is his own, not mine, in truth.

[18] But if a reasonable creature, whether a mortal man or divine angel, misbehaves like the fool, this fault comes from his vices, for his passions confuse him and overpower him; for he can follow reason, and can exercise freely his power of will. Nothing can excuse him from doing so.

Tot quanque l'escripture dit
Selonc la lettre, qui occit,
Mes l'esperit, qui vivifie.
Ceo ne deiz tu oblier mie.

(*Bestiaire*, 941) [19]

In the *Romance of the Rose*, the author maintains almost the attitude of the Renaissance scholars; he embellishes his pages with plenteous quotations from the classics he venerates, yet, in the discussion of really vital questions, he supports his opinion by an appeal to reason. The symbolic expression of his rationalizing temper is the important part allotted to Reason in the action of the poem.* Possibly Jean de Meung's admiration for Boethius had much to do with determining this result. In the work of the Latin scholar, it will be remembered, Philosophy consoles her life-long devotee in his prison. The role of Philosophy is, in the *Romance of the Rose*, partly given over to Reason. Scarcely had Jean de Meung taken up the pen to continue the pretty love-story of Guillaume de Lorris than he introduced Reason as the lover's guide. In conjunction with Nature it is she who brings the lover's fortunes to a happy issue. Now Jean de Meung was more interested in applying reason to ethical problems than to dogmas. Asceticism found in him an uncompromising foe and to win the battle he was forced to set nature and reason above authority. In this rationalizing temper and in the belief that the inclinations are a safe guide of conduct, Jean de Meung was in revolt against the conventions of his age. He belonged in spirit to the school of Epicurus and Lucretius, and along the path that he made followed Rabelais, Montaigne, La Fontaine and Molière. "Fay ce que voldras" might well have been a text for them all.

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[19] You, Christian, who believe in God and understand and know the Scripture, consider wisely and break open the letter of the Old Testament. I mean by this, that you ought not at all to take what the Scripture says according to the letter, which kills, but according to the spirit, which gives life. This you ought never to forget.

If now it may be assumed that the citations offered are representative of the protest of the age against ecclesiastical supremacy, it may be concluded that, in the period studied, there was little or no opposition to the ceremonial or to the discipline of the Church, that disapproval of the morals of the clergy, particularly of the Mendicant Orders, was widespread and outspoken, that resentment was keen against papal claims to control the universities and to play an important part in civil affairs, and that perhaps no doctrine had passed unchallenged, even if the attack was timorous and irresponsible. Conflict with a highly organized institution had called forth no mean amount of courage, and compelled the assertion, in however humble a degree, of the individual's right to decide for himself in questions of faith and ethics.*

CHAPTER V

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE AND THE PROTEST AGAINST THE ASCETIC IDEAL OF THE CHURCH

In the preceding chapters frequent allusion has been made to the most influential poem of the thirteenth century, *The Romance of the Rose*. As is well known, this remarkable work consists of two parts, the first of 4669 lines composed by Guillaume de Lorris, the second of 18,148 lines by Jean de Meung. The story, cast by the earlier poet in the conventional vision form, describes a lover's pursuit of his beloved, figured under the attempt to pluck a rose in the garden of delight. The lover is all but successful when the guardians of the rose rally to its defence, and shut up Bel Acueil, or Fair Welcome, the lover's friend, in a tower. With this untoward event Guillaume's part broke off. It was left for Jean de Meung to rescue the faithful friend and bestow the fair rose upon the lover. But Jean de Meung also infused the obvious symbolism of his predecessor with a far deeper allegory of his own. As soon as he took up the courtly romance, the love motive suffered a sea-change. In the earlier part of the poem, that written by Guillaume de Lorris, the chief obstacle to the lover's success is the lady's caprice; in the continuation Jean de Meung sharpened the issue to a polemic against asceticism. With caustic art he ranged False-Seeming and Constrained Abstinence among the host of Love, their task being to assail the postern-door. In the end Venus interposes to grant the lover his desire. Jean de Meung had thus got hold of a true allegorical motive: the eternal struggle of two opposing tendencies in society, although since he was not a great allegorist, like Bunyan, in the white heat of whose imagination action and symbol fuse into

one, passages in which he expounded his own views or denounced the friars sound like digressions. They are digressions only in the sense that the author abandoned the symbolic exposition for the literal.

Jean de Meung's work has been placed by some at the close of the thirteenth century, by others a score of years earlier. The author's unprecedented boldness in attacking the sacerdotal caste might argue for the years following the famous bull, *Clericis laicos* (1296), when Philip the Fair welcomed assailants of the papal hierarchy, but the best French scholars, Lanson, Langlois, Paris and others incline to the earlier date.

Be this as it may, the *Romance of the Rose* is to be considered the clearest expression of the rationalizing temper in the thirteenth century. As the citations previously offered have shown, Jean de Meung applied the test of reason to the institutions and beliefs of his day. Over his mind the glamour of sentiment had no charm, and he was almost equally unfettered by conventions. He ascribed the most selfish motives to the founders of the monarchy and the nobility, and showed no more respect for their descendants; he demanded that the priesthood win veneration by pure living, not by the bishop's consecration; he defended the University of Paris as the citadel of free thought; he made Reason the protagonist of his great work. So too he was the foremost opponent of asceticism as an unnatural and unintelligent theory. The present chapter will set forth his and other protests against the dominant monkish ideal.

In speaking of the opposition to asceticism led by Jean de Meung, it is not implied that the medieval Church ever enjoined renunciation as essential. But in the Middle Ages, as in no other period, was the body held to be necessarily at war with the soul. On the other hand, fasting, flagellation, uncleanness of body, were then extolled as positive virtues. Each monastic order was founded to express in ever stricter form the passionate striving after the subdual of the flesh. Saint Louis wore a

hair shirt day and night, washed the feet of beggars, made two of his daughters nuns, and gave to his sons a monkish education. The orthodox view of this world was that expressed in the well-known twelfth century Latin poem by Bernard of Cluny.

The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate....
Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
The life that knows no ending,
The deathless life is There....
The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay;
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away.
(*The Celestial Country*, tr. J. M. Neale)

The natural corollary to such an opinion of the present world is the exaltation of a life spent in preparation for the next and of the celibate state as offering the fewest obstacles to such a life. And so we have the legend of Saint Cecilia and the host of virgin martyrs.

In the *Romance of the Rose* we breathe no such rarefied air. Although Jean de Meung subscribed himself a believer in the tenets of the Church, he was untouched by the spirituality of its message. His concern was with the establishment on earth of a community wherein theft and violence should exist no more because poverty and oppression were unknown. Whatever did not fit in with such an ideal he combated as dangerous. He clashed, accordingly, with the monastic orders in their glorification of celibacy. He himself reduced love and marriage to the plane of social economics. Like the monarchy, marriage is to him not a divine institution, but the mere result of social necessity; it is a device to keep the strong man from carrying off the wife of a weaker man. Nature has

nothing to say to such an arrangement. The oft quoted passage is as follows:

D'autre part, el [les femmes] sunt franches nées;
Loi les a condicionées,
Qui les oste de lor franchises
Où Nature les avoit mises;
Car Nature n'est pas si sote
Qu'ele féist nestre Marote
Tant solement por Robichon . . .
Ne Robichon por Mariete; . . .
Ains nous a fait, biau filz, n'en doutes,
Toutes por tous, et tous por toutes, . . .
Si que quant eus sunt affiées,
Par loi prises et mariées,
Por oster dissolucions
Et contens et occisions,
Et por aidier les norretures
Dont il ont ensemble les cures,
Si s'esforcent en toutes guises
De retourner à lor franchises
Les dames et les damoiseles.

In primitive society the beautiful woman was snatched from her husband.

Si que jadis s'entretuoient,
Et les norretures lessoient,
Ains que l'en féist mariages
Par le conseil des homes sages.

(*Roman de la rose*, 14822–14863) [1]

[1] Women are born free; it is law that has reduced their estate by taking away the freedom with which Nature had endowed them; for Nature is not so foolish as to create Marote solely for Robichon, or Robichon for Mariete. Rather, dear son, do not doubt that she has made all women for all men, and all men for all women. . . . So that when matrons and young girls are affianced, and given in marriage by law, to prevent separations and strife and murder, and to aid the bringing up of children by giving these the care of both parents, they strive in every way to recover their freedom. . . . Because men killed one another [to obtain a beautiful woman] and neglected the rearing of their children, for this reason was marriage devised by the counsel wof ise men.

This view of marriage diverges, of course, widely from the teaching of the Church, which called marriage a sacrament, and made the human relation a type of the mystic union of Christ and the Church. Much later certain of the Reformed churches defined marriage as a civil contract, but in his day Jean de Meung stood almost alone. The chief justification of his attack on celibacy Jean de Meung found in the need of preserving the human race. He was a fore-runner of the modern eugenists in his appreciation of the duty that each generation owes to posterity.

Mès ge sai bien, pas n'el devin,
Continuer l'estre devin
A son pooir voloir déust
Quiconques à fame géust, . . .
Por ce que tuit sunt corrumpable. . . .
Car puis que père et mère faillent,
Vuet Nature que les fil saillent
Por recontinuer ceste ovre,
Si que par l'un l'autre recovre.
(*Roman de la rose*, 5124) [2]

One of the admirers, or imitators, of Jean de Meung, Matheolus, is even more radical than his master. The *Lamenta*, it should be conceded, was written for private circulation only, and for a group of clerics, who might be supposed to possess the theological acumen necessary to sift the wheat from the bran of the author's teaching. Matheolus, himself unhappy in marriage, would do away with the artificial bond and follow inclination alone. In spite of his own hard experience, however, he will not allow the monk's contention that the celibate state is holier.

[2] Now I know well — I am not uncertain — that every one who takes a wife should do so with the will to continue the divine creation, since all men are mortal. For when fathers and mothers die, Nature desires their sons to succeed to continue her work, so that she may replace the elder generation by the younger.

Qui achate vache mal saine
Ou beuf qui chiet en maladie, . . .
Six mois a d'espace du rendre. . . .
Doncques doit bien six mois avoir
Cils qui prent femme pour sçavoir
S'il la veult laissier ou tenir.

(*Lamenta*, iii, 356–363) [3]

Quiconques a fait mariage
Pour avoir enfans et lignage,
Certes, il fist, je n'en doubt mie,
Grant prejudice a la lignie; . . .
Sans mariage continue
S'espece toute beste mue,
Et toute plante ou herbe engendre
Sans mariage son droit gendre. . . .
En ne m'a pas crée nature
Pour une seule creature. . . .
En n'est pas nature si vile
Que seulement creast Sebile
Pour Werry, ne Werry pour elle,
Ne moy aussi pour Perrenelle. . . .
Mais mariage est au contraire;
Le seul veult a la seule traire;
Dont nature est forment contrainte
Et souvent troublée et estainte;
Retourner veult a sa franchise;
Et quant n'y puet estre remise
Lors muet riotes et discorde.

(*Lamenta*, iii, 1053–1253) [4]

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[3] He who buys an unhealthy cow or an ox which falls sick has six months' time to return it in. . . . So he who takes a wife ought to have six months to decide whether he wishes to give her up or to retain her.

[4] He who invented marriage to preserve the race, certainly he inflicted an evil upon humanity. Every dumb beast continues its species without marriage, and every plant and herb without marriage produces its true offspring. Therefore Nature has not created me for a single creature; therefore Nature is not so base as to create Sebile for Werry, or Werry for her, or me for Perrenelle . . . But marriage by a contrary plan effects

Yet when Matheolus asks which state is better, the cloister or marriage, he is answered:

> J'ay les mariages fondus,
> Mais les moyens n'ay pas tondus,
> Ne religion ne fis oncques.
> Si puis assés conclure doncques
> Les mariés plus glorieus
> Que moynes ne religieus....
> Compte bien et si t'asseüre
> Que mariage est primerain
> Et des estas le souverain.
>
> (*Lamenta*, iii, 2139–2156)[5]

The author of *Renart le Contrefait* assumes the same attitude, making the beauty of Nature the direct work of God.

> Lors [Renart] vit Nature en sa chayere
> Qui tant belle et qui tant noble yere.
> Moult fu plaisant et gracieuze
> Et delitable et moult piteuse.
> Sa beaulté ne contreferoit
> Homs qui le pooir Dieu n'aroit....
> Car se Dieu du tout la creüst,
> Oncq homs ne femme ne morust,
> Adès vesquissent et duressent
> Et tousjours fourmes engerressent.
> Generacion tant lui plaist
> Que c'est la vie qui la paist.
>
> (*Renart le Contrefait*, 23979, 24034)[6]

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the union of one man with one woman; thereby is Nature greatly constrained and often troubled and destroyed; she wishes to return to her free state, and when she cannot resume it, then she excites riots and discord.

[5] I have founded marriage, but I have not shaved the monks, nor did I ever establish a religious order, so that you may conclude that married persons are more honorable than monks or priests. Reckon and count it as sure that marriage is the first and chief of states.

[6] Then Renart saw Nature on her throne in all her beauty and nobility. Very pleasant and gracious was she and charming and compassionate. No man, unless he were endowed with the power of God, could imitate

The radical divergence of this last author from orthodox teaching is revealed by a comparison of that passage in Deguilleville in which Nature, an ugly old woman, sets herself in opposition to Grace Dieu for the government of man's soul (*Pèlerinage de la vie humaine*, 1503–2003) with lines 24086–90 of *Renart le Contrefait*. In the latter poem Nature is represented as young and fair, but Fear, who warns of retribution after death, is pictured as a weak old woman. Nature, moreover, makes light of the warning.

> Ceulx qui voulront enfer avoir
> Et qui a plain bras le querront,
> Je suis bien d'accord qu'ilz l'aront.
> Cellui qui quiert enfer, si l'oit,
> Qui dampné voeult estre, si soit.
> (*Renart le Contrefait*, 24086) [7]

The popularity of the *Romance of the Rose* and of the fourteenth century translation of the *Lamenta* is due, in large part, to their being the gathering together of the half pagan folk ethics never quite vanquished by the uncompromising attitude of Christianity. The popular expression of this same morality is found in the lyric poetry of the same time. Jeanroy and Gaston Paris have traced the origin of this lyric poetry to the May dance-songs of heathen times. The subject is also discussed by E. K. Chambers, who gives many extracts from sermons and the decrees of church councils to show that the heathen character of spring and harvest festivals persisted far down into Christian times, if indeed it be even now wholly transformed. The reason is not far to seek. Christianity, entering a world of self-indulgence, and persecuted from the

her beauty. . . . If God had listened wholly to her, never had man or woman suffered death; still they would have been alive and strong, and ever would they have created new life. She favors generation since she can herself live only by the life of her creatures.

[7] Those who wish to have a Hell and who seek it with open arms, I am content that they should have it. Let him who seeks a Hell, have it. If any one wishes to be damned, be it after his will.

start, took on the sternness of a martyr faith. Yet while the people acknowledged eagerly the superior purity of the new religion, they clung affectionately to their old rituals, as finding therein a warm humanity which answered their craving for joy, excitement, life. The lyric poetry of mediæval Europe breathed from the very first a spirit of revolt and found its delight in those old pagan customs against which the Church directed its anathemas. Some literary historians have ascribed the neo-paganism of the Renaissance to the revival of classical studies. Whether by "paganism" is meant merely a joy in living, or self-indulgence, the men of the Renaissance doubtless found encouragement for their views of life in the classics. That, however, they inherited their philosophy of enjoyment from their immediate forebears even a cursory reading of mediæval lyrics reveals.

Protest against the austere counsels of the Church has left its most distinct literary traces in the dance-songs, the abundance of which attests their correspondence with popular feeling. In vain did the Church picture the terrors of departing life, as in the hymn of Peter Damian:

> Gravi me terrore pulsas, vitæ dies ultima: . . .
> Quis enim pavendum illud explicat spectaculum
> Cum, dimenso vitæ cursu, carnis ægra nexibus
> Anima luctatur solvi, propinquans ad exitum?
> Perit sensus, lingua riget, revolvuntur oculi. . . .
> Stupent membra, pallent ora, decor abit corporis. . . .
> Falsa tunc dulcedo carnis in amarum vertitur
> Quando brevem voluptatem perpes pœna sequitur.
> Iam quod magnum credebatur nil fuisse cernitur.
>
> (*Latin Hymns*, F. A. March, pp. 94, 95)

In vain did the Church advise the prayer, the fast, the vigil in preparation for the dread Judge in those most terrible lines:

> Dies iræ, dies illa
> Solvet sæclum in favilla,
> Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus! . . .

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus iudicetur.

Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

(*Latin Hymns*, March, p. 154)

One might have expected that the shadow of a theology so grim would have fallen across even the popular poetry, yet there are not wanting songs to prove that to many a joyous singer cakes and ale were, notwithstanding, good, and ginger hot in the mouth. The naturalism of troubadour poetry is especially striking. Arnaut Daniel, to bend the heart of his lady, burns tapers and hears a thousand masses (Diez, *Leben und Werke der Troubadour*, p. 356). The mood is as absolutely heathen as the prayer of Chryses to Apollo.

Many of the early folk songs are distinctly May-songs, pointing back to an old heathen festival in honor of the return of spring, the Pervigilium Veneris among the Romans. In such poems we see the procession at dawn to bear home boughs from the wood, the merry dance about the may-pole, the beacon fires as night comes on. A poem of the thirteenth century, *Guillaume de Dole*, pictures the gay throng.

Tuit li citoien s'en issirent
Mie nuit por aler au bos.
La cité en avait le los
D'estre toz jors mout deduianz.
Au matin, quant li jors fu granz,
Et il aporterent lor mai,
Tuit chargié de flors et de glai
Et de rainsiaus verz et foilluz;
Onc si biaus mais ne fu veüz

De gieus, de flors, et de verdure;
Parmi la cité a droiture
Le vont a grant joie portant,
Et dui damoisel vont chantant:
"Tout la gieus sor rive mer,
Compaignon, or dou chanter.
Dames i ont baus leves:
Mout en ai le cuer gai.
Compaignon, or dou chanter
En l'onor de mai."
Quant il l'orent bien porchanté,
Es soliers amont l'ont porté,
Et mis hors parmi les fenestres,
Dont ont embeliz tos les estres;
Et getent partot herbe et flor
Sor le pavement, por l'onor
Dou haut jor et dou haut concire.

(*Guillaume de Dole*, 4141) [8]

Representative of a large group of poems, expressing frank content with life as it is, are the following tender and unaffected lines from a thirteenth century pastourelle.

J'ai trop plus de joie
Et de déduit
Que li rois de France
N'en a, ce cuit.

[8] All the citizens went forth at midnight to go to the wood; the city was famed for being ever full of joy. In the morning when the day was high, they brought back their may, every one laden with blossoms and flower-stalks and green, leafy boughs; never was so beautiful a may seen with the flower-stalks and blossoms and verdure. Straight through the city they bore it joyfully, and two youths went before singing: "Just below on the shore of the sea, — companions, begin the singing! — maidens have started the dancing: glad is my heart therefor. Companions, begin the singing in honor of the May." And when they had sung their song through, they bore the may to the upper rooms, and hung it out through the windows so that they made all the dwellings beautiful; and they strewed everywhere herbs and flowers over the pavement, for the honor of the glad day and of the high assembly.

S'il a sa richesse
Je la lui quit;
Car j'ai ma miete
Et jor et nuit.
(*Chansons populaires*, Nisard, p. 48) [9]

Almost identical is the snatch of melody which Alceste's commendation has made immortal:

Si le roi m'avait donné
Paris, sa grand' ville,
Et qu'il me fallut quitter
L'amour de ma mie,
Je dirais au roi Henri,
"Reprenez votre Paris.
J'aime mieux ma mie, au gué!
J'aime mieux ma mie."

The significance of such humble ditties, their joint contribution to the nation's philosophy of life, becomes clear, perhaps for the first time, in Molière's work, with its strong insistence on practical values, its discouragement of sentimentalism, if not of spirituality. In this tendency towards materialism lay the deep reason for the criticism of *Tartuffe* by the religious, actual criticism going astray into the charge that the dramatist had represented piety as always a sham. The love poetry of the time is, in this sense of the word, materialistic; it does not, like Dante's poetry, open spiritual vistas; it degrades religious ideals into a measure of the lover's devotion to the earthly beloved. So Thibaut sang:

Cele [la dame] me puet reconforter;
En li est ma morz et ma vie....
Tant sui vers lui fins et entiers
Que toz jorz voudraie mielz estre
Avec li qu'o le roi celestre....

[9] I have far more joy and delight than the king of France, so I think; I'll not envy him his riches, for I have my darling night and day.

Ne me porroit mieuz aeisier
Dex de trestot son parevis
Que se j'avoie a mon devis
La boche ma tres douce dame....
Quel marveille est ce se ge l'ain?
Se tuit li prestre et tuit li moine
Qui soient jusques Babyloine,
Et li evesque et li abé
M'en avoient trestuit gabé,
N'en puis ge pas mon cuer retraire.
(*Romanz de la poire*, 1579–85; 1695–9; 1743–8) [10]

It is rare that the Church is mentioned. Occasionally there is a cry of protest against the austere life, as in this plaint of the enforced nun.

Quant se vient en mai
Que rose espanie,
Je l'alai cuillir
Par grant druerie.
En poi d'ore oï
Une vois série
Lonc un vert bouset,
Près d'une abiete;
"Je sens les dous maus
Leiz ma ceinturete;
Malois soit de Deu,
Qui me fist nonete!

Qui nons me fist
Jhesus le maldie!
Je vis trop envis
Vespres ne complies,

[10] My lady alone can comfort me; in her is my death and my life. So entirely am I hers that ever would I choose to be with her rather than with the king of Heaven. . . . God with all his paradise could not make me so happy as I should be if I might kiss at will the lips of my sweet lady. . . . What marvel is it if I love her? If all the priests and all the monks from here to Babylon and the bishops and the abbés had blamed my love, I could not restrain my heart.

J'aimasse trop miels
Meneir boine vie,
Que fust sans deduis,
Et amerousete.
Je sens," etc.
(*Chansons populaires*, Nisard, p. 29) [11]

Another phase of the revolt against the austerity which the cloister would have inculcated as the proper mood for sojourners in a state of woe was a certain nonchalance in regard to the possible penalties attached to so comfortable a condoning of one's own short-comings. The conception of God became anthropomorphic to an amazing degree, considering the hold that the Church had upon men's thought. Ecclesiastics seem to have passed by with scant censure both frank irreverence and the humanizing conception of the Creator, reserving the bolts of their excommunication for verbal dissent from the creed. The attitude of mind is, certainly, most curious, whether we regard it as the survival of the folk religion or as the reaction of the flesh asserting its rights against an unduly ascetic ideal.

To the jovial Monk of Montaudan, the Creator of Heaven and Earth was another good fellow, who shared the monk's own contempt for the sour faces of ascetics and who knew well the worth of a good song or joke or sword-thrust. Such a judge might be trusted to deal leniently with an occasional lapse in monastic duties.

L'autr'ier fuy en paradis,
Per qu'ieu suy guays e joyos,
Quar tan mi fo amoros
Dieus, a cui tot obezis,
Terra, mare, vals e montanha;

[11] In spring when the rose opens, I went to gather one for love's sake. Soon I heard a sad voice in a green wood near a convent: — "I feel the sweet pangs of love in my heart; accursed be he of God who made me a nun! May Jesus destroy him who made me a nun! In discontent I live, vespers and complines; I should wish to lead a happy life, blessed by love than one without joy. I feel," etc.

E m dis: Morgue, quar venguis,
Ni cum estay Montaudos,
Lai on as maior companha?

Senher, estat ai aclis
En claustra un an o dos,
Per qu'ai perdut los baros;
Sol quar vos am e us servis,
Me fan lor amor estranha. . . .

Monge, ges ieu no t grazis,
S'estas en claustr'a rescos,
Ni vols guerras ni tensos
Ni pelei' ab tos vezis,
Per que'l bailia t remanha;
Ans am ieu lo chant e'l ris;
E'l segles en es plus pros,
E Montaudos y guazanha. . . .

The Lord further advises the monk to seek Richard of England, his former benefactor.

Senher, ieu l'agra ben vis,
Si per mal de vos no fos,
Quar anc sofris sas preizos;
Mas la naus dels Sarrazis
No us membra ges cossi s banha;
Quar, si dins Acre s culhis,
Pro i agr'enquer Turcx fellos;
Folhs es qui us sec en mesclanha.
(Raynouard, *Choix*, iv, 40)[12]

[12] The other day I was in Paradise, — the recollection makes me gay and joyous, — for the Lord whom everything obeys, earth, sea, valley and mountain, was gracious to me and said: "Monk, why have you come here, and how is Montaudon, where there is a greater company?" — "Lord, I have been on my knees in the cloister a year or two, and in this way lost the favor of the barons; only because I love and serve you, their love is estranged from me." — "Monk, I do not thank you at all for shutting yourself up in the cloister and caring nothing for wars and lampoons and strife with your neighbors, whereby your vigor is maintained; I prefer singing and laughter; and the world is the happier for it, and

In the charming chantefable of northern France, *Aucassin et Nicolete*, there breathes the same spirit of absorption in the goodliness of this earth and of unconcern for the future. The lover will not exchange his beloved for the pale joys of the blessed. To Paradise, indeed, he consigns those who would be but sorry company on earth.

The master of Nicolete tries to persuade Aucassin that his love for the beautiful captive is vain.

> "Tos les jors du siecle en seroit vos cors honis, et aprés en seroit vo arme en infer; qu'en paradis n'enterriés vos ja."

But the lover will none of such prudent counsels.

> "En paradis qu'ai je a faire? Je n'i quier entrer mais que j'aie Nicolete, ma tresdouce amie que j'aim tant. C'en paradis ne vont fors tex gens, con je vous dirai. Il i vont cil viel prestre et cil viel clop et cil manke, qui tote jor et tote nuit cropent devant ces autex et en ces viés creutes, et cil a ces viés capes esreses et a ces viés tatereles vestues, qui sont nu et descauc et estrumelé, qui moeurent de faim, et de soi et de froit et de messaises. Icil vont en paradis; aveuc ciax n'ai jou que faire. Mais en infer voil jou aler; car en infer vont li bel clerc, et li bel cevalier qui sont mort as tornois et as rices gueres, et li boin sergant et li franc home. Aveuc ciax voil jou aler. Et s'i vont les beles dames cortoises, que eles ont deus amis ou trois avoc leur barons, et s'i va li ors et li argens et li vairs et li gris, et s'i vont harpeor et jogleor et li roi del siecle. Avoc ciax voil jou aler, mais que j'aie Nicolete, ma tresdouce amie, aveuc mi."
>
> (*Aucassin et Nicolete*, ed. Suchier, pp. 8, 9) [12]

Montaudon profits thereby." — . . . "Lord, I should have gladly visited him [Richard], if it had not been for your fault, through which he suffers captivity; but you don't care at all what the fleet of the Saracens is doing; now if it collects at Acre, the wicked Turk will again have the advantage; foolish is he who follows you into a scrape!"

[12] All the days of this life you would be shamed, and afterwards your soul would be in Hell; for into Paradise you could never enter." — "In Paradise what have I to gain? I desire not to enter there without Nicolete, my sweet lady whom I love so well. For into Paradise go none but such

A valuation of the saints in which Aucassin would have heartily concurred is given in Gautier's *Miracles de la Sainte Vierge.*

Plus maine Dex ou ciel lassus
Des vilains aus blanches chapètes,
De veuves fames, de viellètes,
De mesiaus, de tors, de croçus,
De contrefaiz et de boçuz,
Qu'il ne face de bele gent.
Li fol, li preu, li bel gent,
Les beles dames de grant pris
Qui traynant vont ver et gris,
Roys, roynes, dus et contesses
En enfer vienent à granz presses; . . .
Ou ciel va toute la ringaille,
Le grain avons et Diex la paille.

(*Miracle du vilain qui à grant poine savait la moitié de son Ave Maria*, l. 206) [14]

In a piece that attains at once intense pathos and poetic expression, it is instructive to note the pure paganism of spirit

folk as I will tell you. Thither go those old priests and those old cripples and deformed men, who crouch all day and all night before the altars and in the old crypts, and those with old, shabby cloaks and old, ragged garments; thither go the naked, the barefooted, the trouserless, those who are perishing of hunger and thirst and cold and disease. These are the folk who enter Paradise; with such I have nothing in common. But into Hell I shall go gladly; for into Hell go the goodly clerics and the brave knights that died in the tourneys and the glorious wars, and the worthy captains and the dauntless men. With these I wish to go. And thither go the fair gracious ladies, who have lovers, two or three, besides their lords, and thither go the gold and the silver and the costly furs, and thither go the harpers and the jongleurs and the kings of this world. With these I wish to go, if only I may have Nicolete, my dear lady, with me."

[14] [The devils say:] "To Heaven above God leads more peasants with white capes, more widowed women, aged crones, sick folk, men misshapen, bent, deformed, ulcerous, than he does persons fair to see. The gay, the noble, the goodly knights, the beautiful ladies much sought after, they who wear costly furs, kings, queens, dukes and countesses flock into Hell; . . . to Heaven go the riff-raff; we have the grain and God has the straw."

informing the poem, paganism masquerading under the guise of Christianity. The prayer is fervid and addressed to God, but the request is not for spiritual blessings, but for the return of the beloved. The tone recalls the second Idyl of Theocritus and the boon desired is much the same. I refer to an alba by Guiraut de Bornelh.

Reis glorios, verais lums e clartatz,
Deus poderos, senher, si a vos platz,
al meu companh siatz fizels aiuda,
qu'eu non lo vi, pois la noitz fon venguda;
et ades sera l'alba.

Bel companho, si dormetz o veillatz?
non dormatz plus, suau vos ressidatz,
qu'en orien vei l'estela creguda
qu' amena·l iorn qu'eu l'ai ben coneguda;
et ades sera l'alba. . . .

Bel companho, pos me parti de vos,
eu no·m dormi ni·m moc de genolhos
anz preguei Dieu, lo filh Santa Maria,
que·us mi rendes per leial companhia;
et ades sera l'alba. . . .

Bel dos companh, tan soi en ric soiorn
qu'eu no volgra mais fos alba ni iorn,
car la gensor que anc nasques de maire,
tenc e abras, per qu'eu non prezi gaire
lo fol gelos ni l'alba.
(*Provenzalische Chrestomathie*, ed. Appel, p. 91) [15]

[15] Glorious king, true light and splendor, God all powerful, Lord, if thou wilt, be a faithful helper to my friend, whom I have not seen since the night has come, and soon will break the dawn. Fair comrade, are you sleeping or awake? Sleep no more, gently waken, for in the east I see the star rising, which brings in the day; all too well have I recognized it, and soon shall break the dawn. Fair comrade, since I parted from you, I have not slept or moved from my knees; but I have prayed God, the son of Saint Mary, to bring you back to me in faithful love; and soon shall

In Theocritus, the deserted girl uses the material means, the love-charm, besides the prayer to call back the errant lover, but the expectancy of divine interposition is no greater. The one poem is as frankly pagan as the other in its delight in sensuous loveliness and its setting of the individual desire above the laws of social stability learned through slow experience. Naturalism is a striking characteristic of the medieval lyric. There appears no sense of duty or decorum traceable to Christian influence. All is emotion as spontaneous and unrestrained as in the Sicilian pastoral.

So far as the great movement we call the Renaissance is a revolt from a dry scholasticism and the tendency to petrify human activity into rigidly accepted forms of conduct and belief, its antecedents may be seen in this philosophy of the common life, which finds the loveliness of earth good to see and hear. The world that the glad eyes of these poets behold is too wonderful and joyous for them to aspire towards another. In these lyrics, bright with rapture in the return of spring with its tender grass, its opening buds, the warm sun, may be traced as natural human emotion what a later age was to attempt to justify philosophically.

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break the dawn. Fair, sweet comrade, I enjoy so rich a delight that I would there were neither dawn nor day, for I clasp in my embrace the most beautiful creature ever born of mother, and so I regard not the jealous fool or the dawn.

CHAPTER VI

PROTEST AGAINST SEX-DISCRIMINATION

TODAY the most insistent revolt against social tyranny is feminism. Anything like an organized movement towards the emancipation of women could not, of course, have been even dreamed of in the Middle Ages. Yet, in a perverted form, the woman-question excited great interest, witness the long discussions of female depravity with which medieval literature abounds.*

Among those who discussed the subject soberly, Philippe de Novare presents the extreme antifeminist idea. Women are to be brought up in subjection and to remain in this condition all their lives. Accordingly they need no knowledge outside of the household arts. Knowledge might even open to them an avenue to sin. They are not to be trusted to guard their own virtue. But there is this crumb of comfort: less will be expected of them than of men. Obedience and chastity sum up female duty.

> Tuit cil et toutes celes qui les [les femeles] norrissent en anfance, les doivent apanre et ansaignier qu'eles soient bien en commandement et en subjection: . . . en anfance doit ele obeïr a çaus qui la norrissent et quant ele est mariée outrémant doit obéir a son mari comme a son seignor; et se ele se rant en religion, ele doit estre obeïssanz parfitement a sa soverainne selonc la regle. . . .
>
> Toutes fames doivent savoir filer et coudre; car la povre en avra mestier, et la riche connoistra miaus l'ovre des autres. . . .
>
> A fame ne doit on apanre letres ne escrire, se ce n'est especiaument por estre nonnain; car par lire et escrire de fame

sont maint mal avenu. Car . . . li deables est si soutis et entendanz a faire pechier, que tost la metroit en corage que ele(s) lise les letres et li face respons.*

Fames ont grant avantage d'une chose: legierement pueent garder lor honors, . . . por une seule chose; mès a l'om en covient plusors, se il vuet estre por bons tenuz: besoigs est que il soit cortois et larges et hardiz et sages. Et la fame, se ele est prode fame de son cors, toutes ses autres taches sont covertes, et puet aler partot teste levée; et por ce ne covient mie tant d'ansaignemanz as filles comme au filz. . . .

Tieus est la meniere . . . des fames qui font folie . . . de lors cors. Autrement est des homes: car, comment qu'il soit dou pechié, il ont une grant vainne gloire, quant l'an dit que il ont beles amies. . . . Li lignages des homes n'i a point de honte, et les fames honissent . . . eles meïsmes et tout lor lignage . . . quant eles sont a droit blasmées.

(*Quatre tenz d'aage d'ome*, ¶¶ 21, 24, 25, 31, 89) [1]

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[1] All those who rear young girls should teach them in childhood to be under rule and in subjection: . . . in childhood they should obey those who rear them, and when they are married they ought to obey their husbands as their lords; and if they become nuns, they should obey absolutely their superior according to the rule. . . . All women ought to know how to spin and sew; for the poor woman will need to practice these arts, and the rich woman will know how to superintend the work of others. . . . A woman should not be taught reading or writing, if it is not to prepare for being a nun; for through women's knowing how to read and write many evils have come about. For . . . the devil is so subtle and wise in tempting to sin that he would put it into their hearts to read the letters [of their lovers] and answer them. . . . Women have a great advantage in one way: they can maintain their honor easily, . . . by a single virtue; but to man many virtues are necessary, if he desires to be honored: it is necessary for him to be courteous and liberal and bold and wise. But if a woman is modest, all her defects in other respects are overlooked, and she can carry her head high everywhere; and therefore it is not needful to give so much instruction to daughters as to sons. . . . So dishonorable is the position of women who stoop to folly. It is different in the case of men, for although their sin may be as great, yet they count it a matter of pride to have it said that they have fair friends. The family of men has no shame thereby, but women disgrace themselves and all their family, when they are justly blamed.

Despite his low opinion of women, Philippe de Novare advises marriage.

> Et tout soit ce que li liens de mariage est morteus bataille, ou covient morir l'un des deux, ainz que loiaument departent dou champ, toutes voies en vient li grignor biens et la grignor joie que l'an ait au siecle; et mout d'anui en avint ausis, mais li bien passent les maus.
>
> (*Quatre tenz d'aage d'ome*, ¶ 78)

Especially should young men of the bourgeoisie marry early, since "li fais des fames espousées acorse [acuet?] moult les sens." The counsel reminds one of Bacon's saying, "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune."

The patient Griseldas approved by Philippe de Novare were perhaps not too often met with in real life, otherwise how account for the popularity of such stories as that told in *Renart le Contrefait*, ll. 40013–40797?

> On a certain journey Tibert falls in with a tigress that has not eaten for seven years through lack of her proper food, a wife faithful and obedient to her husband. Tibert guides the tigress to the marketplace, sure that among the throng of buyers and sellers a prey will be found. Yet no woman flees at the approach of the tigress.

The fable of Chiche Vache (A. Jubinal, *Mystères inédits*, i, p. 390), the lean cow that fed on patient wives, has the same moral.

The wife of Matheolus would have proved an indigestible morsel for the fastidious beast according to the rueful testimony of her husband.

> Se je di "bo", elle dit "beu";
> Nous sommes comme chien et leu,
> Qui s'entrerechignent es bois;
> Et se je vueil avoir des pois,
> Elle fera de la porée,
> Tant est de mauvaise corée. . . .

Many a man has suffered the like sad experience. Woman is strangely perverse.

> Ne veult que son mari domine,
> Mais contre ses fais abhomine....
> Ce qu'elle aime convient amer
> Et ce qu'elles héent blasmer,
> Et reprouver ce que repreuvent.
>
> (*Lamenta*, i, 713–755) [2]

This reversal of relations pleasing to man's vanity seemed to the poet a ground of accusation against Providence:

> Tu fourmas la premiere mere
> Du costé d'Adam, nostre pere,
> Afin de luy faire subside,
> Bien, plaisir, service et aïde....
> Mais qui au cler l'esprouveroit
> Tout le contraire trouveroit;
> Car sur l'omme a la seignourie;...
> Endormis es, ou tu rassotes
> Puis que les drois aux hommes ostes....
> Ou tu dors, ou tu es trop vieulx.
>
> (*Lamenta*, iii, 839–968) [3]

Etienne de Fougères discusses the subject temperately. In pointing out that the idle rich woman is a source of danger to society from her very leisure, he is quite in accord with one school of our most advanced feminists. Had all women, he

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[2] If I say "bo," she says "beu"; we are like dog and wolf, that fight each other in the woods; and if I want peas, she will cook leeks; so shrewish is her disposition. . . . Woman [nowadays] will not suffer her husband to rule her, but rebels against his acts. What she loves, he must love, and what she hates, blame, and condemn what she condemns.

[3] Thou didst form the first mother from the side of Adam, our father, to afford him aid, good, pleasures, service and help. But one who should examine sharply actual conditions, would find exactly the opposite relations prevailing, for woman has dominion over man. Lord, thou art fallen asleep or thou art besotted, since thou takest from men their rights. . . . Either thou sleepest or thou art too old.

implies, some useful occupation, their faults would all but disappear. Etienne is careful also to offset his unflattering portrait by another of the good woman.

Riche dame qui est jolive
O son saignor tence et estrive;
Vers lui se tient gorde et eschive
Vers un pejor de lui braïve. . . .

A proz se tient et a guerie,
Si grant gent est par lei perie; . . .
Riche dome qui heit conoille,
Ne teist, ne file, ne traoille, . . .
De tote cure se despoille,

Fors de sei faire belle et gente
Et sei peindre blanche ou rovente,
Et dit que mal fut sa jovente,
Si en amor ne met entente.

(*Livre des manières*, st. 249–265) [4]

But Etienne is glad to testify to the goodness also of many women, and he speaks approvingly of marriage.

Bone fame est moult haute chose;
De bien feire pas ne repose, . . .
Bien conseilier et bien fere ose.

Nule joie n'est tant garie
Com de mari et de marie;
Ja la lor joie n'iert tolie.

(*Livre des manières*, st. 284, 293) [5]

[4] The rich woman who is pretty, strives and contends with her lord. Towards him she is cold and distant, towards a worse than he, graciously bold. She holds it a tribute to her worth and fame if many persons lose their lives for her. A rich woman who hates the spindle will not weave or spin or wind; . . . of every care she rids herself, except making herself sweet and fair, and painting herself white or red, and she thinks that her time is ill-spent if it is not spent in love.

[5] A good woman is a very noble thing; she rests not from welldoing. She dares to counsel and to do well. . . . No joy is so secure as that of husband and wife; never shall their joy be taken from them.

Gautier de Coincy is chivalrous to women as becomes the poet devoted to the service of Our Lady, but he accepts woman's status as fixed, just as do most of his contemporaries. He has words of reproof for the lady too fond of finery, but sings by preference the praise of the good woman.

Bone fame, n'en dout de riens,
Est si très sainte et si très nete
Qu'eut plus soef que violete,
Que fleur de liz ne fresche rose,
Et Diex en li maint et repose.
Nule èsmeraude, nule gemme
N'est tant nete com nete fame,
Tant esmerée ne tant pure.
Par desus toute créature
Doit preudefame estre honorée.

(*Miracle du moine que Notre Dame resuscita*, 497) [6]

The Hermit has little to say about woman's position. He is in advance of his age in advocating a single standard of morals for men and women.

Hom ki fame deshonoras,
Ausi ies tu deshonorés;
N'ies pas sans honte demorés,
Car hontous labour laboras.

Hom de pekier a avantage
Au siecle et moins a de hontage
Ke fame, mais il desert pis
A Diu et plus a de damage.
Hom, ki ton cors mes a folage,

[6] The good woman, do not doubt it, is so very holy and pure that she is sweeter than the violet, than the fleur-de-lis or the fresh rose, and God dwells and rests in her. No emerald, no gem is so pure as the pure woman, so precious or so flawless. Above every other creature should the good woman be honored.

Plus ies ke fame a Diu despis,
Dessavourés et awarpis.
(*Romans de Carité*, st. 226, 228) [7]

Jean de Meung has been considered the greatest antifeminist of the age. It is not to be expected, indeed, that so satirical an author should praise women like the courtly Guillaume de Lorris. In many ways, notwithstanding, he was in advance of his times in his attitude towards women. It must be noted, first of all, that the most abusive passages of the *Romance of the Rose* are not given as the author's own view, but are put in the mouth of those whose cavil is slight reproach. Thus it is the brutal husband who utters the maledictions upon the female sex, which occupy lines 9204 to 10110. Since the jealous man's upbraiding is lengthened to include all the author's erudition on the subject of female depravity culled from Juvenal, Valerius, and other misogynists, the connection is lost, and the strictures are often quoted as the author's own. That Jean de Meung did not assent to this exaggerated reproach is shown, however, by his putting the opinions in question in the mouth of the cruel husband, by the upright friend's reproving the violence of the husband and by the purpose of the book, which is a defence of marriage against celibacy. The friend says that although good women are few, yet when a paragon is found, she should be honored and cherished, and that a union cannot be happy unless the deference of courtship be continued after marriage. It is no wonder, concludes the friend, if the jealous man who slanders and strikes his wife must live in dread of meeting death through her vengeance. True, the friend's own experience had been unfortunate, he had not met the "perfect woman nobly planned," yet he counsels the lover to persevere in good hope of success.

[7] Thou who dishonorest a woman, thou dishonorest thyself; thou art not without shame, for thou dost a shameful act. Man in the eyes of the world is less dishonored by sin than woman, but he deserves worse of God and has more blame. Thou, man, who actest basely, art more despised by God than is woman; more repugnant to him, more hateful.

Mès quant l'en a la chose [la rose] aquise,
Si reconvient il grant mestrise
En bien garder et sagement,
Qui joïr en vuet longement. . . .
S'est bien drois que chétis se claime
Valez, quant il pert ce qu'il aime,
Por quoi ce soit par sa défaute; . . .
Méismement, quant Diex la done
Sage, courtoise, simple et bone. . . .
(*Roman de la rose*, 9009)

Compains, cil fox vilains jalous, . . .
[Qui] se fait seignor de sa fame,
Qui ne redoit mie estre dame,
Mès sa pareille et sa compaigne,
Si cum la loi les acompaigne;
Et il redoit ses compains estre,
Sans soi faire seignor ne mestre;
Quant tex tormens li apareille,
Et ne la tient cum sa pareille,
Ains la fait vivre en tel mésaise,
Cuidiés vous qu'il ne li desplaise,
Et que l'amor entr'eus ne faille? . . .
Jà de sa fame n'iert amés
Qui sire en vuet estre clamés;
Car il convient amor morir
Quant amant vuelent seignorir.
Amors ne puet durer ne vivre,
Se n'est en cuer franc et délivre.
(*Roman de la rose*, 10171) [8]

[8] But after one has acquired a thing desired [the rose], still great excellence is necessary in keeping it well and wisely, if one would enjoy it long. . . . And it is right that a young man should acknowledge himself a caitiff if he loses by his own fault what he loves, especially when God gives a love wise, courteous, sincere and good. . . .

Friend, that false and jealous wretch (who) makes himself master over his wife (who in turn should not be mistress, but equal and companion, just as the law associates them); and he ought likewise to be her companion without making himself lord and master. When he treats her cruelly and

The most famous passage on the subject is, perhaps, the advice of La Vieille to Bel Acueil. The counsel is one of mercenary prudence: get more than you give; man's fancy is fleeting; demand a solid recompense. The text has been interpreted as an expression of Jean de Meung's belief in the baseness of the female character. It is, however, a parallel to the advice to the youth, put by Guillaume de Lorris in the mouth of Love, and, coming from a deserted woman, is a perverted vindication of woman's rights. La Vieille advocates, too, the single standard. The fates of Dido, Oenone, Medea, show man's inconstancy. Let woman take a leaf from his book.

Briément, tuit les lobent et trichent,
Tuit sunt ribaut, partout se fichent;
Si les doit l'en ausinc trichier,
Non pas son cuer en un fichier.
Fole est fame qui si l'a mis,
Ains doit avoir plusors amis,
Et faire, s'el puet, que tant plaise,
Que tous les mete à grant mésaise.
(*Roman de la rose*, 14206) [9]

Of less dubious morality are Jean de Meung's views concerning the benefit to woman's nature of instruction. One of his characters has praised Héloïse, as understanding beyond all other women the nobility of love. But how did Héloïse attain this elevation of spirit? Through her marvelous proficiency in learned studies.

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does not regard her as his equal, but rather causes her to live in unhappiness, do you think that he does not anger her, and that love between them does not fail? Never will he who wishes to be regarded as lord be loved by his wife, for love must die when lovers desire superiority. Love cannot live or endure except in free and unconstrained hearts.

[9] In short, all men praise and deceive women. All are wretches, all are traitors. So women should deceive them, and not trust their heart to one alone. Foolish is the woman who gives her love to one alone; she ought rather to have several lovers and, by attracting as many as she can, to keep them all in great distress.

Si croi ge que la lectréure
La mist à ce que la nature
Que des meurs féminins avoit,
Vaincre et danter miex en savoit.
(*Roman de la rose*, 9576) [10]

A few words may be added here concerning the effect on woman's position of the poésie courtoise. It is easy, perhaps, to exaggerate its power in raising woman's status. There appears, indeed, in this poetry, despite its fulsome flattery of woman, the same defect that vitiates much of the social philosophy of the Middle Ages: the assumption that privileged individuals have the right to bestow happiness on others. So the moralists, with few exceptions, urged the king to be merciful to his subjects, instead of inciting the people to hold their kings accountable to them. So the preachers appealed to the generosity of the rich man instead of questioning his right to appropriate so much of the world's goods. So in intellectual matters, the exhortation was to the priests to lead their flocks faithfully, and not to the individual to think out a belief and moral standard for himself. We cannot, then, expect to find woman's rights to independence and happiness accorded more recognition than were the rights of the people at large. In all social relations during the Middle Ages, progress was rendered hopeless by the vicious substitution of charity for justice as an ideal of conduct.

It must further be recorded to the shame of the scholars that they went on repeating the platitudes of Oriental and decadent Latin writers on this subject. The ecclesiastical writers did more than all others to degrade women by alleging divine sanction for their views.

It would be interesting to trace other influences, in the economic field, even then working for woman's emancipation, but as such influences do not reveal themselves in the literature of the time, they do not properly belong here.

[10] And I believe that it was learning that enabled her to overcome the weaknesses of the feminine nature.

CONCLUSION

The preceding chapters have traced, though by no means exhaustively, protests against the infraction of individual liberty by the king and the nobility, by the Church and by the conventions of society, so far as these protests were expressed in early French literature. We have seen that the writers of the time were by no means insensible or apathetic in regard to the evils about them. Nor were they afraid to speak boldly in the cause of righteousness. If, judging by their rebukes to the powerful, we pronounce the age "dark" indeed, yet in the discontent, the unrest of society, we see the gleam of hope. The people were, alas! to wait long for even a measure of liberty: not for four hundred years were the chains of an absolute monarchy and a privileged nobility to be struck off; the Inquisition was to fetter minds and souls; the bonds of convention and of unequal laws were still to crush women's aspirations. Yet if the history of spiritual emancipation be ever fully written, the authors commemorated in this study will receive their meed of praise for having done, each in his day and generation, a man's work.

APPENDIX A

NOTES

P. 3. A comparison of the early and the late chansons de geste with a view to showing the increasing deference to popular sentiments on the part of the poets has been made by J. Falk (*Antipathies et sympathies démocratiques dans l'épopée française du moyen âge*, and *Etude sociale sur les chansons de geste*). His conclusion, however, is: "Les classes inférieures, bourgeois et vilains, tiennent dans l'épopée . . . une place assez effacée." "C'est le silence du mépris."

The hard-worked, ignorant peasant is sketched as a figure both repulsive and ridiculous, as in this description of Rigaut in *Garin le Loherain* (vol. ii, p. 152).

> Gros ot les bras et les membres fornis,
> Entre deux iaus plaine paume acompli,
> Larges épaules et si ot gros le pis;
> Hireciés fu, s'ot charbonné le vis,
> Ne fu lavés de six mois acomplis,
> Ne n'i ot aive se du ciel ne chaï,
> Cotele ot courte, jusqu'aus genous li vint,
> Hueses tirées dont li talon en ist.

After twelve centuries of Christianity the portrait, from the standpoint of pity or even of simple justice, shows no advance upon that of Thersites. Yet if such lines could still raise a laugh among the thoughtless nobles, there were not wanting in the same years men like Etienne and Guillaume and the Renclus de Moiliens to ask:

> Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
> Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
> Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

To the credit of the Church be it said that the loudest and most insistent protest arose from her servants.

The tone of *Bauduin de Sebourc* and of *Hugues Capet* (both of the fourteenth century, Gautier, *Epopées françaises*) is quite different. Bauduin, who supposes himself a peasant, is no whit ashamed of his lowly birth.

. . . Fiex sui d'un villain, qui n'ot vaillant riens née. . . .
. . . Pas ne sui villains de cuer né de pensée,
Et j'ai bien oï dire, il a mainte journée,
Que nulz homs n'est villains, de maise renommée,
Se de cuer ne li vient; c'est véritez prouvée.
(*Bauduin de Sebourc*, iii, 532–538)

On another occasion Bauduin goes to the assistance of the bourgeois, besieging their lord's castle. He knows well the familiar tale of

Coustumes, et servaiges, et grans desloïautez,
Maletotes, et taillez, et grandes cruautés.
(*Bauduin de Sebourc*, viii, 1117)

As in the older chansons de geste the oppressed knight found an avenger in every truehearted chevalier, so in this popular epic the people find their champion.

Je, qui sui chevaliers aventureus clamés,
M'avisai que c'estoit et meschief et pités
C'on vous avoit ensi et tailliés et robés, . . .
J'entrai en che chastel fervestus et armés; . . .
Ains ne fu telz trésors que chà est assamblez! . . .
. . . le vous renderai, car il vous fu emblés.
(*Bauduin de Sebourc*, viii, 1123)

In *Hugues Capet* the leader is not ashamed of his humble origin.

Bourgois sui de Paris. Pour coy en mentiroie?
Et gentilesse aussi n'est drois que je renoie,
Et s'ay bon cuer en my cou, povrez que je soie,
Aussi bien comme ung rois vestu d'or ou de soie.
(*Hugues Capet*, 397)

The poet follows the tradition dear to his audience that the first king of France rose from their midst. Hugues Capet acknowledges that his power rests solely upon the people's will.

Je suy rois couronnez de France le royon,
Non mie par oirrie ne par estrasion,
Mais par le vostre gré et vostre elexion.
(*Hugues Capet*, 4217)

Occasionally even in the earlier chansons appears a sense of the obligations of superiors, as in this charge of the King Charles to his son.

Quant Deus fist rei por pueples justicier,
Il nel fist mie por false lei jugier,

Faire luxure, ne alever pechié,
Ne eir enfant por retolir son fié,
Ne veve fame tolir quatre deniers;
Ainz deit les torz abatre soz ses piez, . . .
Ja al povre ome ne te chalt de tencier;
Si il se claime ne t'en deit ennoier,
Ainceis le deis entendre et conseillier
Por l'amor Deu de son dreit adrecier.
(*Coronemenz Loois*, 175, ed. E. Langlois)

On the whole, however, the form of the chanson de geste did not lend itself readily to radical propaganda.

P. 8. Ferrant is a favorite name for horses in the French epics (v. Langlois, *Table de noms propres dans les chansons de geste*). In the Chateauroux-Venice text of the *Chanson de Roland* (ed. W. Foerster), p. 390, Ferrant is the horse upon which the Christian knight, Terris, rides against Pinabeaus.

Et bon cheval li font apareiller
Ferrant ont pris qi fu au duc Reiner
en nule terre nen ot cheual tant fier
car se il uoit un arme cheualier
sore li cort por son cors depecer
de deuant Cordes le conquist Oliuere
(P. 383)

Terris kills his opponent's horse, but Pinabeaus takes vengeance.

lo destrier aconsiut par desoz le penel
de sa bone armeure sunt fause li clauel
qe la iambe li tranche iusca los del noel
lors tresbuche Feranz desoz un arbresel (P. 390)

To his study of *Fauvel* Paris adds this note (*Histoire littéraire de la France*, vol. 32, p. 135):

> Ferrant, comme Fauvel, est à la fois une appellationé générique et un nom individual de cheval; mais il y a sans doute ici une allusion à la mort du comte Ferrant ou Ferdinand de Flandres, le vaincu de Bouvines, sur le nom duquel on a beaucoup joué.

P. 46. This passage from Philippe de Novare indicates a growth in democratic feeling among ecclesiastics, if we may accept the *Chevalerie Ogier* as evidence of aristocratic prejudice on the part of at least certain monasteries in the twelfth century. The abbot of Miaus de Saint Pharon offers the king his aid:

Face mander tos les moignes cloistriers
Et les canoines, les prestres provendiers,
Tost en ara assanlé cent milliers,
Grant sont et fort, vertuous et legiers, . . .
Jou et moi moigne irons el front premier,
L'auberc vestu, lacié l'elme d'achier,
Et chaint le brant au puig d'or entaillié,
Et bien montés sor les corans destriers.
Chaiens n'a moigne, bien le puis tesmoignier
Qui ne soit filx à gentil chevalier;
Filx de vilain n'estra jà mes cloistriers.

(*Chevalerie Ogier*, l. 10622)

P. 49. "Ce qui fait de Jean de Meung le chef anticipé de la littérature du XIV[e] siècle, c'est l'inspiration la plus intime de son œuvre, l'idée de traiter en français, à l'usage des laïques qui ne savent pas le *clerkois*, les sciences, la philologie, la théologie, l'histoire ancienne et moderne. C'est là . . . ce qui caractérise avant tout cette époque, et ce qui lui vaudra . . . une mention honorable de l'histoire: le désir des laïques de s'initier à la science des clercs. . . . On a mis en français plusieurs ouvrages d'Aristote, . . . de Cicéron, de Sénèque et de Boèce, toute l'histoire de Tite Live, celle de Salluste, les biographies de Suétone, le grand recueil d'anecdotes de Valère Maxime, l'ouvrage de Végèce sur l'art militaire, etc."

(*Poésie du moyen âge*, Vol. II, p. 196, G. Paris)

P. 83. The documentary evidence collected by Devic and Vaissette in their *Histoire générale de Languedoc* shows a melancholy decline on the part of the counts of Toulouse from independence to abject submission. These documents are of interest:

Col. 340, doc. 37. Sentence of the archbishop of Narbonne against heretics
Col. 437, doc. 91. Letter of Celestine III to the Count of Toulouse, threatening excommunication
Col. 557, doc. 138. Letters of Philip to the pope
Col. 563, doc. 142. Authorization of the crusade by Philip
Col. 803, doc. 239. Reconciliation of Raymond VII with the Church
Col. 593, doc. 300. Statutes of Raymond VII against heretics

P. 115. In 1256 a papal collector said at the synod of London: "Omnes ecclesiae sunt domini papae." The popes in the thirteenth century certainly acted upon this principle. The French churches were taxed for the Crusades, for the support of the Latin kingdom at Constantinople, even for the strife of the popes with the Hohenstaufen princes. In 1247 Innocent IV had asked not only for money, but for soldiers. In May of

that year, and again in June, a protest was made by the French churches. The document is thus translated by Langlois:

Il est inouï de voir le Saint-Siège . . . imposer à l'église de France des subsides, des contributions prises sur le temporel, quand le temporel, des églises . . . ne relève que du roi, ne peut être imposé que par lui. Il est inouï d'entendre par le monde cette parole: "Donnez moi tant, ou je vous excommunie." L'Eglise qui n'a plus souvenir de sa simplicité primitive est étouffée par ses richesses, qui ont produit dans son sein l'avarice, avec toutes ses conséquences. . . . Ce système a été pour la première fois mis en pratique par le cardinal de Préneste, qui . . . a imposé des procurations pécuniaires à toutes les églises du royaume; il faisait venir les ecclesiastiques et il disait: "Je vous ordonne de payer telle somme à l'ordre du pape, dans tel délai, à tel endroit, et sachez que faute cela, vous serez excommunié." . . . En ce moment les frères Mineurs font . . . une nouvelle collecte en Bourgogne; ils ont été jusqu'à convoquer les chapitres des cathédrales et les évêques . . . et à leur enjoindre verser dans la quinzaine de Pâques le septième de tous leurs revenus ecclésiastiques . . . ailleurs, c'est le cinquième qu'il exacte. . . . Le roi ne peut tolérer que l'on dépouille ainsi les églises de son royaume. . . . Il entend . . . réserver 'pro sua et regni necessitate' leurs trésors.

In 1262 a synod refused Urban IV the subsidy he had asked, saying: "L'Eglise des Gaules gémissait depuis trop longtemps sous les charges trop pesantes." Yet in 1265 Clement IV asked for new subsidies. The Assembly of Rheims declared that "rather than obey the orders of the Pope, it was ready to brave excommunication, for the rapacity of the Curia would not cease until the obedience and devotion of the clergy ceased."

(*Histoire du moyen âge*, pp. 370 ff., C. V. Langlois)

P. 118. Fratres namque quaedam nova praedicabant, legebant, docebant, ut dicebatur, deliramenta. . . . Et quendam librum composuerunt, quem sic eis intitulare complacuit, *Incipit Evangelium aeternum*. . . . Subsannavit populus, eleemosinas consuetas subtrahendo, vocans eos hypocritas, et Antichristi successores, pseudopraedicatores, regnum et principum adulatores, et eorundem supplantatores, thalamorum regalium subintratores, qui peragrantes ignotas provincias peccandi audacium subministrant.

(*Chronica majora Matthaei Pariensis*, ed. H. R. Luard, pp. 598, 599)

P. 131. In the Gibbs MS. of the *Pèlerinage de la vie humaine* of Guillaume de Deguilleville is a miniature representing Saint Francis on the walls of the heavenly city, letting down his knotted cord to draw up the monks of his order. The verses are:

Apres Saint Francois (i) revi
Qui bien se moustroit estre ami
A ceus de sa religion,
Quar si com j'o en vision,
Une corde bien cordee
Qui par lieux estoit noee
Contre val les murs mise avoit
Par la quelle chascun rampoit
Qui bien estoit son acointe.
Ja nul n'euste la main si ointe
Qu'assez tost en haut ne rampast,
Se forment aus neuz s'agrapast.
(*Pèlerinage de la vie humaine*, 143, Roxburghe edition)

P. 133. A translation of an amusing satire on the Mendicant Orders is given in Costello's *Early Poetry of France*. The piece is the *Crieries de Paris* by Guillaume de Villeneuve.

Bread for the Brothers of Saint James,
Bread every holy Minor claims,
The Carmelites must needs be fed,
And each Augustin shouts for bread;
Loudly the Sackcloth Brothers cry;
Who may the Sackcloth nuns deny?
Bread for the Prisoners must be spared,
Bread with the Scholars must be shared.
The Barefoot Friars assert their right,
The Blind exclaim with main and might.
The Bons Enfans call loud and high,
The Filles de Dieu beg lustily.
Behind, before, without, within,
Deep, long and clamorous is the din.

The French version is printed in the *Nouveau recueil des fabliaux* of Méon, vol. 2, p. 280.

Aus Frères de Saint Jacque pain,
Pain por Dieu aus Frères Menors;
Cels tieng je por bons preneors;
Aus Frères de Saint Augustin,
Icil vont criant par matin.
Du pain au Sas, pain aus Barrez,
Aus povres prisons enserrez,
A cels du Val des Ecoliers.
Li uns avant, li autre arrière,

Aus Frères des pies demandent
Et li croisié pas ne s'atendent;
A pain crier metent grant paine.
Les Bons Enfants orrez crier
Du pain, ne les vueil oublier
Les Filles Dieu sèvent bien dire.
Du pain, por Jhesu notre sire.
Ça du pain por Dieu aus Sachesses.
Par les rues sont grans les presses,
Je vous di, de ces gens menues.

P. 135. In 1390 Gui de Roye, archbishop of Rheims, wrote his *Doctrinal des simples gens*. He begins his chapter on the soul thus:

> Pour ce que moult de simples gens dient qu'ils ne scèvent quelle chose c'est de l'arme [âme] et que, quant le corps es mort, qu'ils n'auront jamais ne bien ne mal: il est mauvaise hérésie de le dire.
> (Legrand d'Aussy, *Notices et extraits des manuscrits*, vol. v, p. 521)

P. 137. In *Aliscans* Rainouart is the young and strong Saracen captive purchased by King Louis for a hundred marks. Guillaume, recognising that his mighty strength might be better employed than in building fires and drawing water, asks him of Louis. Rainouart, overjoyed to set about the more congenial task of killing the heathen, furnishes himself with an immense club made from the king's own tree. Henceforth he who offends him does so at his peril. To stretch three men in the road, to toss another into a tree, to cast a cook into the furnace, scarcely costs him an exertion. His affections centre on his stick; he kisses it again and again, he will not let it out of his sight, he glories in its huge size, as chevaliers in the temper of their swords, he had dreamed for seven years of shaping such a weapon.

En un gardin va un sapin coper; . . .
Molt par ert gros, ou monde n'a son per;
.C. cevalier s'i puent aombrer.
Li rois de France ne le laissast coper
Ki li vausist .c. mars d'argent doner;
Car cascun jor s'ala illuec disner
Rois Loéis et son cors deporter.
Et Rainoars le prist à esgarder,
Dedens son cuer forment à gouloser. . . .
"Ki cest bel arbre porroit de chi oster
Molt seroit bons as Sarrasins tuer.
Jel vel avoir, qui q'en doie peser;
Tout mon parage en vaurrai afronter,
Se Jhesu Crist ne veulent aourer."

Un carpentier i ala amener,
Sel fist trencier et ses brances oster.
.xv. piés ot, si com j'oï conter;
A .vii. costieres l'a bien fait roonder. . . .
Prist son tinel, si commence à chanter.
De cief en cief le fist rere et planer,
Vient à un fevre, sel fist devant ferrer,
Et à grans bendes tout entor viroler.
Ens el tenant le fist bien réonder;
Por le glacier le fist entor cirer
Ke ne li puisse fors des poins escaper.
Quant il l'ot fait bien loier et bender, . . .
Son tinel prist, mist soi ou retorner.
Tout chil s'en fuient ki li voient porter;
Grant paour ont de lui. . . .

A grant mervelle fu de tos redoutés.
Dist l'un à l'autre: "Ou ira cis maufés?
Voirement c'est *Rainoars au tinel.*"
(*Aliscans*, 3377)

P. 147. The Albigensians appear to have maintained that the punishment of the rebel angels was their incarnation in fleshly forms, whether of men or of the lower animals, and that after a period of expiation these fallen souls would be restored to their heavenly state. These vagaries of belief probably affected only the inner circle of disciples, the Perfecti, those to whom the esoteric doctrines of the sect were expounded; the main body of believers, the Credentes, saw in the movement aspiration after a simpler form of worship and a purer mode of living.

P. 155. Reason was a favorite allegoric figure of the thirteenth century poetry. In the *Pèlerinage de la vie humaine* she promises her aid to the pilgrim.

Mais toutevoies se mestier
As de moy, entour toi me quier.
Quar se me quiers diliganment,
Tu m'aras assez prestement.
(11. 5147–6490)

Romantic as is the spirit of Guillaume de Lorris' verse, he nevertheless pictures Reason with something of Homer's reverence for Athene. She who sees all things from her high tower, la dame de la haute garde, has descended to advise the lover.

Li oel qui en son chief estoient
A deus estoiles ressembloient;
Si ot au chief une couronne,
Bien resembloit haute personne.

A son semblant et à son vis
Pert que fu faite en paradis,
Car Nature ne séust pas
Ovre faire de tel compas.
Sachiés, se la lettre ne ment
Que Diex la fist noméement
A sa semblance et à s'ymage,
Et li donna tel avantage,
Qu'el a pooir et seignorie
De garder homme de folie
Por qu'il soit tex que il la croie.

(*Roman de la rose*, 2993)

P. 156. Mullinger writes: "The University of Paris throughout the thirteenth century well nigh monopolized the interest of learned Europe. Thither thought and speculation seemed irresistibly drawn. It was there the new orders fought the decisive battle for place and power; that new forms of scepticism rose in rapid succession, and heresies of varying moment riveted the watchful eye of Rome; . . . and it was from this seething centre those influences went forth which predominated in the contemporary history of Oxford and Cambridge." And in another place: "The monasteries and episcopal schools . . . represent[ed] . . . the stationary element, while the universities attracted to themselves whatever lay beneath the ban of unreasoning authority."

(J. B. Mullinger, *The University of Cambridge*, vol. i, p. 133, 70)

To show the boldness of speculation at the University of Paris before the perfected organization, Compayré mentions among other unorthodox teachers David de Dinant, who taught a pantheistic doctrine in the twelfth century, Amauri de Bena, suspected of promulgating the Albigensian heresies, Gilles, who propounded to Albertus Magnus such propositions as, The world is eternal, Human actions are not subject to Providence, There are fables and errors in the Christian law as in all other laws, adding that these theses were maintained in the schools of Paris by the most learned doctors. Renan points out that the *Opuscules* of Albertus Magnus and the treatise of Thomas Aquinas, *Contra Averroistas*, were aimed at the professors of the Rue du Fouarre.

(Compayré, *Abelard*)

Concerning the dissemination by the "clercs" of a spirit of criticism towards the teachings of the Church and the manners of the clergy, Gautier has much to say. He deplores the number of "ces clercs dépravés qui, notamment aux 12e et 13e siècles, ont été de véritables jongleurs, mais dangereux, mais sceptiques, mais condamnables et condamnés. Il est trop

vrai que la France, l'Allemagne et l'Angleterre ont été envahis par tout un mauvais petit peuple de clercs errantiques, qui chantaient en latin de détestables petits poèmes où la cour de Rome et les moines étaient vilipendés, calomniés, trainés dans la boue. Ces bouffons avaient du succès près de tous ceux que le Pape genait, et l'on riait toujours d'un mauvais rire quand ils accusaient de cupidité tous les clercs de leur temps et qu'ils leur faisaient chanter *l'evangelium secundum marcas argenti.*

(L. Gautier, *Epopées françaises*, p. 42)

P. 176. As the present essay is limited to a study of protest against social injustice, it has not been deemed relevant to discuss the great mass of misogynist literature with which the Middle Ages were afflicted. The bibliography of T. L. Neff's *Satire des femmes au moyen âge* directs the student to much antifeminist writing. How far we are to accept the derogatory conception of woman in these works and especially in the fabliaux as evidence of a low moral standard in medieval society has been debated.

"On est étonné, quand on devient familier avec la littérature du moyen âge, de voir l'acharnement souvent grossier avec lequel les femmes y sont dénigrées. On est surtout choqué quand on aborde cette littérature avec les idées courantes sur la galanterie délicate et passionée et le culte de la femme qu'on attribue aux temps chevaleresques. . . . Notre [génération] répète encore les contes injurieux pour le beau sexe . . . sans accepter la morale . . . seulement pour rire; . . . c'est ce que faisaient nos pères, et il ne faut pas apprécier la manière dont ils jugaient les femmes et le mariage d'après quelques vieilles histoires venus de l'Orient qu'ils se sont amusés à mettre en jolis vers."

(G. Paris, *Poésie du moyen âge*, vol. ii, 104)

Brunetière, however, judges the literature closer to actual conditions: "Les femmes dans le monde bourgeois du moyen âge semblent avoir courbé la tête aussi bas qu'en aucun temps et qu'en aucun lieu de la terre sous la loi de la force et de la brutalité. Ni la mère, ni la sœur, ni l'épouse n'ont place dans cette épopée populaire. Une telle conception de la femme est le déshonneur d'une littérature."

(F. Brunetière, in *Revue des deux mondes* for 1879)

"Le type général de la femme, tel qu'il se dégage de l'ensemble des fableaux, est un type conventionnel et aussi faux que conventionnel. . . . Il est entendu que les femmes sont versatiles, trompeuses, cyniquement impudiques. . . . La femme qui mettent en scène les jongleurs et meme les jongleurs de chansons de geste, c'est l'être vicieux et faible, mais éminemment redoutable, que conçoivent la naïveté et l'inexpérience monacales; c'est la femme malignant décrite par les parabolistes bouddhistes, aussi désireux que les moines chrétiens d'inspirer le dégout du

mariage et de glorifier le célibat. . . . Les femmes dans les fabliaux n'appartiennent point à notre humanité occidentale et chrétienne; . . . ce sont des poupées barbares."

(C. V. Langlois, *La société du moyen âge d'après les fabliaux*, p. 229)

The work of J. Bédier *Les fabliaux*, ch. x, xii, xiii, and the article by Victor Le Clerc in the *Histoire litteraire de la France*, vol. 23, should also be consulted.

Gautier in his work, *La chevalerie*, based upon the French epics, mentions several women, such as Guibourc in *Aliscans*, who commanded respect and possessed considerable power, but he admits that degrading brutality in the treatment of women was all too common (p. 349 ff.). Protest against such conditions would have been, apparently, not only futile, but inconsistent with the beauty of feminine character. Even M. Gautier speaks of Olive in *Doon de la Roche* as "un type admirable qui injustement accusée par son mari, qui la répudie et épouse une autre femme, lui reste fidèle et l'aime toujours." The popularity of such a theme, which we meet with also in *Le fraisne* of Marie de France and in the *Erec* of Chrétien de Troyes, proves the existence of social conventions among which a demand for justice from women could not arise.

So late as 1403 Christine de Pisan refers to conditions in real life, and that too not among the lowest class, in a way that seems to establish that correspondence between literature and actuality which the French critics, to their credit, are reluctant to admit.

Sont ils cortois ou gent haye
Ceulx qui tant dient villenie
A femmes, comme pourroit dire
Le plus ort vilain de l'empire?
Que dis je, dient? mès leur font
Les aucuns, dont trop se mesfont.
Tesmoing d'ung que je ne congnois,
Mès il baty, n'a pas trois mois,
Une femme, dessus le pont
De Paris, dont il mesprist moult.
Et si est homme de renon. . . .
A son saoul la baty d'une aulne
Devant chascun, et de la paulme. . . .
Et dist on qu'ele est sans diffame. . . .
Mais, Dieu merci! ne sont tous tels.

(*Livre de la mutacion de la fortune*, p. 70)

Much material for the study of the status of women in medieval French society has been collected by Mathilde Laigle in her discussion of the *Livre des trois vertus* of Christine de Pisan.

P. 184. One of the first notes of feminine insurgency was the demand for greater educational opportunities. A passage from Christine de Pisan shows that this demand was on its way to satisfaction.

> Je me merveille trop fort de l'opinion de aucuns hommes, qu'ilz ne vouldroient point que leurs filles, femmes ou parentes, aprenissent science et que leurs mœurs en empiroient. Par ce peuz tu bien veoir que toutes opinions d'hommes ne sont pas fondées sur raison et que ceulx ont tort; car il ne doit mye être présumé que de scavoir les sciences morales, et qui apprennent vertu, les mœurs doyent empirer, ains n'est point de doubte que ils anoblissent. Comme doncques est il à penser que bonnes leçons et doctrine les peust empirer? Cette chose n'est pas à soustenir . . . que les femmes empirent de sçavoir du bien n'est pas à croire. . . . Sans quérir les anciennes ystoires, Jenan Andry, solennel canoniste à Bouloigne [d. 1348] n'a pas lx ans, n'estoit pas d'opinion que mal fust que femmes fussent lettrées, quant à sa bonne et belle fille qu'il ama tant, nommée Novelle, fist apprendre lettres, et si avant, que quant il estoit occupé d'aucune besoigne, par quoy il ne povoit vaquer et lire à ses escoliers, il y envoyoit Novelle, sa fille, lire en sa chaire.

(*Cité des dames*, lib. iv, ch. 36, quoted in *Excursions historiques et philosophiques à travers le moyen âge*, A. Jourdain, p. 502).

APPENDIX B

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